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Prologue. Rebirth

Many moons had passed since the fall of the Dark Forest. Sandstorm, Dustpelt, and Graystripe all joined StarClan. Firestar, Graystripe, Ravenpaw, Sandstorm, Dustpelt, Hollyleaf, Bluestar, Whitestorm, Yellowfang, Oakheart, and Silverstream were all hanging out at the Warming Rocks. Everyone laughed as Firestar purred when Sandstorm licked his head.

"I don't get it," Yellowfang was grumpy, again.

"Get what?" Whitestorm was being way too calm, as usual.

"Firestar complained when I used to clean his wounds, but he's purring now," the grumpy old she cat explained.

"Maybe it's because she's my mate?" Firestar suggested.

"Good point," Yellowfang turned around on the rocks.

"Yellowfang just got sassed!" Graystripe snickered.

"By Firestar!" Ravenpaw added.

"Now," was the last word any of them got out before the ground swallowed them whole.

DON'T HATE ME I'M AN INNOCENT LINE BREAK!

Firestar felt his body compressing into that of a smaller cat. This is what he would call VERY uncomfortable.

What in StarClan's name? Firestar could not feel his body, or anything else, for that matter.

"Firestar," a voice called out to him.

The great warriors Thunder, River Ripple, Tall Shadow, Clear Sky, and Wind Runner appeared before him.

"Everything will be solved by the cats around you. Everyone there shall effect what you do." that was the last thing he heard before he passed out, again.

ANOTHER LINE BREAK

"When do you think the will open their eyes?"

1. Waking Up

Graystripe woke up to the smell of milk; he was touching some soft fur. *Hmmmmm, StarClan has nurseries, but I don't know why I would be there. Hmmmm.*

Then, right beside him, something soft moved, and he heard a startled meow. Purring, Graystripe opened his eyes.

"You've both opened your eyes," a gray she-cat purred at the two.

The gray tom looked to see what was moving beside him. His yellow eyes met blue eyes. Blue-gray fur covered the she-cat.

"Blues-" Graystripe began.

Her tail quickly covered his mouth. "Graykit," Graystripe looked at her weirdly, "If you call me by my former name, you'll get us all in trouble."

"Why?" Graystripe was still uncomfortable with calling his former leader a kit.

"None of these cats were here when we were alive. In fact, I've never seen them before, even in StarClan. That means that something is wrong." Bluekit murmured.

"Okay, Bluekit," Graykit tried it out.

"Better," Bluekit approved.

Just then, the other gray body that was with them moved. Another set of yellow eyes rested on the older gray she-cat.

"You've opened your eyes as well," the she-cat purred.

"Rockpelt, what's going on?" a black she-cat yawned.

"My kits have opened their eyes, Shimmerfire," Rockpelt purred.

"Really?" Shimmerfire moved to see the sets of eyes. "Aw, how cute!"

"I know!" Rockpelt agreed.

"Not cute," Graykit complained.

"Yellowkit! Get over here!" Bluekit whispered.

Yellowkit padded up to her new siblings.

"What's going on?" the former medicine cat murmured.

"Remember when we were dropped off of the Warming Rocks?" Bluekit asked.

"Of course,"

"Well, I believe that we were dropped out of StarClan and reborn in some clan." Bluekit explained.

"Hey," Graykit scooted to his sisters. "This looks like the ThunderClan nursery!"

Yellowkit and Bluekit shared an UH-OH look.

"Can we go out?" Yellowkit asked nervously.

"Of course," Rockpelt purred.

"Yay! Thank you!" the three kits charged out of the gap.

The nightmare had come true. They were in the ThunderClan camp.

"Bluekit! Yellowkit! Graykit! Behind the nursery!" a voice came from behind the nursery.

The three kits padded behind the nursery. "Sandstorm? Dustpelt? Whitestorm?" Graykit questioned in disbelief.

"Sandkit, Dustkit, Whitekit," Whitekit corrected.

"Okay, well then," Graykit nodded. "Do you have any information

on how we got here?"

"We were reborn into ThunderClan. By the lake, but I've never seen these cats before," Sandkit studied a group of warriors.

"You have to admit, that one over there looks like Dovewing," Dustkit flicked his tail in the direction of a gray she-cat.

"They may be related somehow," Bluekit shrugged.

"Is anyone else here?" Graykit asked.

"Yes," Yellowkit meowed. "Let's wait until they come out."

"Agreed," Sandkit purred.

The kits passed the time by play-fighting.

2. In The Future

I've been writing this for some time so loads of chapters are about to come out! Enjoy!

Ravenpaw woke up next to Hollyleaf. She was sleeping.

Where am I? Ravenpaw asked himself.

"Ooo! Rockpelt! One of mine just opened his eyes!" this was Shimmerfire.

"Really?" Rockpelt craned her next. "Such pretty blue eyes,"

"They're not pretty!" Ravenpaw complained, wondering why he was in a nursery and why they were fussing over him like a kit. Then, it hit him. The fall from the Warming Rocks. The feeling of being compress, very uncomfortable, by the way. Them fussing over him like a kit. Hollyleaf's small size. He had transformed into a kit. But where? "Where am I?" the black tom tries to act as ignorant as possible.

"The ThunderClan nursery," Shimmerfire liked him.

"I don't need to be cleaned!" Ravenpaw, or maybe Ravenkit? He decided to call himself that.

"I decide that," Shimmerfire continued to lick him.

Then, Hollykit opened her eyes. "Wha-" Ravenkit's tail covered her mouth.

This time a tortishell she-cat purred. "Shimmerfire, Hollykit's opened her eyes."

Hollykit? Hollykit thought.

"Yes, Tawnybright!" Shimmerfire moved on to cleaning Hollykit. Ravenkit was snickering at her reaction.

"Shut it," the she-cat hissed.

"Why won't mine open their eyes?" a ginger she-cat complained.

"It's just how it works," a different tortishell cat smirked. "Blazefur, you've got to learn to be patient."

"Splashflight!" Blazefur hissed. "Remember all those moons ago when your two were born? Marshkit and Redkit opened their eyes immediately!"

That was when Oakkit opened his eyes.

"Blazefur, one of yours," Splashflight purred.

"Oakkit!" Blazefur started licking her son's head furiously.

"Can we go out?" Ravenkit asked.

"When I'm finished grooming your sister." Shimmerfire promised.

"Hurry up!" the tom complained.

"There, perfect," Shimmerfire purred. "Off you go! But stick together!"

Ravenkit and Hollykit charged outside.

Sandkit heard some scuffling coming from the nursery entrance. Having been the best hunter in ThunderClan, she picked up the scents of Hollykit and Ravenkit. She then mumbled loud enough for them to hear, "Ravenkit! Hollykit! Behind the nursery!"

This, of course, startled the other kits.

"They're here?" Graykit asked.

"Duh! At least, their scents are!" Sandkit narrowed her eyes at him.

Hollykit and Ravenkit stampeded to the back of the nursery. "You guys too?" Hollykit gaped.

"Yes," Yellowkit gave a curt nod.

"Oakheart's here too," Bluekit's head perked up at Ravenkit's sentence. "There were others in that nest, but I couldn't figure out who they were,"

"Now, the question is, why are we here?" Dustkit asked.

"StarClan must have sent us for something," Bluekit said solemnly.

"Um, we were part of StarClan," Graykit was confused.

"I mean Thunder, River Ripple, Wind Runner, Clear Sky, and Tall Shadow," Bluekit stared dully.

"Oh," Graykit was out of it.

"What are you, stupid?" Ravenkit playfully shoved his friend.

"No!" the gray tom looked offended.

BACK IN THE NURSERY

Silverkit opened her eyes.

"Another one! Shimmerfire! Splashflight! Rockpelt! Tawnybright! Another one of mine opened their eyes!" Blazefur said excitedly.

"Good to know," Splashflight yawned, then turned over in her sleep.

"Hello, little one," Blazefur licked her daughters head.

Silverkit looked freaked out.

Oakkit dragged her over to the corner of the nest. "Silverstream! Calm down! I don't know what happened, but it seems that we have been reborn! These cats carry ThunderClan scent. Just play along, Silverkit,"

Then, Firekit opened his eyes. "What the-"

"Another one!" Blazefur was excited. "Another! My last has opened his eyes!"

All the queens had a Shut up look in their eyes.

Without thinking, Oakkit dragged Firekit back to them. "Firekit, if you say anything now, you'll get us all into some deep trouble."

Firekit didn't react to his name. He's never had that name before.

Sighing, Silverkit bounded up. "Firestar," that got his attention, "We've been reborn in ThunderClan. Act like a kit."

"Oh," Firekit understood.

"Now, let's go meet the others." Oakkit stated.

"Others?" Firekit's head perked up.

"Yeah," Silverkit responded. "Oakkit told me that he spotted Ravenkit and Hollykit leaving the nursery. That probably means all eleven of us that were on the Warming Rocks are here at this very moment"

Firekit got really, really excited. "I have an idea."

"Care to explain?" Silverkit asked.

"Okay, since we have to act like kits, we can go and pounce on our mates!" Firekit exclaimed excitedly.

"Um, okay," Oakkit looked at his new brother like he was weird.

"Graystripe," Silverkit got a dreamy look in her eyes.

"Graykit," Oakkit corrected.

"Can we go out?" the flame-colored tom pleaded.

"Oh, alright," Blazefur gave Firekit a lick to the head.

"Mother, I can do it myself," the victim of the licking complained.

"Let's go!" Silverkit headed for the exit.

"Hold it!" Oakkit tripped her with his tail.

"What?" Firekit had also ran for the exit, only to be stopped by

Oakkit.

Acting like the eldest cat, he tested them like a mentor. "Now, they would pick up our scent if we just go and pounce on them, but how could we stay undetectable?"

"By going downwind of them," Silverkit answered.

At the same time, Firekit said "Hey! We aren't stupid!"

Downwind of behind the nursery, the three cats started creeping towards the other kits.

"When do you think the others will come out?" Hollykit asked.

"No idea," Whitekit sighed. Just then, Bluekit was run over by a brown tom. Sandkit was also run over by a tom, but he was flame-colored. Graykit was run over by a silver she-cat.

"What?" Dustkit was surprised.

"Firekit!" Sandkit meowed happily.

"Sandkit!" Firekit purred.

The others had the same sort of reaction.

So, here is where the discussion begins.

"So, do you guys know anything about what happened?" Whitekit asked.

"We were reborn in ThunderClan!" Oakkit responded. So helpful.

"We have a really excited mother!" Silverkit added.

"I got a crazy prophecy!" Firekit said in the same tone.

"..."

ONE MINUTE LATER

"..."

"Care to tell us what it is?" Yellowkit growled.

"Oh, yeah!" Firekit purred. "Everything will be solved by the cats around you. Everyone there shall effect what you do."

"Sounds interesting," Bluekit murmured. "Well, we are by the lake, and we don't recognize these cats. That means?" she looked to her former apprentice to test him.

"We're in the future!" Firekit got it now.

"Oh!" Hollykit gaped. "That makes sense now that I think about it,"

Ravenkit nodded at her, really slowly.

"Okay, so the next order of business is," Bluestar was cut off by two stampeding kits.

"Watch out!" a ginger she-cat almost ran into them.

"Hey! Look! It's the new kits!" a brown and black tom purred.

"Hello!" Hollykit meowed cheerfully.

"Hi! My name is Redkit, and this is Marshkit!" the ginger she-cat exclaimed.

Now, they were all interrupted by Blazefur. "Silverkit! Firekit! Oakkit! Time to go inside!" the ginger she-cat picked up her only daughter.

"Put me down!" Silverkit squealed.

"Did she just squeal?" Ravenkit snickered.

"It's not funny!" was the last thing they heard before Blazefur, Silverkit, Firekit, and Oakkit.

"Now, why did she come and take her kits away?" Dustkit looked confused.

Shimmerfire came out next. "Ravenkit! Hollykit! Inside time!"

The two kits looked at each other, but went inside.

Rockpelt came out and herded her kits inside.

"Why are we going inside?" Graykit whined.

"Look into the sky," Rockpelt answered softly.

Oh. Black clouds covered the once blue sky.

"We might want to go inside," Redkit suggested.

Marshkit gave his sister a Duh look.

Sandkit decided to act like a kit. "Why are you guys so big?"

"We are five moons old! You were, like, just born. We are about to become apprentices!" Marshkit looked excited.

"Let's go inside," Whitekit herded his former apprentice and Dustkit inside.

Redkit shrugged and the two older kits followed them inside.

3. The Omen

The kits were woken up by a clap of thunder. Redkit and Splashflight screeched, but Marshkit just rolled his eyes and turned over in his sleep.

Graykit burrowed into Rockpelt's fur.

"It's alright," Rockpelt soothed. "Nothing caught fire yet."

"You jinxed it!" Graykit wailed, and he resisted the urge to roll his eyes.

Instead of Graykit rolling his eyes, he got something else. Bluekit let her tail drift into Graykit's space.

"Get your tail out of my space," Graykit complained.

Bluekit glared at him, but she retrieved her tail. At the same time, Yellowkit was curled up in a ball, wondering why her littermates had to be acting like complete mouse-brains.

In a different nest, Ravenkit would not stop squirming.

"Stay still!" Hollykit hissed.

That was when another clap of thunder struck the camp. With a yelp, Hollykit flattened her ears. Oh, why did she have to be afraid of thunderstorms? She was in ThunderClan for crying out loud! It's in the name. Why did Ashfur have to scare her so much the night of the fire? Shimmerfire moved her tail to bring her two kits closer to her.

More lightning. Silverkit really despised lightning. It scared away all of the fish. With a jolt, she realized that she wouldn't need to worry about the lack of fish after thunderstorms, but she would have to worry about leaf-bare in the forest. She guessed that there were pros and cons to being reborn in a different clan that she was formerly in. At least she wouldn't have to meet Graykit in secret.

Oakkit was thinking almost the same thing as Silverkit. Only this time, he was glad that he wouldn't have to meet Bluekit in secret.

Firekit was glad that he wasn't the leader. He could feel all of the burden being lifted off of his shoulders, but he still worried about the clan. Don't get him wrong, he still worried way to much about the clan that a kit should be worrying about. Like, did anyone check the elders for ticks? I know, he didn't even meet the elders yet.

That was when a clap of lightning set a patch of bracken on fire.

"I told you; you jinxed it!" Graykit wailed.

"Scared?" Ravenkit hissed.

"No!" it was obvious that the gray tom was lying.

"I see," the black tom knew he was lying.

"What?" Graykit asked.

"Nothing," Ravenkit was innocent.

"Of all cats, I thought Ravenkit would be the scared one." Bluekit pointed out.

"Hey!" Ravenkit complained. "I grew up!"

Purrs erupted from the queens.

Yellowkit was staring in horror at the bracken.

ONE MINUTE LATER

"Yellowkit, Yellowkit," Rockpelt was soothing her daughter. "The fire's gone out. The rain soaked it,"

Firekit saw it too.

"Shimmerfire!" Blazefur yelped "Something's wrong with my son!"

He was staring at the place the fire was.

Bluekit saw it as well.

Rockpelt had to soothe double the kits.

"Relax, Blazefur," Shimmerfire rolled her eyes, "He probably just got scared because of the fire,"

"The fire's gone out." Blazefur told her son.

That got him out of it. Firekit, Bluekit, and Yellowkit shared a glance. An omen. A bracken being burned by fire only to be quenched by water. Something involving Firekit was sure to happen. The fire was quenched. Bluekit had flashbacks to her own death; was Firekit going to drown? Hopefully not. She would never wish that upon anyone.

Everyone in the nursery fell asleep except for Firekit, Bluekit, and Yellowkit. They were trying to find out what it meant. The fire was is definite stripes, like the coat of a tiger. Hmm.

The next morning, Yellowkit, Bluekit, and Firekit were finally asleep.

"Come on!" Graykit was nudging them.

"If they need sleep, let them sleep," Rockpelt scolded.

"But we've been waiting for them forever!" Graykit complained.

"You may need to wait a little bit more," the gray she-cat shooed her son outside.

"Did you get them?" Dustkit asked once Graykit was outside.

"Rockpelt shooed me outside!" Graykit complained.

"Oh, is the great warrior Graystripe complaining because he was shooed outside because of his mother?" Ravenkit asked.

"Shut up," Graykit playfully pushed his friend.

"Why do you guys think Bluekit, Yellowkit, and Firekit are staying

inside?" Sandkit wanted to see Firekit.

"I think that the burning bracken last night was an omen." Whitekit said solemnly.

"You think so?" Oakkit asked.

"Yes," the white tom answered. "Why else would the former leaders and medicine cat be hiding inside the nursery?"

"If you say it like that..." Graykit snickered.

"It sounds as if Yellowkit, Bluekit, and Firekit are a bunch of cowards!" Ravenkit finished.

"They probably just stayed up all night thinking about the omen," Sandkit glared at the two toms.

"What do you think it was?" Hollykit asked.

"I honestly have no idea," Sandkit sighed.

"I guess we should just wait until they come out." Silverkit said.

That was when Yellowkit and Bluekit exited the nursery. Perfect timing.

"Guys! Behind the nursery!" Dustkit hissed.

The two she-cats went behind the nursery.

"Where's Firekit?" Sandkit looked around, just incase he's hiding.

"He's still freaking out in the nursery," Bluekit answered.

"Probably making Blazefur go insane," Silverkit added.

"Oh, yeah," Bluekit flicked her tail.

"Now, what was the omen about," Oakkit asked his mate.

"Well," Bluekit looked to Yellowkit, "Sorry, Yellowkit, but this one's yours."

"Thanks," Yellowkit rolled her eyes. "It was a bracken being burned by fire only to be quenched by water. The fire was in stripes, like a tiger."

Everyone looked at each other, "That doesn't sound good," Whitekit stated.

"Is Firekit going to die?" Sandkit wailed.

"You know how some prophecies and omens have double meanings?" Bluekit asked.

"Of course," the pale ginger she-cat sobbed.

"If you think positively, there is a less likely chance of anyone dying." the blue-gray she-cat murmured.

Everyone looked to the nursery, wondering when a certain flame-colored tom will come out.

4. Redpaw and Marshpaw

"So, let's figure out everything." Whitekit stated.

"Yes," Bluekit agreed.

"So, the first prophecy," Dustkit started.

"Everything will be solved by the cats around you. Everyone there shall effect what you do." Hollykit recited.

"Given to Firekit," Ravenkit added.

"How is that at all important?" Bluekit asked.

"I dunno," the black tom shrugged.

"The first part just means that we are in the future," Graykit explained.

"Yes," Yellowkit agreed. "The second part...None of the cats here are affecting what we are doing."

"Wait a second," all of the attention went on Sandkit, "If we were reborn, what about the Dark Forest,"

Silence.

"Let's not think about that," Bluekit decided.

"But it probably is right!" Sandkit argued. "The Dark Forest affects what we do!"

"It probably is," Dustkit agreed.

"The omen," Yellowkit ordered.

"The bracken being burned by fire; the fire was quenched by the rain. Although, the fire was in stripes, like a tiger." Bluekit

explained.

"Wouldn't it be: fire and tiger work together to destroy bracken?" Ravenkit offered cheekily.

Sandkit's tail hit his head, "Don't you know that that means that Firekit might join forces with Tigerstar?"

"She's right," Dustkit meowed. "But wouldn't it be 'the forest' not 'the bracken'? 'The bracken' just doesn't sound like a goal of Tigerstar," the brown tom shook his head in confusion.

"Let all cats old enough to catch their own prey join beneath the Highledge for a clan meeting!" came a yowl.

The queens hurried out of the nursery. Redkit and Marshkit looked well-groomed.

"This must be their apprentice ceremonies!" Hollykit gasped. "Can we watch?"

"If we aren't caught," Graykit grinned.

The kits huddled behind the nursery, watching the ceremony.

"No sign of Firekit," Sandkit sighed.

"He's probably still sleeping," Bluekit reassured.

"It is time for the making of two apprentices. They have reached six moons old and are ready to become apprentices of ThunderClan," the gray tom lifted his head to the sky.

"It's Ashstar!" Dustkit gasped. He had never seen him before.

"That's our father!" Graykit hissed.

Yellowkit and Bluekit gave him a Duh look.

"Until she has earned her warrior name, this apprentice will be known as Redpaw. Clovercloud, you received excellent training from Roseshadow, and I trust you to pass down everything you've

learned to Redpaw," Clovercloud and Redpaw touched noses.

Ashstar turned to Marshkit. "Until he has earned his warrior name, this apprentice will be known as Marshpaw. Mossbird, it is time for you to get your first apprentice. You received training from Beetlebreeze-"

"Our dad," Ravenkit gestured to Hollykit and himself.

"-And I trust you to pass down your knowledge of hunting and fighting to this young apprentice," Ashstar finished, and Marshpaw and Mossbird touched noses.

"Redpaw! Marshpaw! Redpaw! Marshpaw!" rang throughout the hollow. Splashflight and Grassjaw, their parents, were the loudest of them all.

"Still no Firekit," Sandkit murmured.

"I would think he would have woken up by now. It was loud enough to wake ShadowClan," Dustkit complained.

"There is know such thing as too loud!" Graykit cheered.

"...Let's let you believe that..." Bluekit stared at him weirdly.

"Yeah!" Graykit said cheerfully, "Wai- Hey!"

"Okay, hold on a minute," Hollykit looked confused. "About the omen, Firekit would never join Tigerstar. Somehow, I don't think what we assumed is right."

"Neither do I," Sandkit agreed.

"Maybe Tigerstar and Firekit fight? That could end up destroying the forest." Graykit suggest.

"Possibly," Bluekit agreed. "But, I think that we should let our minds rest for a while. All this worrying won't do us any good, but training will,"

Graykit and Dustkit smirked, reeled back, and attacked each other.

Graykit jumped on Dustkit's back; almost collapsing under his weight, Dustkit rolled onto his back, crushing the other tom. The gray tom used his hind legs to push the dusty brown tom off of him. They circled each other.

"You'll never win!" Graykit taunted.

"Oh, I think I will," Dustkit head-butted Graykit side, pushing him from behind the nursery.

They circled again. This time Graykit pounced on Dustkit, sending him reeling. Dustkit faked, causing Graykit to fall on the ground. Dustkit put one paw on the gray tom's chest, but he left his belly unprotected. Then, Graykit used his hind legs to hit Dustkit's belly. The dusty brown to retreated behind the nursery.

"You could have done better," Yellowkit chastised.

"Hey, I'm acting like a kit, remember? I can't use the same skills I did a long time ago." Dustkit retorted.

"Good point," the gray she-cat stated.

That was when Firekit came out.

"Where were you?" Sandkit yowled.

"Catching up on sleep," Firekit winced.

"When did you go to sleep?" Sandkit asked.

"A little before sunrise," the ginger tom admitted.

"Seriously?" Bluekit stared at him.

"Duh,"

That was when a yowl filled the hollow. "ShadowClan's been stealing our prey!"

5. Attacked In A Dream

"What?" Ashstar stomped over to the warrior. "Blackbriar, tell me everything."

"There was a complete skeleton of a rabbit reeking in ShadowClan scent on our side of the border." Blackbriar explained.

"And you didn't bring the bones back as evidence?" Ashstar inquired.

"Emberblaze was bringing them. She should be here any time now." the black she-cat explained.

"Will there be a battle?" Graykit asked excitedly.

"Maybe," Ashstar had an angered look on his face.

"Can I fight?" Graykit already knew the answer, but he asked anyway.

"No, you are only one moon old." Ashstar purred and licked his son's head.

"But I can fight!" he meowed. "I beat Dustkit earlier."

Ashstar purred even harder.

"Great, now Graykit's embarrassing me in front of Ashstar," Dustkit whined.

"I know," Firekit snickered. "It's amusing."

"Shut up," Dustkit pushed Firekit.

"What did I do?" Firekit asked innocently.

"You were born," the dusty brown tom retorted.

"So were you," the ginger tom shot back.

"You just go sassed!" Hollykit meowed.

Firekit was rather offended. "It's not my fault I was born,"

"Yes it is," Dustkit fired back.

"How so?"

"You were with us on the Warming Rocks," the dusty brown tom yelled.

"Um, Dustkit?" Sandkit asked.

"Yes?"

"Everyone's looking at you."

Everyone was.

"What's the Warming Rocks?" Blackbriar asked.

"Um," Dustkit quickly thought if a lie. "It's what we call a pile of pebbles behind the nursery."

"Okay," Grassjaw nodded really slowly from the opposite side of the clearing.

That was when Emberblaze burst into the camp holding a skeleton in her teeth. "Ashstar!"

Ashstar sniffed the bones; he became very angry. "A battle is coming. Let all cats old enough to catch their own prey join beneath the Highledge for a clan meeting!" the leader leaped up on the Highledge.

"What's going on?" a very drowsy Volepaw almost collapsed in the middle of camp.

"ShadowClan has been hunting on our territory; a battle may be coming. Therefore, the clan needs more warriors. Morningpaw, Volepaw, Softpaw, Fallenpaw, please stand before the Highledge.

"Do you swear to protect the clan and its territory even at the cost of your life?" Ashstar asked.

"I do," Fallenpaw said confidently.

"I do," Morningpaw's came out more like an echo.

"I do," Volepaw was still tired.

"I do," Softpaw smiled.

"Then, by the powers of StarClan you shall receive your warrior names. Blackbriar, is Softpaw ready to become a warrior?" the gray leader asked.

"Yes, yes she is," the black warrior purred.

"From this moment forward, you shall be known as Softwhisker for your keen ability to feel things in complete darkness." Ashstar turned to Morningpaw. "Acornwish, is Morningpaw ready to become a full warrior?"

"Yes,"

"Then, from this moment forward, you shall be known as Morningbreeze for your ability to run." Ashstar turned again. "Beetlebreeze, is Fallenpaw ready to become a warrior?"

"Of course,"

"From this moment forward, you shall be known as Fallenfoot for your distinct stalking ability." Ashstar turned once more, "Grassjaw, is Volepaw ready to become a warrior?"

"Yes,"

"Then from this moment forward, you shall be known as Volestorm for your distinct fighting tactic that leaves your opponent wondering if there's a storm going on." Ashstar finished.

Volestorm was tired.

"Softwhisker! Morningbreeze! Fallenfoot! Volestorm! Softwhisker! Morningbreeze! Fallenfoot! Volestorm!" the clan shouted.

"These new warriors will guard our camp while we sleep," Ashstar entered his own den.

Oh, come on! Volestorm was tired.

All eleven kits were herded into the nursery for the night.

"I'm not tired!" Firekit complained, wanting to roll his eyes.

"You're not tired?" Blazefur was freaked out. "Shimmerfire! Rockpelt! Tawnybright! There's something wrong with my son! He's not tired!"

"Just sleep," Tawnybright groaned.

Blazefur settled down eventually, and she wrapped her plume of a tail around her kits.

"I'm still not tired," Firekit muttered.

"Shimmerfire! Rock-" Blazefur began.

"Just sleep!" Shimmerfire groaned.

Just as Firekit open his mouth to say he's not tired, Bluekit gave him a look that said Don't you dare.

Rolling his eyes, Firekit closed his eyes for the night.

In his dreams, Firekit was being chased by something. He didn't know what it was.

"Who are you?" the ginger tom called.

"You know perfectly well who I am." a very familiar voice taunted.

"Tigerstar!" Firekit gasped.

"Not yet. Call me Tigerpaw." Tigerpaw made an appearance.

"Shouldn't you still be a kit?" Firekit asked.

Tigerpaw laughed. "Unlike you, Firekit, I was reborn nine moons ago. How old are you, Firekit? Wait, don't answer. I already know you are one moon old. How pitiful."

"What are you doing?" Firekit shouted.

"What do you think?" Tigerpaw rolled his eyes. "Preparing ShadowClan for my reign. Once I rule ShadowClan, I'll add all the clans to it, one at a time. I've already angered your leader, Ashstar."

"How did you do that?" Firekit ran harder.

"I hunted on his territory. How else?" Tigerpaw was gaining on him.

"That was you?" the ginger tom ran.

"Of course, my little pawn," the tabby growled.

"What do you mean, 'pawn'?" Firekit hissed. "I'm not your pawn!"

"If only you knew, Firekit, if only you knew," Tigerpaw grinned.

"Why won't you just explain to me everything!" Firekit said. "As your pawn,"

"I'm not that stupid! Darkpaw, Thistlepaw, Hawkpaw, Maplepaw, Brokenpaw, and some of my other cats are the only ones who actually know my plan." Tigerpaw scoffed.

"All those Dark Forest cats are reborn as well?" Firekit gaped.

"Scared, Firekit?" the tabby tom sneered.

"No!" the ginger tom meowed defiantly.

"Oh, you should be, because the Dark Forest is coming after you," that was when Tigerpaw was in pouncing distance of him. "Firekit, you know this too, you are just the mouse in this game." Then, he pounced, clawed, and bit. The world went black for Firekit.

6. Eavesdropping

Can somebody please give feedback? I feel like no one's reading this... I own nothing.

Silverkit woke up to something prodding her side. Then, she realized it was just Firekit. No big deal, but then, Firekit started bleeding on the shoulder. Then, on the side. A nick on his ear appeared, and a bite mark on his leg became visible. Doing her best to wake someone, anyone, she gave her best wail.

Blazefur shot up. "Silverkit?"

"I wailed, but look at Firekit," Silverkit stuttered.

The ginger she-cat looked to her son and gasped. "Shimmerfire! Rockpelt! Anybody! Help!"

Everyone, queens and kits, jolted up. Sandkit shrieked.

Blazefur stood up and carefully picked Firekit up by the scruff. Tawnybright ran ahead to warn shrieks woke up everyone in camp.

"What is somebody attacking?" Stonestripe, Firekit's father, stumbled out of the warrior's den. "Firekit," the gray warrior stared at his son. "Who did this?" the warrior suddenly was filled with pure hatred to whoever did this to his son.

"We don't know," Shimmerfire stepped out of the nursery, followed by Rockpelt and all the kits.

"I woke up to find him squirming, and then, blood started pouring from various wounds," Silverkit meowed sadly. "I gave my best wail to wake someone up. It woke up Blazefur."

Yellowkit was doing her best not to show that she was feeling Firekit's pain. Major ow, she thought.

The kits gathered away from everyone.

"It's just like the war against the Dark forest." Hollykit hissed.

"How so?" Ravenkit asked.

"Some warriors would fall asleep and travel into the Dark Forest in their dreams. There, they were trained to be the best warriors, but they did it the wrong way. They allowed them to hurt each other. The cats who traveled there in their dreams always woke up with various wounds and scars. Something attacked Firekit tonight. Something," Hollykit explained.

"Or someone," Graykit added.

"Yes," Bluekit agreed, "It could be Tigerstar, Thistleclaw, any one of them really."

Whitekit was ashamed of his former father, and he was glad he had a new one.

"We'll just have to ask him when he wakes up," Ravenkit sighed.

"If he wakes up," Yellowkit winced in pain.

"What do you mean, 'if he wakes up'?" Sandkit wailed.

"I've always been able to feel the pain of others. It's why I was the medicine cat, and ow he's in pain." the she-cat winced.

"Okay," Oakkit nodded slowly. "Have faith in Brackenfall,"

"I do, it's just..." Yellowkit shuddered.

"We get it," Bluekit murmured.

IN THE MEDICINE DEN

"What's wrong with him? What's wrong with him?" Blazefur was freaking out.

"Someone scratched his flank, and he was bit fairly bad on his hind leg. There's a nick in his ear, and another bite on his shoulder. It's obvious that the one who attacked him was trained in some way or

the other." Brackenfall explained.

"Who did it?" the ginger she-cat got a bloodthirsty look in her eyes.

Queens are scary, the medicine cat backed up.

Brackenfall went into his den to gather horsetail, marigold, and cobweb.

"Just fix him," Blazefur pleaded.

"I am!" someone was grumpy today.

When Brackenfall put the horsetail on Firekit's shoulder, the little ginger tom winced.

"What are you doing? You're causing him pain! Why you little..." Blazefur got into a fighting crouch.

"Some herbs sting. That's how you know that they are working properly." Brackenfall explained.

"...Oh," the queen looked embarrassed.

Brackenfall put some cobwebs on the young ginger tom's shoulder, ear, leg, and side. Then, he said, "He's going to have to remain in the medicine den for a little while.

"What? Why?" Blazefur looked disappointed.

"So I can keep an eye on him and make sure he doesn't die," Brackenfall looked at her plainly.

"Oh, okay," Blazefur shut up.

Oakkit and Silverkit approached their brother. "Will he live?"

"Of course he will," Blazefur said immediately.

Just then, a scratch appeared on his muzzle.

"Brackenfall!" Blazefur screeched.

"What?" Brackenfall came out. "Oh. My. StarClan. What just happened?"

"I don't know," the ginger she-cat wailed. "A scratch just appeared on his muzzle!"

Hollykit ran into the clearing. "Wake him up!"

"What?" Brackenfall asked. "He'll feel more pain if he's awake."

"But what's attacking him is from his dream!"

"How do you know this?" the medicine cat flicked his tail.

"It's obvious! He's not being attacked in this world, so it has to be in the dream world!" the black she-cat meowed impatiently.

"I see," Brackenfall said. "You're a smart cat,"

"Firekit," Blazefur hissed. "Firekit," she started licking his head.

Firekit's eyes shot open. "Tigerpaw-"

"Hold on," Brackenfall flicked his tail. "How does he know a ShadowClan apprentice?"

Tigerpaw, hmmmm, who is that? Wait, it must be Tigerstar! Hollykit gasped in realization.

"What is it, Hollykit?" Blazefur asked.

"What? Oh, it's nothing," Hollykit looked down.

"Alright," the medicine cat looked at the black she-cat a little while longer, then went back to cleaning the scratch on Firekit's face.

"Go back to the nursery," Brackenfall told them all. "Oakkit, Silverkit, and Hollykit should be sleeping, Blazefur. Take them back to the nursery."

"But-"

"No buts, Blazefur," the medicine cat told her sternly. "You have two

other kits to fuss over," he reminded.

Blazefur looked down at her two other kits and started licking them fiercely.

The medicine cat looked down once they had left. Firekit has fallen back to sleep, and this time no more wounds appeared on the kit. Brackenfall fell asleep next to the flame colored kit.

LINE BREAK

The next morning, Oakkit jolted up. He had to tell the others about what Firekit had said in his sleep and when he was awake. He prodded Silverkit, the closest one to him. Well, she was in the same nest, of course she'd be the closest to him.

"What?" Silverkit blinked.

"Help me wake up the others." Oakkit told her.

"Why?"

"We have to tell the others what Firekit said. This is a huge lead." the brown tom started prodding Whitekit.

Sighing, Silverkit started prodding Hollykit.

When the sun was about a fox-length in the air, all of the kit, except Firekit, were behind the nursery.

"So, what did Firekit say?" Bluekit asked.

"When he woke up, he immediately said 'Tigerpaw'." Silverkit stated.

"What?" Sandkit inquired. "So, the Dark Forest is back, and they are at least four or five moons older than us. They could attack at any time and we wouldn't be able to fight them!"

"It seems that Firekit already had a tussel with Tigerpaw. And he lost." Hollykit stated. "We would be completely defenseless if they attacked now; we would be run over and killed. Now, I see why

they made the law in the Warrior Code!" everyone stared at her like she was stupid. "What? I seriously didn't get why they did that!"

"Anyway," Yellowkit interrupted. "Firekit's healing,"

"Really?" Sandkit's head shot up.

"I can feel it! Of course!" the grumpy old medicine cat side of her got the better of her.

"So, now all we can do is wait for Firekit to heal completely," Dustkit sighed.

"No," Bluekit corrected. "We shall train,"

The kits looked at each other with mischief in their eyes.

LINE BREAK

Sandkit rammed Bluekit. They tusseled for a while, until Bluekit faked, causing Sandkit to collapse on the ground belly first. Bluekit put her weight on her to hold her down. Like usual, the former leader won.

"Okay," Whitekit looked around at all of the tired kits. "Let's discuss the prophecy,"

"I think it's more likely that Firekit and Tigerpaw, now, will fight, and that will destroy the forest," Bluekit released Sandkit.

"The bracken," Ravenkit corrected.

He got looks that read Seriously?

"What? It was the bracken that burned!" the black tom flicked his tail.

"I think it's the forest," Dustkit said. "Anyway, why don't we listen to what the queens have to say,"

"Eavesdropping?" Graykit purred.

"No!" the brown tom stated. "Just listening in,"

"Of course," Whitekit rolled his eyes.

The kits could hear Tawnybright talking from behind the nursery wall. "So, there is a fox burrow in the forest,"

Rockpelt then said. "Yes, one mother and four kits."

The kits looked at each other. Why can't they chase them off? They battled the Dark Forest, after all.

"You guys are being really stupid." Bluekit stared at them.

"Seriously!" Hollykit hissed. "We could take them on!"

Bluekit gave in. "Very well,"

7. Attacking Foxes and the Duplicate Omen

The ten uninjured kits climbed up the super secret exit from the camp that Squirrelflight had shown Hollykit. Squirrelflight, that name hit home hard. Really, I know. Yellowkit could feel their pain.

"So, where do you think the fox burrow is?" Dustkit asked once they were out of hearing distance from the camp.

"We have to pick up its scent," Whitekit scolded.

"We also have to hurry up; Ashstar and Fernfur are likely to send search parties." Bluekit pointed out.

"Yes," Sandkit agreed.

"That way!" Hollykit picked up the scent.

The kits followed the scent through the forest, and it stopped by the border with ThunderClan and unclaimed territory.

"Okay, it must be around here somewhere," Graykit decided.

"Yes," Ravenkit agreed.

"Everyone be completely still," Bluekit ordered, her eyes wide.

Everyone stopped, and their eyes grew wide too. Now that they were unmoving, they could hear the scrape of paws nearing the surface of the ground...

"Fox!" Ravenkit screeched.

The kits scatter just in time; where they were, stood a big female fox, licking her lips.

"Uh-oh," Hollykit gulped.

"Is it just me, or is this fox larger than I remember them being?" Graykit shrunk in fear.

"It's not just you," even Bluekit, Whitekit, and Oakkit backed up a bit.

"Okay," Bluekit stood still. "Silverkit, Oakkit, Graykit, Yellowkit, Dustkit, you attack it from the right." the cats nodded. "Yellowkit, did you ever have warrior training?"

"Of course," the gray she-cat answered.

"Whitekit, Sandkit, Ravenkit, Hollykit, and I will attack from the left." Bluekit took charge.

The kits surrounded the enemy, five on the right, five on the left.

"If only Firekit could help us," Sandkit sent a prayer to StarClan.

"He's still in the medicine den," Silverkit reminded.

"Three," Whitekit called.

"Two," Bluekit continued.

"One!" Oakkit's battle cry sent them all into battle.

The fox raked furiously, trying to grab hold of at least one kit. It struck Whitekit in the ear, but the white tom dived underneath the fox and clawed at its belly. The fox screamed in outrage and lowered its belly, crushing Whitekit. The white tom squealed.

"Whitekit being crushed!" Yellowkit called.

Bluekit's eyes glinted furiously at this, and the blue-gray she-cat stretched her claws until they hurt to scratch the fox's pelt. The fox screeched, shook the kits off of her, and ran furiously into no-clan territory.

"Whitekit!" Bluekit went to her former nephew.

"I've been squished!" Whitekit said slowly, like he couldn't believe

it.

Everyone had a look that read Duh,

Yellowkit came up with some cobwebs to Whitekit. She sniffed the scratch, cleaned it a little bit, and then she applied the cobwebs. "Any other injures?"

"No, not really," Ravenkit called.

"Good, the kits are still under the ground," Yellowkit stated.

"Wait," Bluekit instructed. "If we scared away the mother, wouldn't the kits still die naturally. I'd rather not let anyone else fight and get injured."

"I guess we should go back to camp." Graykit agreed.

At the entrance to the camp, Blackbriar spotted them. "There you are! Your parents are scared to death! Get back in the camp!" she ushered the kits back into the camp.

"Don't you know that it's against the Warrior Code for kits to go outside the camp?" Emberblaze asked.

The kits looked at each other, of course they did, but for the sake of the act, they said. "No,"

"Listen to your parents and the elders more often," the she-cat grunted. "And go to bed for once!"

Brackenfall entered the clearing, studied the kits, then padded up to them, "Who did this?" the medicine cat gestured to the cobwebs on Whitekit's ear.

"Yellowkit," Whitekit answered.

The ginger tom looked to the gray she-cat. "How did you know to do that?"

"Well," Yellowkit thought up a good old lie, "I heard the queens talk about how you cleaned and put cobwebs on Firekit's wounds. I just

thought it was right,"

"And how did you know what cobweb was?" Brackenfall flicked his tail.

"Clovercloud said that she had some on a sunrise ago," Yellowkit looked up innocently.

"You did this well," Brackenfall looked impressed. "I don't need to do anything to this, but tell me, where were you?"

"Fighting off a fox," Graykit said bluntly.

The other kits glared at the gray tom.

"Fight off foxes?" Brackenfall was taken aback.

Blazefur then rushed into the clearing. "Rockpelt! Shimmerfire! Tawnybright! There is something wrong with all these kits!" the other three queens entered the scene.

"How so?" Rockpelt asked, glad to see her kits back in one piece.

"They thought it was a good idea to go fight off one of the foxes!" the ginger she-cat was freaking out. Yep, a normal day in ThunderClan.

"They what?" Shimmerfire's eyes grew.

"We fought off a fox!" Ravenkit said excitedly. "We didn't touch the kits, though."

"You kits fought off a grown fox?" Redpaw entered the clearing.

"Yep!" Hollykit stated.

"How stupid are you guys?" Fallenfoot entered the clearing.

"What do you mean?" Dustkit asked.

"There is still stuff you need to learn." Softwhisker sighed. "If you chased off one, wouldn't the kits follow your scent trail back here?"

The kits looked at each other; they didn't think of that. Blame Bluekit.

"We didn't think of that," Oakkit admitted.

Ashstar obviously overheard this. "Fernfur!" he called.

"Yes!" the gray she-cat arrived.

"You, Jaggedtail, Emberblaze, Morningbreeze, Volestorm, Softwhisker, Fallenfoot, Blackbriar, and Grassjaw need to go hunt down four fox kits. The mother has been chased away, but the kits may be heading to the camp right at this very moment," Ashstar ordered.

"Yes, Ashstar!" Fernfur flicked her tail. "Jaggedtail! Emberblaze! Morningbreeze! Volestorm! Softwhisker! Fallenfoot! Blackbriar! Grassjaw! We need to hunt down the foxes!"

The cats arrived in the clearing; then, the patrol set off.

"Now, how about you ten come with us to the nursery," Shimmerfire herded her two kits.

"But we're not tired!" Ravenkit protested.

"Think of it as a sort of punishment," the black she-cat settled them in their nest.

Rockpelt, Tawnybright, and Blazefur followed her lead.

LINE BREAK

Firekit stirred in his sleep. There were cobwebs covering him, but he felt relatively alright. Something was bothering him. Tigerpaw had called him a pawn, and the fact the Tigerpaw was nine moons old while the forces of StarClan reborns were peaking at about one and a half. That frightened him. Tigerpaw could easily convince ShadowClan to raid ThunderClan and kill someone. Like Sandkit, Firekit thought. No, he would not let Tigerpaw kill Sandkit; even if he had to die too many times to count, he would not let someone like Tigerpaw destroy Sandkit's precious soul. Never, ever, ever.

"So, you're awake." Firekit turned to see Brackenfall.

"What happened?" the flame colored tom asked.

"Injuries started appearing on you in your sleep," Brackenfall shrugged. "We don't really know how."

Just like the last war against the Dark Forest. Firekit thought. "When can I go back?"

"We'll check to see how your wounds are healing tomorrow. Right now, go to sleep," the medicine cat ordered.

"But I just woke up," Firekit objected.

"But it's midnight, so go to sleep," Brackenfall ordered.

Firekit turned over in his nest to go to sleep. When Brackenfall went into his den, he saw something. A fire had started on a bracken, and the flames were quenched by water. The fire was in stripes, like a tiger.

Brackenfall! Firekit thought urgently. Does that mean that I will kill him? The tiger stripe pattern: does that mean I become Tigerpaw's pawn? Quenched by water, that could mean that Tigerpaw and I drown, but at least that would kill him, right? Firekit debated this all night.

LINE BREAK

In ShadowClan, Tigerpaw was smirking in the apprentice den.

"What is it, Tigerpaw?" Darkpaw asked.

"I've got little Firekit of ThunderClan right where I want him." Tigerpaw chuckled.

"So, when are we going to start?" Darkpaw asked.

"Maybe when Firekit is seven moons old." Tigerpaw stated.

"Why seven?" the dark apprentice asked.

"It's a moon after he becomes an apprentice." the great tabby apprentice muttered.

Maplepaw woke up. "I still don't get one thing."

"And that is?" Tigerpaw asked.

"How to you intend to use this Firekit?" the she-cat asked.

"It's not just any kit." the tabby tom explained. "It's a reborn version of Firestar,"

Maplepaw's eyes glinted. "We have to get rid of him, not use him!"

"But, if I send him dreams and talk to him in his mind, it will slowly break him to the point he can be used." Tigerpaw explained.

"How?"

"I simply push away the broken mind and take over his body. It would give me access to the heart of ThunderClan to take it over," Tigerpaw smiled.

"Great plan!" Maplepaw's eyes glinted evilly.

A warrior then poked his head into the apprentices' den. "I don't know what you were talking about, but go to sleep,"

"Yes, Toadclaw," they said in unison.

The warrior left.

8. Jayfeather

I thank all of my lovely readers! Don't worry, Jayfeather will be added this chapter. By the way, I give all the cats the same names to stop confusion.

That night, a howl ripped through the eerie silence of the camp. A gray tom stumbled into the camp with Grassjaw and Blackbriar, the two camp guards, supporting him on each side.

Ashstar streamed out of the leader's den. "Jayfeather..."

"Twoleg! And dogs! And Thunderpaths! And monsters!" Jayfeather then just passed out in the middle of camp.

"Brackenfall!" Ashstar screeched. "Jayfeather's gone down!"

"Jayfeather?" Brackenfall's head peered out of his den, "Didn't he get captured by Twolegs a few moons ago?"

"Yes! He's back now!" Ashstar flicked his tail.

The ginger tom streaked through the clearing and started sniffing him. "There's nothing really wrong with him. He just passed out from shock, but I'll take him to my den anyway," he left.

IN THE NURSERY

"Ravenkit!" Hollykit hissed.

"What?" the black tom raised his head.

"Jayfeather's here!" the black she-cat murmured.

Ravenkit froze. "Really?"

"Yeah, you're the only one who hadn't heard. Everyone's fairly freaked out, but you were too tired to listen." she accused.

"Oh well," the black tom put his head on his paws.

"Get up, you big lump!" Hollykit pushed her brother.

"Hey!" Ravenkit recovered.

"Sleep; I know that this is exciting. You still need to sleep." Shimmerfire ordered.

"But I want to meet Jayfeather," Hollykit protested.

"You can in the morning; he's recovering from shock." the black queen wrapped her tail around her kits.

He'll be with Firekit, Hollykit thought. They will so freak out. Well, whoever wakes up first will freak out more, but still...

LINE BREAK

Jayfeather woke up with a jolt. He was in ThunderClan outside the medicine cat's den. Next to him, the sleeping form of a very familiar flame colored tom lay. Firestar! The gray tom sniffed the kit, it had Firestar's scent. It must be Firestar. Well, at least he must be Firekit.

Brackenfall had sensed some movement. As quick as lightning, he shot out of the den. "Jayfeather!" he called. "Do you want any poppy seeds?"

"No, I'll be fine," the former medicine cat sighed. "What's his name?"

"What?" the ginger tom stopped. "Oh, yeah, you haven't met him yet. This is Firekit. He's one of eleven born on the same day."

"Eleven?" Jayfeather had never heard of eleven kits being born in one day. And trust me, he had only counted up to four in one day. "What are their names?"

"Well, there is Hollykit, Ravenkit, Graykit, Bluekit, Yellowkit, Sandkit, Dustkit, Whitekit, Oakkit, and Silverkit. You really should meet them, though." Brackenfall answered.

Hollykit! a jolt ran through Jayfeather's body. He believed that

Firestar, Hollyleaf, Ravenpaw, Graystripe, Bluestar, Yellowfang, Sandstorm, Dustpelt, Whitestorm, Oakheart, and Silverstream came back to life. Then, they might stand a chance against the Dark Forest reborns. The gray tom himself had seen Tigerstar, Brokenstar, Mapleshade, Thistleclaw, Darkstripe, and some others at gatherings, but he doubted they have the same names at this current time.

"What happened to Firekit?" Jayfeather asked.

"No one knows. Silverkit woke up to find him slowly being covered in wounds. As he dreamed, more wounds appeared. Hollykit thought that something was attacking him in his dream, but I don't know how she would know that. I guess, if you think about it enough, it does make sense. What was hurting him wasn't in this world, so it has to be in his dreams," Brackenfall finished.

Jayfeather looked back at the tom. Yes, he finally had his sight. Being reborn has its pros and cons.

That was when Emberblaze left the warriors den. "Jayfeather!" she began licking the tom furiously. "You don't know how frightened I was! Don't you ever go missing again! Don't get captured by Twolegs! Don't run off! And don't die!" obviously, she was his mother.

"Emberblaze!" Jayfeather whined.

"It's dawn! If you were here all night, why didn't you tell me!" the gray she-cat wailed.

"He passed out in the middle of camp," Brackenfall interrupted.

"I have to go on dawn patrol. I'll be back soon!" Emberblaze joined Fernfur, Clovercloud, Mossbird, and Marshpaw.

Jayfeather snuck behind the nursery and waited for the kits to come out. Sure enough, a little bit later, ten kits barged behind the nursery.

"Jayfeather!" Hollykit ran into her former brother with a squee.

"You're being an idiot again," Jayfeather warned.

"I know," the black she-cat purred.

"Now, I've been at a Gathering here in this body." Jayfeather explained.

"Of course you have. As medicine cat." Sandkit nodded really slowly, like he was stupid.

"I'm not stupid!" Jayfeather growled. "I mean, in this life. Tigerpaw, Maplepaw, Darkpaw, Thistlepaw, and Brokenpaw were there!"

"It's weird having your former son be older than you." Yellowkit looked horrified.

"Well, I'm Firekit's former grandson, and look how much older I am!" Jayfeather stated.

"I pity him," Yellowkit said bluntly.

"Yeah," everyone agreed.

"Especially because he was attacked by someone bigger than him in his dream," Bluekit added.

"Yeah," the reborns started to discuss tactic now.

"I have to go, you know, hunt now," Jayfeather walked away.

"Aren't you medicine cat?" Dustkit asked.

"Nope! This time, I'm a warrior," the gray tom exited the camp.

I'll go ahead and list the allegiances below so you know stuff! ;) Only ThunderClan at the moment!

Allegiances

ThunderClan

Leader- Ashstar- gray tom

Deputy- Fernfur- gray she-cat

Medicine cat- Brackenfall- ginger tom

Warriors- Jaggedtail- gray tom

Emberblaze- gray she-cat

Acornwish- brown tabby tom

Clovercloud- white and gray she-cat

Apprentice- Redpaw

Grassjaw- brown tom

Beetlebreeze- black tom

Stonestripe- gray tom

Blackbriar- black she-cat

Mossbird- gray tom

Softwhisker- white she-cat

Morningbreeze- ginger she-cat

Volestorm- brown tom

Fallenfoot- white tom

Splashflight- tortishell she-cat

Jayfeather- gray tom

Apprentices- Redpaw- ginger she-cat

Marshpaw- black and brown tom

Queens- Shimmerfire- black she-cat (mate- Beetlebreeze) (kits- Ravenkit, Hollykit)

Rockpelt- gray she-cat (mate- Ashstar) (kits- Graykit, Bluekit, Yellowkit)

Tawnybright- tortishell she-cat (mate- Jaggedtail) (kits- Sandkit, Dustkit, Whitekit)

Blazefur- ginger she-cat (mate Stonestripe) (kits- Firekit, Oakkit, Silverkit)

Kits- Ravenkit- black tom with a bit of white

Hollykit- black she-cat

Graykit- gray tom

Bluekit- blue-gray she-cat

Yellowkit- gray she-cat

Sandkit- pale ginger she-cat

Dustkit- dusty brown tom

Whitekit- white tom

Oakkit- brown tom

Silverkit- silver she-cat

Firekit- flame colored tom

Elders- Olivecloud- gray she-cat

Lostclaw- white tom

Roseshadow- ginger she-cat

Tangledleg- crippled brown tom

9. Stonestripe

Brackenfall slowly took off the cobwebs that clung to Firekit's fur. The flame colored tom finally was able to leave the medicine den; after many long sunrises, the ginger medicine cat gave the all-clear signal.

Once Brackenfall was finished, Firekit yelled "Bye!"

Behind the nursery, the other ten kits were talking about the prophecies.

"Watch out! Coming through!" Firekit tackled Sandkit.

"Firekit!" Sandkit started licking his face.

"You're alright!" Yellowkit gaped.

"Um, duh!" the flame colored tom

"Okay, we were talking about the prophecy and the omen," Bluekit explained.

"I think the omen means that you and Tigerpaw will fight and that will destroy bracken." Ravenkit shrugged.

"The forest," Dustkit growled.

"I don't think any of you are right," Firekit interrupted.

"What do you mean?" Hollykit asked.

"At midnight, I was talking to Brackenfall. Also, right when he left I saw the same omen: fire swallowing the bracken only to be quenched by water," Firekit voiced his thoughts.

Everyone looked at each other. "I guess that makes sense, but it would be an unnecessary death." Bluekit stated.

"You're reminding me of Whiteclaw!" Graykit complained.

"Sorry, but you didn't kill him," Bluekit corrected.

"Yes, I did!" Graykit retorted.

"No, you didn't" Bluekit scoffed.

"Can you guys just shut up?" Duskit asked.

"But guys," Sandkit looked excited.

"What?" Whitekit asked.

"We are almost apprentices!" the pale ginger she-cat squealed.

Oakkit gave her a Seriously? look.

"What? It means that we may actually have a chance against Tigerpaw!" Sandkit pointed out.

"Oh, and Firekit?" Bluekit asked. "What was your dream about?"

Firekit looked confused. "Which one?"

"You know plenty well which one I'm talking about," the blue-gray she-cat growled.

"Um," Firekit thought back. "Well, I was being chased by Tigerpaw, who was taunting me saying he was nine moons old. Well, I guess he'd be thirteen moons old by now. He was basically taunting me about me being a pawn, and how Hawkpaw, Maplepaw, Darkpaw, Brokenpaw, Thistlepaw, and a few others were also reborn. Then, eventually, he caught up to me and attacked me."

"Ouch," Silverkit winced.

"What do you mean, 'pawn'?" Whitekit asked.

"That's just what Tigerpaw called me. Even though, he might have a new name now." the flame colored tom shuddered.

"Okay, so..." that was the last word he could get out.

"Firekit! Sandkit! Ravenkit! Graykit! Bluekit! Yellowkit! Whitekit! Dustkit! Oakkit! Silverkit! Hollykit! Get inside the nursery immediately!" Shimmerfire poked a frightened head out of the nursery.

Without hesitation, the kits entered the nursery.

"What is it?" Ravenkit asked.

"ShadowClan's attacking our camp!" the pure black queen showed pure hatred on her muzzle. Scary.

From in the nursery, the kit's spotted the familiar cats known as Tigerpaw, Hawkpaw, Maplepaw, Thistlepaw, and Brokenpaw. The leader, Lizardstar, battled one on one with Ashstar, but Tigerpaw approached the nursery. The great tabby tom was after the reborns. What a surprise, but Blazefur attacked him. No one attacked ThunderClan's kits. Especially not her own.

It was an epic fight, but Tigerpaw already had the advantage of size, so Blazefur's mate, Stonestripe, left everything he was doing to help win this fight. But Tigerpaw had already known he was coming. He used his Dark Forest skills to place a bite on the gray warrior's spine. Stonestripe fell dead at his paws.

10. Twice As Vulnerable

Blazefur's eyes flashed through many different emotions. Shock, anger, and sadness. "There's something wrong with this apprentice! He just killed Stonestripe!" she wailed. "He broke the Warrior Code!"

Lizardstar glared at the apprentice. "His actions are unjust. Tigerpaw told me that he scented ThunderClan on our territory, but he came here and killed an innocent warrior. I'll take him back and make sure he never stops taking care of the elders!"

"You better," Ashstar growled. "Now, leave."

Tigerpaw himself stared out the nursery. "You'll never stop me, Firekit,"

"How do you know my son?" Blazefur screeched. "Ashstar! There's something wrong with him! He knows my son!"

"Yes, there is. Especially by name; I've never mentioned a kit's name at a Gathering before," Ashstar's eyes narrowed. "Lizardstar, you better knock some sense into him."

"Yes, and I apologize for raiding your camp," Lizardstar's eyes closed. "This day has brought forth an unnecessary death,"

Graykit had some flashbacks. Him and Fireheart at the time taking a short-cut through RiverClan territory, very mouse-brained, by the way. Whiteclaw falling off the side of the gorge, his white head bobbing in the water... *No, I mustn't distract myself. That was a long time ago, and Whiteclaw himself forgave me. Tigerpaw or one of the other Dark Forest reborns must be getting to me. I can't let myself fall into their grasps; I just hope that Firekit doesn't take the plunge. That would be a fatal blow to our side*. Graykit shook his head to clear his thoughts.

"Stonestripe," Firekit stared at where his father had fallen. He was

confident that Tigerpaw targeted him to try to break him; he might be able to take over that way.

Firekit, Silverkit, and Oakkit went outside to where their father lay dead. Oakkit sniffed his fur, so did the other two kits. Even if they had only known him for a few moons, they had developed such immense feelings for the gray tom that their hearts snapped. Sure, they had seen cats die before. They had also died before, but they couldn't get over their father's death. Tears streamed from their eyes.

"All cats close to Stonestripe shall remain here and keep vigil for their lost friend or family." Ashstar sighed.

Much to Firekit's surprise, Ashstar settled down next to the fallen warrior. Followed by the elder, Olivecloud. Blazefur was after her. Then, the kits took their place next to their fallen father. Night passed, and the distinct scent of Stonestripe weaved among the cats at the vigil for the very last time.

-

The next morning, the scent of the great gray warrior diminished. All that was left was a cold, dead body. Firekit felt even more tears rise.

Ashstar lifted his head. "Anybody but Firekit, Silverkit, and Oakkit are free to help bury Stonestripe's body."

"Why can't we help?" Oakkit winced at how much he sounded like a kit. Oh, Crookedstar was probably laughing so much up there.

"Kits aren't allowed out of camp until they are six moons old," Ashstar reminded.

"But we're almost six moons old! Five moons is close enough," Silverkit objected.

"Oh, so close, but I cannot let you out," the leader shook his head solemnly.

Ashstar, Blazefur, and even the elder Olivecloud carried the

warrior's body out of camp, a body that will never walk, run, climb, talk, or feel ever again.

"Relax, he's in StarClan now," Silverkit told herself.

"I know how you feel," Firekit sighed. "But life goes on."

"I know," she sighed.

"Let's wait for the others to come out," Oakkit trudged behind the nursery.

The three littermates waited in silence behind the nursery, thinking of their father's death.

-

"That plan was most ingenious," Hawkpaw hissed.

"Yes," Tigerpaw nodded. "By killing his father, Firekit is now twice as vulnerable!"

"How did you even know who his father was?" Maplepaw asked.

"Having access to his mind does have its perks," the tabby apprentice smirked.

"Soon, ThunderClan will fall." Darkpaw stated. "It's inevitable, but which clan next?"

Without hesitation, Tigerpaw answered. "WindClan,"

"Hold on," Thistlepaw lashed his tail, "We don't even know if Firekit will fall."

"Are you doubting me?" Tigerpaw snarled.

"No!" Thistlepaw looked offended. "In ThunderClan, I learned to never doubt anything,"

"I guess we'll just have to wait and see," Brokenpaw settled down for the night. "Until then..."

"We train and gain energy," Maplepaw recited.

They slept.

You like? Don't forget to comment!

11. The Most Mature

I'll try to make longer chapters, but you never know how it'll end up! Sometimes, I just come across a random part off the chapter as I start to actually make it, and I think "This would be a good cliffhanger...". Yeah, I know, call me crazy, but it's just that sometimes I can't stop myself from stopping it! >:D

Bluekit, Yellowkit, and Graykit came out after a little while. Behind the nursery, they spotted several severely depressed kits.

"His death wasn't your fault, guys," Graykit stated.

"We know, but we all just feel like we could have done something," Oakkit was the one to speak up.

"You can't let it drag you down," Bluekit instructed.

"Don't you think we know that?" Firekit glared at her.

"Yes," the blue-gray she-cat didn't falter.

"You guys just need to calm down," Yellowkit ordered. "I know you are still grieving, but we are almost six moons old. Almost time to become an apprentice,"

"I think we know when kits become apprentices, but do you really think that we will apprentice all of us at once?" Silverkit asked.

"Probably not," Yellowkit admitted.

That was when Sandkit, Whitekit, and Dustkit entered the little gap behind the nursery. They were followed by Ravenkit and Hollykit.

"Okay, first of all: Ashstar has announced that he won't apprentice us all at once." Ravenkit corrected.

"Well, that's a sure relief." Whitekit sighed.

"How is that a relief?" Dustkit questioned.

"It would leave the clan rather weak." the white tom explained.

"Good point," Sandkit exclaimed. "But who would he choose?"

"Whitekit, Oakkit, Bluekit, Yellowkit, and Firekit, duh," Dustkit explained.

"Why?" Oakkit demanded.

"Oakkit," Ravenkit stated. "You and Whitekit are way too calm; Ashstar's noticed how Bluekit takes charge most of the time. Yellowkit's the only medicine cat, so that speaks for itself. Firekit is the brave one."

"I haven't done any brave stuff in this life," Firekit objected. "I just got attacked."

"Hmmm, he still might choose you for your endurance of pain?" Sandkit said weakly.

"Yeah, right," the flame colored tom snorted. "Wouldn't he choose Graykit because both his littermates were chosen?"

"Possibly," Yellowkit shrugged.

"Let all cats old enough to catch their own prey gather beneath the Highledge for a clan meeting!" came Ashstar's yowl.

The queens gathered all the kits being apprenticed and licked them furiously.

"Told ya," Firekit nudged Sandkit.

Graykit, Bluekit, Yellowkit, Whitekit, and Oakkit were being groomed.

"He probably just chose Graykit to give Rockpelt a break." Hollykit pointed out.

"Yeah," the kits agreed.

"Because of the sheer number of kits born on the same day, we cannot apprentice them all. It would leave the clan too weak. Therefore, I've selected the most mature of the kits. Oakkit, Whitekit, Yellowkit, Bluekit, Graykit," Ashstar beckoned them with his tail.

"Until this apprentice has earned his warrior name, he will be known as Oakpaw. Morningbreeze, you are ready for an apprentice; I hope you pass down all of your abilities to Oakpaw." they touched noses.

Ashstar turned. "Until he's earned his warrior name, this apprentice will be known as Whitepaw. Softwhisker, you are also ready for an apprentice, I expect you to pass down your tracking ability." they touched noses.

The leader turned once more, "Until she has earned her warrior name, this apprentice will be known as Bluepaw. Volestorm, you are ready for your first apprentice. I hope you will pass down everything you learned from Grassjaw to your apprentice." Volestorm was still a little drowsy, but he touched his nose to Bluepaw.

The gray tom turned for a final time. "Until he has earned his warrior name, this apprentice shall be known as Graypaw. Fallenfoot, you are ready as well for an apprentice. I hope that you will pass down all you learned from Beetlebreeze onto this young tom." Fallenfoot and Graypaw touched noses.

To much of the clan's surprise, Brackenfall stepped forward. "You all know that everyone lives and everyone dies. I will not be around for all eternity, so I have to take on an apprentice. Yellowkit, do you wish to follow the path as ThunderClan's medicine cat?"

This time around, Yellowkit didn't want to be a warrior. "Yes,"

"Then, you are now known as Yellowpaw. You shall learn how to treat cats, as well as decipher omens and prophecies." Brackenfall touched his nose to Yellowpaw's.

"Oakpaw! Whitepaw! Bluepaw! Graypaw! Yellowpaw! Oakpaw!

Whitepaw! Bluepaw! Graypaw! Yellowpaw!" the clan cheered.

Jayfeather was one of the loudest.

The clan took shelter for the night.

Don't forget to comment!

12. Tawnybright

This chapter is a little short, sorry!

Thunder boomed all over ThunderClan territory. Lightning struck, freaking Hollykit out. They were almost six moons old, and she was still frightened by thunderstorms. Some lightning came extremely close to the nursery...

Then, it happened. It shot through the nursery and onto the tortishell she-cat known as Tawnybright; calls of alarm shot through the camp. Brackenfall rushed into the nursery. It all happened so fast; you never know when someone will die. Everyone knows that everyone dies, but no one knows when. Tonight, a thunderstorm took a ThunderClan life. Tawnybright fell dead, still protectively holding her kits in her nest. This new-leaf has been harsh: two deaths in about five sunrises. Stonestripe first, then Tawnybright. All Hollykit could remember was the wails of Dustkit and Sandkit acting, although she wasn't sure if they were acting at all.

Jaggedtail shot into the nursery when he recognized his kits wails. Grief-stricken, he stared at his mates body. Tawnybright, the only cat he's ever loved, was up in StarClan; he had to keep reminding himself that she was in a better place. A place of peace, but she wasn't with him. And he needed her. She left him when he needed her; the sweet smell of the fallen queen slowly started to leave the nursery. Leaving all three of her kits, even if Whitepaw was an apprentice, he still came when he heard the wails, and her mate to go up into the stars.

"She's dead," was the only words heard in the nursery from the ginger medicine cat.

"What? No! She can't be dead!" Sandkit wailed, ashamed that she was acting over something like this.

"She's in StarClan now," Jaggedtail stated stiffly, wrapping his tail around Whitepaw, Sandkit, and Dustkit.

Firekit and Silverkit watched the she-cat die, unable to do anything, watching as StarClan claimed yet another ThunderClan life in less than a moon. Grief filled them again as the dying she-cat reminded them of their fallen father. Grief, shock, anger, rage. A familiar mood change.

"There's nothing we can do." Jaggedtail repeated as he lifted up his mates body. "Sandkit, Dustkit, get some sleep. Whitepaw, go to your den. I don't want you grieving out in the cold and rain." he didn't mention that they might die if they did that.

Brackenfall went up to notify Ashstar, and yet another unnecessary death filled the hollow.

13. Beetlebreeze in Danger

An even deeper silence filled the hollow as Ashstar rushed out of his den. Rain pouring down, he was drenched instantly. "I know we are all shocked or frightened, but we mustn't let our guard down. This storm has already claimed one ThunderClan life, and it still may claim more," Rockpelt stepped a little bit towards the apprentices den, as if to check on her kits, but right where she was not seconds before, a bolt of lightning landed.

Ashstar stared in horror at where his mate once stood. Well, at least she was safe.

"We shall mourn for Tawnybright tomorrow. She wouldn't want us to mourn for her in the cold." the leader stated.

Everyone left for their nests, in utter shock. One of their own had just passed. Only sunrises after Stonestripe. All of the deaths had something to do with the kits...

Sandkit and Dustkit were huddled together in the nursery, feeling similar to what Oakpaw, Firekit, and Silverkit felt when their father passed. Shimmerfire brought her tail around them and pulled them into her nest; they wanted Tawnybright. This would have to do; at least Ravenkit and Hollykit were there to talk to.

"Guys!" Dustkit hissed.

"What?" Hollykit and Ravenkit inched over to them.

"Have you noticed how both deaths were the deaths of our parents? One could just be a coincidence, but two is rather suspicious," Sandkit explained.

"Who do you think's doing this?" Hollykit asked.

"Probably the Dark Forest," Dustkit shrugged.

"Maybe, but why would you think that?" Ravenkit asked.

"It was Tigerpaw who killed Stonestripe." Sandkit pointed out.

The two black kits winced. "Don't remind us."

"But how did they control the lightning?" Ravenkit questioned.

"Probably some Dark Forest thing. StarClan would never have two ThunderClan deaths in a few sunrises." Dustkit stated.

"Good point," Hollykit agreed.

"Now, why don't we get some rest?" Sandkit suggested.

"That's probably a good idea." Dustkit rolled over.

-

Whitepaw stared at the body of his mother, possibly for the last time. He already missed her, but he had to go out hunting. Softwhisker's orders. He ran out in the forest, trying to clear his head. Trying to make himself forget. Trying to...Trying to...Trying to...

He quickly picked up the scent of mouse. Stalking forward, tail unmoving, he approached his prey. Not letting the mouse know he was there until he was on top of it, he killed it quickly. Sending his thanks to StarClan, he buried it and continued hunting.

Next scent was vole. Then, another mouse. Then, ShadowClan. Then, a rabbit. Wait, ShadowClan?

Burying the prey he had collected, he inched forward. In about two fox-lengths he spotted something that didn't belong. Tigerpaw, Breezepaw, Maplepaw, Hawkpaw, and Brokenpaw were there. It was obvious that Darkpaw didn't come.

"What shall we do next?" Hawkpaw asked.

"Our next target shall be another father." Tigerpaw stated.

"Whose?" Breezepaw inquired.

"Little Ravenkit's and Hollykit's," Tigerpaw chuckled.

Beetlebreeze! The tom was in danger.

"Then, what?" Brokenpaw asked.

"Then, we wait for a little while to see the effects of our work." the tabby tom stated.

Whitepaw raced back into the forest, ready to warn Ashstar. Wait, he couldn't warn Ashstar. That would blow his cover. He prepared to tell the kits and his fellow apprentices.

14. More Reborns

Whitepaw, Oakpaw, Graypaw, and Bluepaw entered the camp. Across the camp, Yellowpaw was mixing herbs; they'd have to tell her too.

"Yellowpaw!" Bluepaw hissed.

"What?" Yellowpaw looked up.

"We need to talk to you!" the blue-gray she-cat whispered.

"Okay, in a minute," the gray she-cat hurried to finish the herbs.

Oakpaw put down the prey he was carrying on the fresh-kill pile. So did Whitepaw, and Graypaw soon followed. With a jolt, Bluepaw realized that she probably should to. Setting down the mouse she was carrying, the she-cat walked over towards the nursery. "Ravenkit! Hollykit! Sandkit! Dustkit! Firekit! Silverkit!" she hissed.

"What?" Ravenkit looked up.

"I need to talk to you guys!" she whispered impatiently.

The kits followed her outside.

"Behind the nursery!" Whitepaw hissed towards the confused kits.

After a moment of hesitation, all of the remaining kits went behind the nursery.

"So, how was your training?" Sandkit attempted to start a conversation.

"Well, we were hunting; I guess we did rather well with that..." Graypaw was totally missing the point.

"Shut up, mouse-brain!" Oakpaw hit the other tom.

"Well, we were hunting," Whitepaw started. "But we also found out a little about the Dark Forest reborns."

"Really?" Yellowpaw asked. "Let's here it,"

"Okay, we heard them plotting to kill all of our parents!" the white tom stated.

"But that's, like, the entire clan!" Dustkit pointed out.

"I don't think it matters." Oakpaw stated gravely.

"Who's their next target?" Firekit had flashbacks to his own father's death.

"Beetlebreeze," Bluepaw answered.

"What?" Hollykit looked murderous.

"In StarClan?" Ravenkit finished with the same amount of venom, if not more.

"They're out to kill your father!" Graypaw really was a mouse-brain sometimes, "Can't you hear?"

"Of course we can hear!" Hollykit snapped at him.

"Okay," Graypaw backed off.

"Now," Silverkit got all the attention. "Were Stonestripe's and Tawnybright's deaths part of this plot?"

"Yes," Oakpaw looked down, reminiscing the memory of his father.

"Okay," Sandkit stated. "It appears that we'll need to take matters into our own paws."

Everyone agreed.

"Wait," Yellowpaw stated.

"What?" Oakpaw asked.

"Shouldn't we warn Jayfeather as well?" the gray she-cat asked.

"Yes," Graypaw stated.

"Then, why don't we go tell him?" Yellowpaw asked.

"I don't know," the gray tom answered.

"Mouse-brain,"

"Wait a second," Graypaw stated.

"What?" Oakpaw inquired.

"Shouldn't we tell Jayfeather?"

"Mouse-brain!"

The kits proceeded to notify Jayfeather when he returned that night.

-

"Shouldn't they have at least opened their eyes a little?" a RiverClan queen asked.

"Oh, give them time, Mistfur," a brown she-cat purred.

"Okay, Rainfeather," Mistfur looked at her own kits. "Hello, Lionkit, Dovekit, Ivykit, Littlekit,"

Dun. Dun. DUN! Who's Littlekit? He probably isn't who you're thinking of! Well, he might. He probably is, but maybe it's not! Don't forget to comment!!!

15. Ashstar Keeps Watching Us...

Get ready for a MIND-BLOWING chapter!

Mistfur adored her four kits. I know, four was extremely rare for clan cats, but not for kittypets. She loved Dovekit's pelt, it was a pretty shade of gray! Anyway, she should end her ranting. Her smallest kit was Littlekit; she would never forget how he was born...

-

When the sun was fox-lengths away from the time when Dovekit, Ivykit, and Lionkit were born...

"Ow!" Mistfur gasped, she didn't expect this.

"Somebody get Starlingcloud!" Rainfeather, the other queen currently expecting kits yowled.

Starlingcloud rushed in. Paws on her, she felt around. "There appears to be one more kit wanting to get out."

"What?" Rainfeather asked.

"You heard me," she stated.

A few more yowls later...the last kit was born. Black, with one white paw.

That was when Stormstrike rushed in, licking his mate ferociously. The gray tom heard her yowls from outside the camp, asked the deputy for permission to head back, and ran for it.

-

It has been two moons. Sighing, she thought of the Gathering Stormstrike told the queens about yesterday. ThunderClan ha gotten

six more apprentices: Firepaw, Silverpaw, Sandpaw, Dustpaw, Ravenpaw, and Hollypaw. Apparently, Firepaw's mentor was Emberblaze, Silverpaw's was Acornwish, Sandpaw's was Grassjaw, Dustpaw's was Beetlebreeze, Ravenpaw's was Blackbriar, and Hollypaw's was Jayfeather. Also, two new warriors were made. Redstripe and Marshfoot were full warriors of the clan. Clovercloud had moved into the nursery after Redstripe became a warrior, expecting kits.

ThunderClan's busy, Mistfur thought grimly. *So many future warriors, they'll be hard to keep in control.*

She looked outside to where her kits were playing, Littlekit was glaring at his brother and sisters, yet again. Sighing, she got up.

"Why don't you go play with them?" the gray she-cat asked.

Littlekit turned and glared at her. "Because it's only a matter of time before everyone dies!" that was when he pounced on the queen.

LINE BREAK

Firepaw pranced around the clearing, waiting for Emberblaze. Blazefur and Shimmerfire had moved out of the nursery, welcoming Clovercloud in, who was taking her turn as the queen for the first time. That was when Silverpaw bowled him over.

"I thought you'd be better than that!" the gray she-cat taunted.

"I can't exactly show my full strength here!" the flame colored tom growled.

From the Highledge, Ashstar narrowed his eyes at the two, knowing exactly what they had said.

When Silverpaw noticed the gray tom, she stopped immediately. "Firepaw, maybe we should go see the elders."

"Why?"

"Because I personally want to get more information on Ashstar. He seems to pick up everything rather well, like he was expecting that

we'd talk about it." Silverpaw explained.

"Very well," the flame colored tom agreed.

"Hello, Firepaw, Silverpaw," Roseshadow purred.

"We have a few questions!" Silverpaw announced.

"An what would they be?" the ginger she-cat asked.

"What was Ashstar's warrior name?" the silver she-cat asked.

"Why would you need to know that?" Roseshadow inquired.

"Just curious," Silverpaw sighed.

"Okay then," Roseshadow purred. "Ashfur."

HAHAHAHA!! Bet you weren't expecting Littlekit to be who you know it is, and Ashstar to be Ashfur! Hope you enjoyed!

16. Total Chaos

"Graypaw! Whitepaw! Bluepaw! Yellowpaw! Hollypaw! Ravenpaw! Oakpaw! Sandpaw! Dustpaw! We have stuff to tell you-" Silverpaw held out the 'you'.

"What do you want?" Yellowpaw appeared out of the medicine den. Wow, someone was cranky today.

"We have made a major breakthrough in stuff!" Firepaw jumped up and down.

"Last time you said that was because your mother went out hunting." the gray she-cat growled.

"Well, it's different this time. And incredibly important!" the flame colored tom argued.

Yellowpaw rolled her eyes. "Very well,"

Silverpaw and Firepaw rushed Yellowpaw to go find the other apprentices.

"Graypaw!" Firepaw rushed up to meet his friend. "We have something to tell you!"

Graypaw joined the stampede.

"Bluepaw! Oakpaw! What are you doing?" the apprentices came to a halt.

"What does it look like?" Oakpaw stated.

"Um, you're grooming each other?" Silverpaw suggested.

Oakpaw nodded sharply.

"What is it?" Bluepaw asked.

"We have something important to tell you!" Graypaw yelled. "I don't really know what it is yet, so hurry up! I want to know what it is!"

Bluepaw and Oakpaw got up.

They found Sandpaw next.

"Sandpaw! Come with us!" Firepaw pounced on his mate.

"Okay," the pale she-cat pushed the tom off.

Ravenpaw and Hollypaw were play-fighting. Dustpaw was sneaking up on Ravenpaw's tail. He pounced; Ravenpaw was shot to high-heavens.

"Dustpaw, just stop it," Bluepaw sighed.

"We have something important to tell you!" Silverpaw taunted.

That got them in.

Whitepaw was trying to be calm. Success.

"You're way too calm for your age." Bluepaw started dragging the white tom to the others. "Come on,"

"Only if we don't interrupt Volestorm's nap. Seriously, he loves sleep." Whitepaw joined the pack.

"Okay, do we have everyone?" Firepaw questioned once they were behind the apprentices den.

"Jayfeather," Hollypaw stated.

"Let's go get him!" the flame colored tom rushed to the warriors den.

A little bit later...

"What do you think's going on in the warriors' den?" Hollypaw asked.

That was when Firepaw sounded. "Sorry, Volestorm! I didn't mean

to wake you!"

"Of course," Sandpaw purred.

Then, "Jayfeather! Come with me!"

Jayfeather appeared momentarily.

"What?" the gray tom asked.

"We have something to tell everyone!" Silverpaw said.

"...And that is?"

The silver she-cats tone deteriorated into a whisper. "Ashstar's Ashfur."

Total chaos.

"What?" Hollypaw asked, thinking of her last few encounters with that tom. They weren't pretty.

Graypaw hissed.

"How could I have not noticed?" Sandpaw inquired.

"Why do you find this so surprising?" Jayfeather asked.

"What do you mean?" Ravenpaw countered. "You knew of this?"

"Duh,"

"And you didn't tell us?"

"Duh,"

"Is that all you're going to say?"

"Duh,"

"Guys, I think I broke Jayfeather," Ravenpaw wailed.

"Duh,"

"Jayfeather, stop it!" Hollypaw stated.

"Duh,"

"I'm serious!"

"Well, if you excuse me, I'm going back to sleep," the gray warrior left.

"How could he have known and not told us?" Firepaw was offended.

"So Hollypaw wouldn't get nightmares," Bluepaw answered shortly.

"Duh," Hollypaw stated.

"Not you too!"

It went on for a while.

Comment! Comment! I think you guys want me to shut up now! Was it good? Bad? Do you want to feed it to a whale in Antarctica? Tell me! I take Private Messages too...Yeah I get lonely on my account...

17. Attacked

I thank you all for all of the wonderful comments!

"So, how do you think Jayfeather found out?" Hollypaw asked.

"Um, his scent, probably. Since he was blind, his other senses sharpened." Dustpaw explained.

"So," Firepaw looked at the other apprentices. "The Dark Forest."

"Yeah," Graypaw stated. "What about it?"

"They should be becoming warriors soon."

"Yeah, well, you see," the gray tom thought for a while. "They may be in trouble in ShadowClan, and, erm, held back from being a warrior for a while?" Graypaw's answer came out more like a question than a statement.

"Sure," Sandpaw nodded slowly.

"Yeah!"

"So, I believe we are supposed to go with our mentor's now." Ravenpaw suggested.

"Yeah," Hollypaw agreed. "Whitepaw already left."

"Firepaw! Firepaw!" Emberblaze's voice sounded from in the camp.

"Coming!" Firepaw squeaked.

"Did you just squeak?" Graypaw asked.

"Shut up,"

"Okay then," the gray tom snickered.

"Silverpaw!" this time it was Acornwish.

Eventually, all of the apprentices were called.

"Where we going today?" Firepaw inquired.

"I was thinking battle strategies." the gray she-cat stated.

"Okay!" the flame colored tom was really excited now.

The two made their way to the training hollow.

"Swipe! Now, lunge!" Emberblaze was strict with battle stuff. She hasn't even taught Firepaw any moves yet, but she was awesome at the basics. Also known as destroying the leaf invaders with simple swipes and lunges.

"You're doing fine today," the gray she-cat approved.

Blackbriar and Ravenpaw then entered the clearing.

"Blackbriar, Ravenpaw," Emberblaze greeted.

Firepaw and Ravenpaw met each others eyes and thought in unison. How are we going to stop the Dark Forest from killing all of the Clan? They said Beetlebreeze was next...He could be dying right now...Well, that's not right because he's training Dustpaw right now...Hopefully Dustpaw will help defend Beetlebreeze...This went on for a while, a sort of mental conversation.

Okay, spoke to soon.

"Firepaw!" Emberblaze called. "Lunge!"

"What?"

"You heard me! The leaf is getting away!"

"Oh, yeah." the flame colored tom ripped the leaf up.

"Good," the gray she-cat approved.

That was when she was bowled over by a dark figure.

I'm sorry about the short chapters, I've had a lot on my mind

lately…. Hope you enjoyed anyway!

18. Father

Emberblaze was pushed to the ground; the dark figure tussled with the gray she-cat. The intruder smelled of ShadowClan.

"What's your name?" Emberblaze hissed.

"Rule Number one: no talking during a fight," the ShadowClan cat taunted.

That was when Blackbriar, Firepaw, and Ravenpaw joined the fight. Ravenpaw was scared, he'll admit that, but he's not going to let one of his Clanmates die over a fight that didn't even make sense.

Who is this tom? Blackbriar thought.

"Darkstpaw!" Firepaw gasped.

"Oh, Firepaw's the first to notice." Darkpaw sneered.

"Whatever," Blackbriar scoffed.

"You can shut up!" the dark apprentice continued to fight Emberblaze.

"Ravenpaw, call for re-enforcements. There may be more of them," Blackbriar ordered her apprentice.

The black tom scurried away in the direction away from camp; he didn't want anyone to know where the camp was. He'll turn back to the camp a little ways out.

"Who said I had re-enforcements?" Darkpaw asked. "Why would I? I'm not even supposed to be here."

"You got that right!" Blackbriar lunged.

"Oooo, touchy!" the apprentice said.

Firepaw shook himself out of his state of shock; he attacked for the second time. Forget the leaves, they had and apprentice to deal with.

"Firepaw! Lunge!" Emberblaze gasped as Darkpaw's paws dug into her belly.

Somewhere in Firepaw's eyes, a strange light kindled. One in each eye, a tiny flame burst into light. Fire danced within the green of the flame colored apprentice's eyes. He didn't like his mentor getting beaten up by someone who was killed a long time ago. Literally.

Firepaw pounced on Darkpaw, ripping him off of his mentor.

"Be careful," Darkpaw glared at him. "You wouldn't want to attack someone from your own clan."

Darkpaw's words shot through Firepaw like a leaf-bare breeze. Attack someone from his own clan...No...It can't be...

Firepaw's world went black.

-

Littlekit dug his tiny claws into Mistfur's shoulder. The queen screeched in pain. Just what he wanted.

"You'll never beat me." the tiny black kit scoffed.

The RiverClan leader burst out of her den. "Enough!" the she-cat picked up the little tom by the scruff. "You can't go around attacking cats from your own clan."

Clan, that word seared through Littlekit like a swift swipe. I want to be leader!

"Hopestar!" Mistfur gasped.

"Don't be so surprised to see me. I don't spend that much time in my den," Hopestar let Littlekit go on the ground.

Littlekit growled at them, showing his tiny, thorn sharp teeth.

All of this commotion had paused the game Lionkit, Dovekit, and Ivykit were playing.

Lionkit streaked over to Littlekit and hissed in his ear. "Alright, give it up. Which Dark Forest warrior are you?"

"I'm not from the Dark Forest," Littlekit narrowed his eyes. "I'm from a place much better than that.

"Where?" Ivykit asked.

"A place different from the Dark Forest, but it basically is the same." Littlekit growled.

"Then, who were you before?" Dovekit asked.

"You don't need to know many details, but I can embarrass some of the StarClan reborns in ThunderClan right now." the black kit said haughtily.

"Reborns? In ThunderClan?" Ivykit's eyes went wide.

"Yes, sadly, at least thirteen," Littlekit didn't tell which ones.

"Which cat would you be able to embarrass and how?" Lionkit just wanted to see someone he knew humiliated.

"Firepaw."

"Firepaw?" Dovekit asked.

"How come Firestar's more advanced than us?" Lionkit made sure not to anger his brother as he got information out of him.

"He was reborn earlier, but he isn't the most advanced." the black tom might have started to see the light of RiverClan.

"Who's the most advanced?" Ivykit asked.

"Ashstar,"

"And that is?" Lionkit wasn't getting it.

"Ashfur,"

"Ashfur's leader of ThunderClan?" Dovekit's eyes went wide.

"Yes,"

"So, how could you humiliate Firest-paw?" Lionkit wanted to know how to embarrass the tom.

"By saying that I'm his half-brother," Littlekit stated. "Or, at least, I was,"

"You were Firestar's half brother?" Dovekit gasped.

"Same stupid kittypet father, yeah," the kit answered.

"And who are you exactly?" Lionkit asked.

"You don't need to know much about me, but I used to call myself Scourge."

-

It was a dark, dark night. Everywhere Firepaw looked was black. Except for two things: an apprentice and hope. This certain apprentice was of ShadowClan origins; this cat was called Tigerpaw.

"Well, well, well," Tigerpaw sauntered forward. "The time has come."

Firepaw tried to use his voice, but it wouldn't work.

Just then, another thing came into his vision. A flame colored tom.

"Never." was the one word that tom uttered.

"We'll see about that." the great tabby tom approached.

"You'll never get me, Tigerclaw!" that one tom roared.

"Oh really?" Tigerclaw, now, looked around. "Watch out. You don't

want to attack one of your clan mates."

"Shut up!" the flame colored tom threw himself at Tigerclaw. Firepaw tried to help, but he found that he could not move from his place.

Tigerclaw pinned the flame colored tom down easily. "Pitiful."

"Shut it,"

"Whatever," the tabby warrior leaned down and bit the other tom. On the neck.

Screeches of pain erupted from the clearing. The clearing of the medicine den of ThunderClan. In defense, Brackenfall launched out of his den and pushed Tigerclaw off.

"Move, silly medicine cat." Tigerclaw raised his claws at him.

"You can't hurt a medicine cat!" the flame colored tom was gasping for breath.

"I don't care," the warrior glared at the younger tom. "He needs to be taught a lesson."

Tigerclaw raked Brackenfall's side. Obviously, Brackenfall had a lot of control over things like pain. He kept silent. Rain started pouring down, showing StarClan's disapproval.

"You're angering StarClan!" the ginger medicine cat warned as Tigerclaw landed another blow on his belly.

"I don't care," the warrior growled.

Shakily, the flame colored tom stood up. Black spots dancing in his vision, he stumbled to the tussling toms. Claws unsheathed, he took on who he thought was Tigerclaw, he couldn't see, but he was wrong. Yowls erupted from the medicine cat as the apprentice's paws hit his throat unsheathed. Tigerclaw had skillfully made it that Brackenfall was the one on top of him, getting the blows from the apprentice.

Brackenfall fell over, his soul joining the ranks of StarClan. Tigerclaw and the younger tom had worked together to destroy Brackenfall. The rain came down even harder, soaking the two toms as they stared at the body. The flame colored tom in shock, Tigerpaw in victory. The pain became too much for the apprentice as he passed out. Rain soaked his fur, gathering in pools.

Firepaw stared in horror. That apprentice was HIM. He had helped Tigerclaw kill Brackenfall. Maybe he was no better than the tabby tom himself...

The Firepaw of the present passed out listening to this one phrase over and over again.

A bracken being burned by fire striped like a tiger only to be quenched by water. A bracken being burned by fire striped like a tiger only to be quenched by water. A bracken being burned by fire striped like a tiger only to be quenched by water...

LINE BREAK

When Emberblaze and Blackbriar saw Firepaw pass out, they knew something was wrong. Staring at her apprentice in shock, anger took over Emberblaze as she dived right in front of Firepaw right as Darkpaw's paw went down, claws unsheathed.

A screech shook the forest that night. If YOU were there, you'd be having nightmares for days, moons, seasons...All the blood that pooled by the gray she-cats neck, as Darkpaw thought he had claimed a soul. Blackbriar chasing Darkpaw to the Thunderpath of the Dark Forest...Ravenpaw returning with Jayfeather, Redstripe, Sandpaw, Grassjaw, and Bluepaw. All the blood...

"What's going on here?" Jayfeather stared at his former leader and his current mother.

"An attack from a ShadowClan apprentice." Blackbriar returned from chasing the apprentice away. "That apprentice was WAY too well-trained to just be an apprentice."

Bluepaw, Ravenpaw, and Sandpaw shared an UH-OH look before

speaking up. "Emberblaze is still alive! If we bring her back to camp, maybe Brackenfall could do something. Even giving her poppy seeds for the pain." Bluepaw yelled.

The warriors stared at her, but complied. Grassjaw and Jayfeather took on the weight of Emberblaze, and Redstripe picked Firepaw up by the scruff, which was a little funny to watch, because they were about the same size.

In camp...

"Brackenfall! Yellowpaw! Anybody!" Grassjaw called frantically.

"What?" Brackenfall and Yellowpaw slipped out of the nursery. "We were checking up on Clovercloud."

The two medicine cats' eyes widened when they saw the two cats in tow.

"My den, NOW!" Brackenfall hurried to go get the cobwebs.

The warriors put down their load in the medicine den.

"You there!" the medicine cat flicked his tail at Redstripe. "Get all of the apprentices except Yellowpaw and Firepaw to go search for cobwebs. Yellowpaw, go get marigold and horsetail."

Brackenfall himself started licking Emberblaze's wound. "Please don't die, please don't die,"

Grassjaw stared at the medicine cat, "You've never been like this over a cat's death before."

While licking, Brackenfall made eye contact with Jayfeather. "It doesn't matter."

Yellowpaw came back with marigold and horsetail in leaf-wraps. "Shall I go look for cobwebs?"

"That would be great," Brackenfall licked some more.

Yellowpaw left at the same time Bluepaw entered the camp with a

ton of cobwebs.

Brackenfall took the cobwebs and pressed them on Emberblaze with marigold and horsetail on it.

"Will she live?" Jayfeather's eyes clouded with grief for his mom.

"Hard to say," Brackenfall sighed. "But we can only wait now."

"What about Firepaw?" Jayfeather asked.

"I've seen something like this before. It happened to Ashstar when he was still an apprentice. Afterwards, he told me he got a glimpse of the future," the ginger tom stated after inspecting the flame colored apprentice for a bit.

Once all of the apprentices returned to camp and put the cobwebs in the store, they gathered around Brackenfall for news.

"Ask me anything. I'm full of answers." Brackenfall grumbled.

"The only thing I have to ask is something no one would be able to help me with," Jayfeather sulked.

"Is it about your mom?" Yellowpaw guessed.

"No, it's about my dad,"

"Who's that?" Sandpaw asked.

"I don't know. I could be half-kittypet or half-clan for all I know." the gray warrior stated.

"Why do you even need to know?" Dustpaw questioned.

"WOULD YOU WANT TO LIVE YOUR WHOLE LIFE NOT KNOWING WHO YOUR FATHER EVEN IS?" Jayfeather yelled.

Brackenfall winced. "Jayfeather,"

"What?" somebody woke up on the wrong side of the nest today.

The medicine cats answer shocked them all. "I'm your father."

Long chapter!! :D Who's your favorite reborn so far? Just asking!

19. Featherkit and Brookkit

Tigerpaw was waiting for Darkpaw for when he would return. He did NOT tell him to go into ThunderClan territory and attack one of the filthy StarClan reborns, but he may have had some luck.

"Darkpaw," Tigerpaw greeted.

"Tigerpaw,"

"Did you have any luck in ThunderClan territory?" the tabby apprentice asked.

"Well, I think so." Darkpaw stated. "Firepaw passed out, and I gave Emberblaze a neck wound that should be fatal."

"Well done,"

"So," Maplepaw sauntered up to them. "Why did you attack Emberblaze? I thought we agreed that we would attack Beetlebreeze."

"She was the first one I found," the dark apprentice said.

"Okay," the she-cat nodded.

"Tell Breezepaw that I'm leaving Beetlebreeze to him," Tigerpaw growled.

"Yes, Tigerpaw," Maplepaw went to inform Breezepaw.

"I shall leave Emberblaze to you should she be alive next time we see her," the great tabby tom told Darkpaw.

"Yes,"

"So, who do you think Maplepaw should have?" Tigerpaw questioned.

"I think she should get Blazefur,"

"Very well," the tabby apprentice nodded. "Let her die,"

"And what about Jaggedtail, Rockpelt, Ashstar, and Shimmerfire?" Darkpaw asked.

"Well, Ashstar's a reborn as well. I could recognize his scent as Ashfur, so we'll deal with him when we deal with all of the other StarClan filth." Tigerpaw pondered. "I think Hawkpaw would enjoy killing Shimmerfire, and Thistlepaw Jaggedtail. Brokenpaw can kill Rockpelt."

"And the ones in the other Clans?" the dark tom inquired.

"Well, we have to play carefully. Mistfur and Stormstrike. Hmm... You can have Stormstrike. I'll take on Mistfur." the other tom stated.

"What about our parents?" Darkpaw asked.

"Wouldn't they back up us?" Tigerpaw stared at his friend.

"Good point,"

"So, have you found anything in WindClan?" the former leader asked.

"There's a she-cat. Her name is Mudpelt, and she's expecting kits. There is something about her that I sensed...Just like what I sensed on Mistfur, Blazefur, Shimmerfire, Tawnybright, and Rockpelt. The same thing that I'm currently sensing on Rainfeather of RiverClan." Darkpaw reported.

"Let us hope that they'll be with us..." Tigerpaw stated.

"Yes," Darkpaw agreed.

LINE BREAK

Rainfeather felt quite a few things. Number 1: pride. Number 2: exhaustion. Number 3: relief. She has just given birth to two healthy kits in which she and her mate, Sharpwhisker, had named

Featherkit and Brookkit. On top of that, Thornflower had moved into the nursery about a moon ago expecting kits. RiverClan was doing well this season, but it would be two moons until any more apprentices would be made. Littlekit, Ivykit, Dovekit, and Lionkit were now four moons own and EXTREMELY adventurous. Littlekit was still a bit isolated from the rest of the group, but everyone in the Clan hoped that would change when he and his mentor start to bond. Hopestar is choosing who to mentor him very, very efficiently. Taking her time and balancing out the pros and con of each warrior. A very good method.

Right now, of course, she was obsessing over her kits. Licking them furiously, even though she was tired and they hadn't even opened their eyes yet, they needed to be CLEAN.

"Mistfur!" came a call outside. "Lionkit won't stop swinging his tail at me!" it was Littlekit who came charging in.

"Lionkit!" Mistfur called.

"Yes?" Lionkit put on an I'm innocent please don't kill me face.

"Were you swinging your tail at your brother?"

"No,"

"Yes!" two she-cats called from outside. It was Ivykit and Dovekit.

"Thanks, guys!" Lionkit called sarcastically.

"You're welcome!"

The queens looked at each other. *Kits will be kits.* Seriously, even Featherkit and Brookkit were hitting each other with their tails.

20. Dark Forest Rising

ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY VIEWS! WOOHOO! Don't stop reading! We can make it to 300!

"What?" Jayfeather asked, outraged. "And you didn't tell me?"

"It's against the medicine cat code to mate with a cat. You, Jayfeather, should know that better than most cats." Brackenfall instructed.

The apprentices couldn't help but pity Jayfeather. This has been the second time he was lied to about his parents.

"But you didn't tell me," the gray warrior looked at his paws.

"And why didn't he get a cursey-thingy?" Graypaw asked.

Brackenfall looked at the apprentice. "Oh, I'll tell you, he did, and it's all my fault."

You're basically apologizing because I was born. Yup, I have the best father ever. Jayfeather thought sarcastically.

"Now," the medicine cat said. "I have cats to attend to, I suggest you get some sleep."

-

Marshfoot was dreaming. It was as simple as that. Lying next to his sister, Redstripe, he fell into the depths of a very strange place; well, at least he wasn't the only one.

"Do you want to become a better warrior?" came an ominous question.

The black and brown tom knew the answer. "Yes, I want to be able to protect my clan in the best way possible."

"Come with me, I will train you in the best way possible,"

"Who are you?" the living tom asked.

"Snowtuft. I'm filling in for Tigerstar, Brokenstar, Thistleclaw, Mapleshade, Breezepelt, and Hawkfrost while they're away," Snowtuft did not mention Littlekit.

"Where are they?" Marshfoot asked.

"Closer than you would think," Snowtuft stepped out into the open, his body was somewhat see-through.

"Are you from StarClan?"

"You can say that," the white tom smirked evilly.

"Okay!" Marshfoot clearly was excited about meeting a cat from 'StarClan'.

"I will first show you a move called the Killing Bite..."

-

Mudpelt admitted it. She basically told everyone. She was expecting MY kits; I love her more than anyone...Yeah...Call me crazy... Antstar was in deep concentration.

The black tom had taken a liking to the brownish ginger she-cat when they were just apprentices. Of course, he was a few moons older, therefore becoming a warrior earlier. He had to wait for her. He was the tom who waited; a major prophecy given by the clan's medicine cat, Harestripe. Mudpelt had announced that she was expecting kits a moon and a half ago. Now, it was time. Like, a half moon too early; he was freaking out, frankly.

Harestripe rushed throughout the clearing with raspberry leaves. He had to ask the RiverClan medicine cat, Starlingcloud, for them since they didn't really grow well on the moor. On the way out of camp, he was attacked by a small kit of black color.

Mudpelt groaned again; Antstar couldn't help it, he started pacing

the clearing.

"Pacing is only going to tire you out," rasped a voice. It was Seedfoot, the clan's oldest elder.

"Well, I don't know what else to do," the black tom wailed. "My mates in pain, and I don't know what to do about it. I'm the worst cat in Clan history. No, the worst cat in *Cat* history."

"Many toms have suffered in the same way that you are right now," the brown elder reminded. "It's our duty to worry about a specific she-cat for our entire lives, but you have to fight it. Would Mudpelt want you prancing around the clearing right now, annoying an elder named Seedfoot and probably some others?" Seedfoot asked.

"Sorry, Seedfoot," Antstar gave his chest fur an embarrassed lick.

Purrs erupted from the medicine den, followed by a wail of agony from the nursery.

"Oh my StarClan, she's going to die, she's going to die, she's going to die," the leader repeated to himself as he, yet again, started pacing the length of the WindClan camp.

"Youngsters will be youngsters, wake me up when they grow up," Seedfoot curled up in his nest.

Even more yowls erupted from the nursery, followed by the sound of a tiny wail. The entire Clan looked up hopefully.

"A tom!" Harestripe's voice announced from in the nursery.

"Any more?" Antstar called in.

"Yes,"

"Oh, great," the leader didn't mind the kits, he minded the pain it put his mate through.

"A she-cat!" yelled the medicine cat.

"Anything else?" Antstar repeated.

"Of course!"

The leader almost growled at the tom.

"And another tom!"

That was when Antstar rushed into the nursery.

"Finally!" Seedfoot sounded relieved.

"What should we name them?" Mudpelt questioned.

"Anything you want," Antstar told her.

"How about, um, the she-cat can be Leafkit, uh, the tom that has the unusually long tail can be Tallkit, and, um, the black tom can be Crowkit." the queen decided.

"Okay," Antstar purred.

Hope you enjoyed! Please comment! I get really lonely on my account.

21. Believe

Jayfeather followed his father's advice; he still was grumpy about the WHOLE thing. Sure, it's the second time he's been lied to about his father, but seriously! He got his grumpiness from Leafpool, who got it from Cinderpelt, who got it from Yellowfang! The leader of the grumpy cats, and she was in ThunderClan! Mind blower.

In his dreams, he recognized a forest. The Dark Forest, but why would he be here?

"Marshpaw! Come on!" came a tom's voice.

"I'm a warrior!" another tom yelled.

"Not here, you're my apprentice here," a voice then recognized as Snowtuft, an evil white Dark Forest warrior, but why wasn't he reborn with some of the others?

"Okay," the voice squeaked.

Marshfoot! Jayfeather realized with a jolt.

The gray warrior crept through the slimed rocks and trees. Sure enough, Marshfoot was there training with Snowtuft; he quickly thought of a solution. If he just barged in, Snowtuft might kill him, but that was the only thing he could think of...

"Jayfeather!" a voice hissed.

The gray warrior spun around to find himself facing Firepaw. "What are you doing here?"

"What are you doing here?" the flame colored camp countered.

"Dreaming,"

"Dreaming," Firepaw repeated.

"Yes,"

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOKAAAAAAAAAAAAAAY" the apprentice nodded.

"What do you suggest we do?" Jayfeather asked.

"To do what?" Firepaw asked.

"Marshfoot's training with Snowtuft!" the gray warrior hissed.

"Great, just what we need," the flame colored apprentice groaned.

"Shh!" Jayfeather covered the other's mouth with his tail. "Don't alert them to out presence!"

"I'm not mouse-brained!" Firepaw defended.

Jayfeather stared at him, "Marshfoot's right there being taught Dark Forest moves while we're fighting like kits."

"What do you suggest we do about it?"

"You just repeated what I said!" the warrior growled.

"So?"

"We have to stop Snowtuft!"

"Alright, we must observe for a while. From there, we make our decision," Firepaw instructed.

"I feel weird taking orders from an apprentice," Jayfeather stifled a purr.

"Okay,"

"Okay, what?" the gray tom asked.

"Snowtuft just told Marshfoot to redo the Killing Bite. You go around from behind Snowtuft, and I'll take him on from the front." Firepaw ordered. "Go!"

Jayfeather left, circling around the white tom until he'd completed a 180. It took about the same amount of time as getting into a battle crouch before he heard Firepaw's familiar battle cry.

Wait a second, Marshfoot will see! What if he thinks something's wrong? Jayfeather had a moment of doubts.

Marshfoot was extremely startled to see Firepaw lash out at a 'StarClan' cat. "What are you doing?"

"Trying to destroy his soul!" Firepaw growled.

"Why? He's from StarClan!"

Jayfeather rolled his eyes and joined the fight.

"You too, Jayfeather? What, does ThunderClan not like StarClan?" the black and brown tom asked.

"Does this look like StarClan to you?" the gray warrior asked.

"If this isn't StarClan, then I've never been to StarClan! I don't know what it looks like!" Marshfoot shouted.

Jayfeather, you're a genius! Firepaw thought.

The gray warrior in question turned to Firepaw and grinned. "Thanks!"

In return, the apprentice rolled his eyes.

"Does this look like what you'd think StarClan would look like?" Jayfeather asked. "All this slime, dead trees, no prey?"

"N-No," Marshfoot replied shakily.

"Then, it's not StarClan! Believe it's not! If you believe, you may just return back to ThunderClan! This place is called the Dark Forest. You've heard about it in kit-tales? Good, now believe!" Jayfeather joined Firepaw in the fight.

The gray warrior felt something sharp rake his pelt, he turned to see

that Snowtuft had abandoned Firepaw in a bloody mess. *Oh, StarClan, size actually does matter in a fight! Normally, FireSTAR would've taken him down!*

Jayfeather's pelt was now bleeding profusely, blood gushing onto the ground...Black spots dancing in his vision.

"I thought you were StarClan," Marshfoot said, looking at his paws. "I trusted you! I believed you! Now, what are you doing! Huh? What's your answer? You're attacking my Clanmates!" the black and brown tom hurled himself into battle.

Staring in awe, Jayfeather forgot all about Snowtuft until he felt the white warrior's claws bare down on his back. All he remembered were black spots, screaming, falling, and Marshfoot yelling in rage and fury. Then, it all went black.

Marshfoot stared at the two bloodied heaps that belonged to his Clanmates, fury rising. He through himself at the white tom, claws extended, teeth bared.

"You really think you can beat me?" Snowtuft laughed cruelly.

"Lesson 1. Never hurt a ThunderClan cat's Clanmate. One will come after you." Marshfoot growled.

"Oh, but I thought ThunderClan was all about justice and bravery!" the white undead warrior snarled.

"This is justice." were Marshfoot's final words before he launched himself onto Snowtuft's back.

Yowling in rage, Snowtuft tried to shake him off. No success. Arching his neck, the Dark Forest cat tried to bite at Marshfoot. Anywhere. The white tom found his paw.

Marshfoot yelled in pain, and he was shaken off by the one and only Snowtuft.

Snowtuft approached the black and brown warrior, eyes glittering, teeth glinting, claws unsheathed. That was when it happened. Marshfoot stood up, growled, and flung himself on Snowtuft, again.

"I bit your paw! You shouldn't be able to do that!" Snowtuft was shocked.

"Lesson 2. Never underestimate a ThunderClan cat," Marshfoot bent down, teeth shining.

Snowtuft tried with all his strength to shake the cat off, but it was to no avail. Alive cats weigh more than dead ones any day.

Marshfoot leaned down and bit the back of Snowtuft's neck. Yowling in rage, he shook and shook and shook him until the white warrior collapsed, twitched a little, then stilled. Never to move again.

The black and brown warrior stood up and took two steps in the direction of Firepaw and Jayfeather. Turning back, he watched Snowtuft's body fade to nothing, as if he was never there. Then, he looked at his two Clanmates, wondering how to get them back to ThunderClan.

Then, he remembered what Jayfeather had said: *Then, it's not StarClan! Believe it's not! If you believe, you may just return back to ThunderClan! This place is called the Dark Forest. You've heard about it in kit-tales? Good, now believe!*

Marshfoot leant down to Firepaw, whispering in the younger cat's ear, "Believe,"

Leaning down on Jayfeather he hissed, "Believe, and follow your own advice."

Then, Marshfoot backed away from the two, wondering if they would disappear any moment. *Who are they, anyway? Firepaw could fight better than most WARRIORS I've seen. Jayfeather wasn't as good as him, but he still was phenomenal. They definitely weakened Snowtuft so I could kill him...*

22. The Dream Tracker

Brackenfall darted out of his den. Noticing Firepaw, he started panicking. "Yellowpaw, start examining Firepaw! I'll go see what else is wrong."

Yellowpaw wasn't really awake, but the word examining and the word Firepaw got her running.

In the warriors' den, Brackenfall stared at his son's body. Jayfeather. Broken and bleeding. He picked the gray warrior up from his scruff and slowly dragged him closer to Firepaw, Yellowpaw, and Emberblaze. Emberblaze the medicine cat thought. *Is everyone I care about going to die?*

In the distance, lightning struck, and a cloud covered the moon. *StarClan is angry*, Brackenfall thought to himself. *Well, it's not my fault Firepaw's so reckless in his dreams*, he thought, trying to cheer himself up.

-

Maplepaw watched from a distance, but it seemed that she was pondering. *Why should I follow Tigerpaw's schedule?* if she saw a cat important to one of the newborns, she'd strike no matter what. That was the power of her dreams. The reborns from the Dark Forest could send there minds out to other cats and do the following: attack, spy, learn. She could bet her tail that the StarClan reborns could too, but they may not know they could. Why would she tell them anyway? That would be like telling an enemy how to kill her; that will not happen.

Who should I go for? Maplepaw thought.

Jaggedtail and Beetlebreeze were guarding tonight. Both important to the StarClan reborns: *Jaggedtail's Sandpaw's, Whitepaw's, and Dustpaw's father. Beetlebreeze is Ravenpaw's and Hollypaw's father*. She also could strike one from in the dens; she wasn't sure if Emberblaze

would live yet. *But the Dark Forest reborns have recently discovered that Brackenfall, the ThunderClan medicine cat, was Jayfeather's father, so cats still made big mistakes this far in the future*. That part lifted her heart a bit, but she remembered what Tigerpaw said: *Don't attack the medicine cat. We'll wait to kill the most powerful space occupiers for when we're warriors. For kind of a reward.* She didn't really get that, since it would send the whole clan into chaos, letting them strike, but she decided to listen to Tigerpaw on that one. *Beetlebreeze? No, maybe later. How about Jaggedtail? They're the two guards. They'd be able to alert the camp, ruining my chance*. Maplepaw noticed Brackenfall and Yellowpaw scurrying around the bodies of Emberblaze, Firepaw, and Jayfeather. *I guess someone struck. I don't remember being told to attack the reborns, though. Maybe it was someone still up there like Shredtail or Snowtuft.*

The she-cat fixed her eyes on the warriors' den. *Blazefur? No, her jumpiness would wake up the whole camp. Hmmm.*

Gotcha, a voice made an appearance in her head.

What, you're supposed to be unconscious! Maplepaw objected.

I can still go into cat's dreams. You happen to be dreaming, the voice that belonged to the one and only Jayfeather stated.

The Dark Forest reborn groaned in frustration.

You're not going to attack anyone tonight. That's when Maplepaw was immersed in many happy thoughts. Not her style from any other cat other than herself or some other Dark Forest reborn. Definitely not.

Behind the nursery! Behind the nursery! Jayfeather as a newly reborn kit squeaked.

I think you know how this'll go.

Stop! Maplepaw shrieked in her dream, shaking until, until...

-

Tallkit bounced around the WindClan camp. After a while of adjusting to the life of a kit again, he, Crowkit, and Leafkit decided

to run around for a while.

"Race you to the elders den!" Leafkit squeaked.

"Don't bother Seedfoot!" Mudpelt called franticly.

"We won't!" Crowkit raced to the elder's den with Leafkit and Tallkit.

The kits skidded to a halt at the elder's den, sending dust up into a cloud right into the den.

A groan came from within the den, "I forgot what it was like to have kits in the camp,"

"Sorry, Seedfoot!" Tallkit looked at the others before racing across the camp. Again.

Allegiances (only cats mentioned in story so far!)

ThunderClan

Leader-

Ashstar- gray tom

Deputy-

Fernfur- gray she-cat

Medicine cat-

Brackenfall- ginger tom

Apprentice- Yellowpaw

Warriors-

Jaggedtail- gray tom

Emberblaze- gray she-cat

Apprentice- Firepaw

Acornwish- brown tom

Apprentice- Silverpaw

Grassjaw- brown tom

Apprentice- Sandpaw

Beetlebreeze- black tom

Apprentice- Dustpaw

Blackbriar- black she-cat

Apprentice- Ravenpaw

Mossbird- gray tom

Softwhisker- white she-cat

Apprentice- Whitepaw

Morningbreeze- ginger she-cat

Apprentice- Oakpaw

Volestorm- brown tom

Apprentice- Bluepaw

Fallenfoot- white tom

Apprentice- Graypaw

Splashflight- tortishell she-cat

Jayfeather- gray tom

Apprentice- Hollypaw

Rockpelt- gray she-cat

Redstripe- ginger she-cat

Marshfoot- black and brown tom

Blazefur- ginger she-cat

Shimmerfire- black she-cat

Apprentices-

Oakpaw- brown tom

Whitepaw- white tom

Graypaw- gray tom

Bluepaw- blue-gray she-cat

Yellowpaw- gray she-cat

Firepaw- flame colored tom

Silverpaw- silver she-cat

Sandpaw- pale ginger she-cat

Dustpaw- dusty brown tom

Ravenpaw- black tom

Hollypaw- black she-cat

Queens-

Clovercloud- white and gray she-cat (mate- Acornwish)

Elders-

Olivecloud- gray she-cat

Lostclaw- white tom

Roseshadow- ginger she-cat

Tangledleg- crippled brown tom

WindClan

Leader-

Antstar- black tom

Medicine cat-

Harestripe- brown tom

Queens-

Mudpelt- brown she-cat (mate- Antstar) (kits- Leafkit, Tallkit, Crowkit)

Kits-

Leafkit- ginger tabby she-cat

Tallkit- black and white tom with a long tail

Crowkit- black tom

Elders-

Seedfoot- brown tom

ShadowClan

Leader-

Lizardstar- brown she-cat

Warriors-

Toadclaw- black tom

Apprentice- Maplepaw

Apprentices-

Tigerpaw- tabby tom

Hawkpaw- tabby tom

Maplepaw- ginger she-cat

Thistlepaw- gray and white tom

Brokenpaw- brown tom

Breezepaw- black tom

RiverClan

Leader-

Hopestar- black she-cat

Medicine Cat-

Starlingcloud- brown tom

Warriors-

Stormstrike- gray tom

Sharpwhisker- brown tom

Queens-

Mistfur- gray she-cat (mate- Stormstrike) (kits- Dovekit, Ivykit, Lionkit, Littlekit)

Rainfeather- gray she-cat (mate- Sharpwhisker) (kits- Featherkit, Brookkit)

Thornflower- black she-cat

Kits-

Dovekit- gray she-cat

Lionkit- ginger tom

Ivykit- grayish she-cat

Littlekit- black tom

Featherkit- gray she-cat

Brookkit- brown she-cat

23. ShadowClan Reborns

Emberblaze woke up with a jolt. Everything hurt. She remembered only a few things...a ShadowClan apprentice...her own apprentice passing out for reasons she didn't understand...the darker apprentice going for a killing blow...her jumping in front of Firepaw...and blackness.

Yup, that seemed about right.

She looked around. Both Jayfeather and Firepaw were lying next to her, covered in cobwebs and other assorted herbs. *My son and my apprentice...who else close to me will get hurt?*

Emberblaze tried to push those thoughts away, but they seemed to stick to her like a thorn in her pad. She found herself imagining how much sorrow she'd feel if all of the cats close to her passed away. Sure, they'd be in StarClan, always watching over her, but it just didn't seem right. The gray she-cat was older than both of them. It should be she to die first. No matter what.

Eventually, her mind drifted back to that ominous thought. No, no more thinking. she had to be strong. If she wasn't, then cats around her could, no would, die. Emberblaze had to remember that.

"Emberblaze," one meow startled her.

The warrior spun around to look straight into Blazefur's gaze. "Blazefur!"

"Hello, Emberblaze," Blazefur couldn't help but have her gaze shift to her son, "Is all well?"

"Yeah," Emberblaze searched through the other she-cat's gaze. "Why are you up? It's rather late."

"I wanted to check on my son...I fear something's wrong with him," the ginger she-cat looked longingly at her flame colored son.

"But you need sleep, you're tired." the gray she-cat stated.

"How could you tell?"

"You're only ever this calm when you're tired. Now, go back to your nest!" Emberblaze said sharply.

"I could say the same for you!" Blazefur objected, but she went back into the nursery.

-

The ginger she-kit pranced around the ShadowClan camp with her sister. Her sister, a white cat with dark green eyes. Moonkit, by the way. Racing against her, finding something strangely familiar about the ginger cat. The ginger cat, her name was Squirrelkit, in case you were wondering, kept on looking at the other litter of kits, at one kit in particular. The dark tabby tom. Bramblekit. *Shush yourself, Squirrelflight! He'd never like you ever again!* She kept telling herself that, even though, deep inside, she earned for him from dawn till dusk.

Of course Bramblekit noticed. It was impossible to look past the green gaze of the ginger she-kit. The ginger she-kit who was once the love of your life but lied to you about kits that he thought were his, but *nooooooooooo*, they had to be her sister's and Crowfeather's, making them half-clan.

"Bramblekit!" Squirrelkit bounced up to him. "What's up!"

Bramblekit answered her with a glare.

"Come on," Bramblekit's sister, Tawnykit, hit him lightly with her tail, "Don't be so incredibly rude. You know she likes you,"

The tabby tom gave his chest fur a couple of embarrassed licks.

"Don't be so humiliated. Everyone in the clan knows about you two."

This time, Squirrelkit joined in the licking session.

"Can you please stop doing that?" Tawnykit was getting frustrated.

"I'm afraid they can't." Moonkit came up to them.

"Great,"

"What do you think Tinypelt and Dappleear will think?" the white she-cat asked.

"They'll probably be embarrassed." Tawnykit answered.

"You're right. Our mothers get embarrassed easily." Moonkit smirked.

"Yeah, and thanks, Half-Moonkit!" the she-cat had to quickly fix her mistake before anyone noticed.

Moonkit purred.

24. RiverClan Apprentices

Yellowpaw woke up to the sound of Fernfur organizing patrols. Brackenfall was up and with Emberblaze, Jayfeather, and Firepaw; he looked really hopeful. His mate, Emberblaze, had changed positions during the night! That meant that she's healing, but Jayfeather and Firepaw didn't move at all. Well, they may later, but Brackenfall was planning to check Emberblaze's wounds tomorrow.

The gray she-cat went out to join her mentor. He was peeling off Emberblaze's cobwebs to check the wound.

"Are you sure she's healed?" Yellowpaw questioned, unsure.

"I'm almost positive," Brackenfall answered.

Underneath the layer of cobwebs, a scar showed. It had a little bit of blood on it, and some of the fur was ripped out. But she was healed, more or less. Brackenfall started to lick the leftover blood off of her wound. "She's healed!" the ginger medicine cat sounded very relieved.

"That's great news!" Yellowpaw bounded over. "But what about Jayfeather and Firepaw?"

"I'm sure they'll heal with another day or two, but I can't help that our clan's youngsters are so reckless in their dreams," Brackenfall's whiskers twitched a bit.

The medicine cat apprentice purred. "Firepaw always has been reckless,"

Brackenfall gave her a questioning look. "I know he's been injured in his dream before, but that is not enough information to define him as that."

"Well, uh," Yellowpaw thought, "It was just a thought."

"Uh-huh," the medicine cat nodded.

-

"Let all cats old enough to swim meet beneath the whatever it's called for a clan meeting!" Hopestar called.

The cats gathered. Littlekit, Dovekit, Lionkit, and Ivykit were well-groomed.

"Littlekit, Dovekit, Lionkit, and Ivykit has reached the age of six moons and are ready to be apprenticed." the black she-cat announced. "Dovekit, Littlekit, Ivykit, Lionkit, please come forward."

They did, Littlekit with a huge scowl of confusion on his face.

"Until they day he earns his warrior name, this apprentice will be known as Lionpaw. Sharpwhisker, I trust that you will pass down your knowledge of hunting and fighting to this apprentice." Sharpwhisker and Lionpaw touched noses.

Hopestar turned. "Until she has earned her warrior name, this apprentice will be known as Ivypaw. Smokepelt, I hope you will guide her along that path." The two touched noses.

The black leader turned once more. "Until she has earned her warrior name, this apprentice will be known as Dovepaw. Snowfoot, you are ready for your first apprentice. You had excellent training from Stormstrike, and I hope you'll pass down everything you know to Dovepaw,"

Hopestar turned for the last time. "Until he has earned his warrior name, this apprentice will be known as Littlepaw. Flamefur, you will guide this apprentice to become the best warrior he can be. As my deputy, I trust you with that."

"Littlepaw! Dovepaw! Ivypaw! Lionpaw!" the whole clan cheered.

Mistfur and Stormstrike were the loudests.

Did you like it? Did you hate it? Do you want to feed it to a lion? Do something!

25. Marshfoot Knows

Now, I had to try to create this chapter twice. The first time, it was really long, probably longer than this one will be, but it deleted it! I was, like, so upset! Anyway, comment and enjoy!

Marshfoot woke up in the warriors den, think of the dream he had nearly three nights ago already. Jayfeather and Firepaw were still in Brackenfall's care, and they should make it out soon. So, he woke up at the crack of dawn, as usual. He decided to see if somebody else was awake. Answer: yes, and it was just the cat he wanted to talk to. "Jayfeather!" Marshfoot called running up to the gray warrior.

"Hello," Jayfeather was rightfully startled.

"Okay, I have some questions for you," the black and brown warrior started.

"Right..." the gray warrior sounded bored already.

"What was that dream about three nights ago?" Marshfoot asked.

"Well, you see, Marshfoot, I can't exactly tell you..." Jayfeather tried to explain.

"Tell me!" the tom put as much authority into his voice as possible.

Jayfeather leaned in, "Alright, but we can't talk here,"

The two warriors hid in the corner of dirt place.

"So, what's going on? You aren't who I thought you were," Marshfoot trailed off.

"Marshfoot," Jayfeather got his attention.

"What?"

"Probably a little less than half the clan is supposed to be dead,"

-

Featherkit walked drowsily out of the nursery. Yet another day of playing kit. It may seem easy, but it's tiring work!

"Hurry up, slow poke!" Brookkit rammed her sister to try to get her to go faster.

"Why should I?" the gray she-cat stumbled a little after being pushed.

"So we could talk about news." Brookkit looked at her, dead serious.

"Okay," Featherkit brightened at that.

"So," Brookkit started once they got out of hearing range. "Thornflower kitted."

"Yes, Stormkit and Mudkit," the gray she-cat stated.

"I can't help but thinking that Stormkit is Stormfur," Brookkit got a dreamy look in her eyes.

"He is. I recognized his scent," Featherkit answered.

"That's great!"

"Yeah, but what about Mudkit?" the gray she-cat asked.

"I don't know, but he kinda smells more like a WindClan cat than anything," Brookkit stated.

Brookkit and Featherkit looked at each other in horror. Oh, StarClan.

-

"So you, Ashstar, Firepaw, Hollypaw, Silverpaw, Dustpaw, Sandpaw, Oakpaw, Whitepaw, Graypaw, Bluepaw, Yellowpaw, and Ravenpaw are reborns?" Marshfoot asked.

"At least in this clan. There are some more in other clans," Jayfeather got a distant look in his eyes. "And not all are good,"

"Right," Marshfoot nodded. "I'm cool with that,"

"Do you promise to keep this a secret?" Jayfeather asked.

"Yes,"

"You promise that this is not a I'm-going-to-go-tell-Redstripe-everything-once-Jayfeather-turns-his-back promise?" Jayfeather questioned.

"Yes!"

"Alright," Jayfeather and Marshfoot went outside to find all of the apprentices except for Firepaw freaking out.

-

Firepaw woke up with a start. Brackenfall was glowering over him, checking his wounds. "Ah, Firepaw, you're finally awake."

"Uh, I think I am," Firepaw was uncertain.

Purrs erupted from a different cat in the den. Yellowpaw was leaning over a pile of herbs, sorting them; it was obvious that it was she.

"Can you stop? It's not funny! I honestly didn't know!" the flame colored tom was offended.

Yellowpaw purred harder.

"Alright," Firepaw looked at Brackenfall. "Can I go?"

"Just don't get into any battles yet," Brackenfall reassured.

"Now, why would I do that?" the apprentice put an innocent look on his face.

Yellowpaw purred harder.

"You can shut up," Firepaw glared at her.

Outside, Firepaw looked for something to do. *There's always the elders,* he thought. Out of habit, he turned back to the medicine den to get mouse bile. *Hmmm, I don't need that, not unless they want some.*

Right out of sight, Firepaw heard the voices of his clanmates. He knew that he shouldn't eavesdrop, but he couldn't help himself.

"Do you remember the days of old?" a voice known as Olivecloud's mentioned.

"Yeah, wasn't there a war between the StarClan cats and the Dark Forest cats?" it was Tangledleg this time.

Yes! They remember! Firepaw's heart lifted.

"I heard ThunderClan was lead by a former kittypet at the time," Roseshadow spoke up.

Firepaw didn't like that part as much.

"He was probably the softest leader of all time. Kittypets are soft. Everyone knows that. Nothing will ever change that. They've always been soft, and they always will be," Lostclaw snarled.

Firepaw felt tears come to his eyes. Was this how ThunderClan was? He just realized that he hasn't seen any former kittypets in this clan. *What has Ashfur done? Why isn't there any kittypets? I know for a fact that some would love to join, so why hasn't Ashfur done anything?*

Almost letting his tears fall, Firepaw turned around and went away without a sound. That was when he ran into Sandpaw. Literally.

"Firepaw!" Sandpaw squeaked in surprise. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing,"

"Please tell me!" the pale she-cat pleaded.

That was when Firepaw ran out of camp.

"Firepaw wait! Wait! Don't leave! Tell me what's wrong!" Sandpaw raced after him.

"Whoa, slow down," all the reborns except for Jayfeather and Ashstar gathered around her.

"What happened?" Graypaw demanded.

"Firepaw was crying, and he was sad..." Sandpaw wailed some more, trying not to let Blazefur hear, she'd go berserk. "And he ran off. I don't even know what was wrong! I'm a horrible mate."

"You're not a horrible mate," Bluepaw reassured. "Well, we'll go search for Firepaw,"

26. Firepaw Is Gone!

The apprentices charged out of camp, earning some looks that read You-Are-A-Mouse-Brain courtesy of Grassjaw.

"Probably scaring away all the prey," they heard Blackbriar mumble.

Well, they had more important things on their paws.

"Firepaw's being really reckless," Hollypaw stated. "He's leaving his scent on everything. I'm not complaining about it, though!"

"He does that," Sandpaw swallowed her worry.

"Now there's a story for you..." Graypaw trailed off.

"No stories! We are here to find Firepaw!" Bluepaw properly chastised them.

"Great. Just what we need. Proper chastisement." Oakpaw rolled his eyes playfully.

"We have important matters to deal with!" Whitepaw was seriously annoyed.

Ravenpaw nodded solemnly.

"Oh, alright, can't we have a little fun on the way?" Graypaw asked.

"No, it distracts you," Bluepaw pressed on.

"Oh, yeah," the gray tom ran ahead.

A screech came a little bit later.

-

Darkpaw lurked in the shadows on RiverClan territory that night.

That dreadful night. The night of the incident.

Rainfeather needed to clear her head. It was dark, so dark. That's all she could see. Was it a prophecy? An omen? She would never know.

But still, she pressed forward. Through her territory, passing a lone Twoleg nest, veering away from the Thunderpath, and right into Darkpaw's trap.

"Pray to your StarClan, filthy RiverClan scum," Darkpaw pounced.

Her screams didn't last for long.

-

"Graypaw!" Bluepaw ran forward.

Hollypaw and Sandpaw stared at each other a moment before surging forward.

"Graypaw! Graypaw!" Silverpaw was even faster than the others.

A moment...Then..."I'm alright!"

"What's wrong?" Oakpaw called.

"I just fell down."

"Of course you did," Dustpaw rolled his eyes.

"Guys," Graypaw sounded.

"What?" they responded.

"Firepaw went down in the tunnels."

Comment! Vote! Do something! You know the drill!

27. Yellowpaw Trapped

Firepaw knew the other apprentices would try to find him. That's just who they were.

But he didn't want to be found. Ever.

He ran down into the tunnels that night. Down in the deep, deep pit of nothingness. Hoping never to be found ever again.

-

Hollypaw darted into the tunnels, trying to sniff out the scent belonging to Firepaw. "The dirt and mud is making his scent hard to distinguish." she noticed.

"Can you find him?" Sandpaw asked, suddenly worried.

"I'll try," Hollypaw started sniffing around.

And so did the other apprentices.

Graypaw paused for a moment. "Does anyone else think that Firepaw totally over-reacted?"

All of the other apprentices rose their tails in agreement.

"This way!" Hollypaw broke into a run down a tunnel.

Sandpaw's legs carried her faster than ever before, her eyes glittering with hope.

The other apprentices followed not a moment to soon. Right when Ravenpaw left the area, the tunnel collapsed. On Yellowpaw's tail.

"Yellowpaw!" Bluepaw raced back.

"Go." Yellowpaw ordered. "The longer you wait, the more distance Firepaw covers. I can dig myself out."

Looking reluctant, the other apprentices left Yellowpaw to dig herself out.

When the other apprentices were out of hearing range, a new voice sounded. "Yellowpaw, so brave, but so utterly alone and vulnerable."

"Show yourself!" Yellowpaw ordered.

A dark figure stepped out.

"Tigerpaw..." Yellowpaw breathed.

"No,"

"No what?" the gray she-cat asked.

"Tigerclaw."

-

"Let all cats old enough to -insert WindClan phrase- join beneath the whateverit'scalled for a clan meeting!" Antstar called. (AN: Sorry, I don't know much about WindClan clan meetings. :()

Leafkit, Tallkit, and Crowkit stood side by side, pelts groomed.

"Leafkit, Tallkit, and Crowkit have reached the age of six moons and are ready to be apprenticed. Please come forward." Antstar beckoned his kits with his tail.

"Until she has earned her warrior name, this apprentice will be known as Leafpaw. Kestrelleap, you are ready for your first apprentice. I expect you will pass down everything you know to Leafpaw." they touched noses. "Until he has earned his warrior name, this apprentice will be known as Crowpaw. Brightskip, you are ready for yet another apprentice. I had Seedfoot as your mentor, and I expect you to pass down everything you learned from him." they touched noses. "Until he has earned his warrior name, this apprentice will be known as Tallpaw. Cloudtail, you have had a great apprenticeship, and have been my best hunter and fighter since you were a kit, as if you had previous training before you

were born. You will pass down all you know to Tallpaw." Tallpaw looked alarmed as Antstar announced Cloudtail, the apprentices never noticed him. As they touched noses, Cloudtail's scent was unmistakenly familiar. Another reborn. From Leafpaw's former clan.

Oh, what an adventure will they have.

Again, sorry for the long update. Don't forget to comment. You know the drill. XD

28. Tigerclaw's Flirting Sucks

Hollypaw charged ahead, only ever looking back to see if the pack was still behind her. Foxes, a dangerous thing.

The truth? The group somehow began to separate from each other in the tunnels. Firepaw first, as he ran away, then Yellowpaw, her tail stuck in mud. Eventually, Graypaw couldn't keep up, lost the pack, and made a wrong turn. One by one, the others were separated. And now she was being chased by foxes. How nice.

Go away! Hollypaw growled at them.

She could almost sense them saying *No! We want to cuddle with you before you become a delicious meal!*

Right...

Anyway, Whitepaw was wandering the tunnels, trying to find anyone at this point.

Where could they have gone? Whitepaw thought.

At the same time, Sandpaw face-slammed into a wall. *That's going to hurt.*

It was true. Everyone had varies of scratches on them.

-

"So," Tigerclaw sauntered toward the apprentice. "I'm guessing you didn't expect to meet me here."

"Your point?" Yellowpaw growled at him.

"I like surprises."

"Then take this!" Yellowpaw broke free of the dirt and pounced on him.

"No puny apprentice is enough to defeat me!" the great warrior shook her off.

"Well, I'm more than just an apprentice."

"I can see that." Tigerclaw stated.

She stared at him wide-eyed. Eventually, she said. "Are you flirting with me?"

You know the drill guys! Sorry about the shortness, I thought it would be more dramatic that way.

29. Mapleshade's Rebellion

LISTEN UP, FLAMERS! You probably have realized my weakness. I'll admit it. I DO NOT HAVE A LOT OF SELF CONFIDENCE, but I got a lot of confidence boosting comments/ PMs, so take that! :D

Tigerclaw's eyes widened. "Excuse me?"

"You heard me!" Yellowpaw stood up tall.

"Where did you get that idea?" he growled softly.

"My, it just popped into my head." the gray she-cat smirked.

"Yeah, whatever," the warrior's voice cracked.

-

Whitepaw didn't notice Hollypaw until he slammed into her. He should have been on warrior mode, but it was so dark! There was nothing to see, so, of course, he just happened to hit Hollypaw.

"Watch it!" she hissed.

"Sorry," Whitepaw grunted. "Where are we?"

"In the tunnels, mouse brain," Hollypaw answered.

"Yeah, I got that far," the white tom stated sarcastically. "Where are the others?"

"If I knew, they'd be here already." the black apprentice looked behind her.

"What's behind you?" Whitepaw asked.

"You seriously don't know? Their scent is everywhere!" Hollypaw rolled her eyes.

"All I can smell is dirt, wait, oh. Oh. Oh." Whitepaw looked at the black she-cat. "We have to locate the others immediatly."

"That's what I've been trying to do! The closest scent was yours, so I followed that one." the she-cat responded. "Let's move,"

"Then you crashed into me," the tom understood as he began walking.

"More of you crashed into me, hurry up." Hollypaw broke into a jog.

-

"You can be so mouse-brained at times, Firestar," Sandpaw used his real name.

"How so?" Firepaw asked. "I just do what I think is right."

The two mates had somehow met each other in a crossing tunnel.

"Anyway," Sandpaw looked at her mate, "Where do you think the others are?"

"I honestly have no idea."

"Maybe if you hadn't run off we wouldn't be in this mess right now." the pale ginger she-cat criticized.

"Sorry,"

"Anyway," Sandpaw opened her mouth, letting all the scents in, "I believe Ravenpaw is that way," she flicked her tail to the left.

"Then, let's go that way," Firepaw led the way down the left tunnel.

-

Mapleshade stood in the tunnels, dreaming. She could go anywhere in her dreams, but no one could see her unless they were dreaming themselves.

The she-cat loved playing with the ThunderClan cats' lives. Killing someone here, kidnapping someone there. The whole legit. That

was before the StarClan reborns came along. *Oh, how I hated them at first.* Now, things were different. *Darkstripe and Breezepelt are taking away my rights, I just don't want to follow them anymore*. She looked up to Whitepaw; the great white tom caught her eye. She also felt a new feeling: something she hadn't felt since her first life, but that was oh so long ago. She didn't know what it was.

30. Fallen Leaves

Hey guys! If you couldn't notice, I'm not giving up! Everyone, have some cookies!

(::) (::) (;:) This one's chip is melting, so you better get it fast!

Ravenpaw wandered the halls alone, his black pelt hiding is form in the complete and utter darkness. Elsewhere, there was a river thundering, trying to break free of its limits.

Where is everybody? Ravenpaw wondered to himself. *Oh, they must've gotten lost. Mouse-brains.*

"Ravenpaw!" a voice sounded from a distance.

"Hello!" the black tom called off into the distance.

"Hello," a voice answered, right behind him.

"Who?" Ravenpaw whirled around, only to face a tom of the same color.

"Hello, Ravenpaw," the black warrior chuckled.

"Breezepaw?"

"Breezepelt," the warrior corrected.

Uh-oh, better run. Ravenpaw ran. And ran. And ran somemore in the direction of the voice.

"Where are you going?" Breezepelt easily caught up with Ravenpaw.

"Somewhere else," the apprentice dashed away.

"Wait," the warrior commanded.

Ravenpaw didn't stop.

"This is all for naught," Breezepelt ran a little bit to keep within Ravenpaw's hearing range.

That caused the apprentice to stop. "Why?"

"Because they're dead," the warrior stated in his most convincing tone.

"No, they aren't!" Ravenpaw argued.

"Join me, Ravenpaw," Breezepelt's tone turned to persuading.

"Never!"

"We have room for you in our lines,"

"No!" Ravenpaw yelled.

"Oh well," Breezepelt launched his attack.

-

Oakpaw had his ear pressed up against the wall. No, seriously, he did.

"What are you listening for?" Bluepaw hissed.

"Life signs," the tom stated.

"Where did the others go?" the she-cat asked.

"They branched off from us somehow," Oakpaw answered.

"Where could they have gone?"

"In one of the trailing tunnels by accident."

"Well, let's go find them," Bluepaw turned on her paw.

Rolling his eyes, Oakpaw followed his mate to the end of the world.

They didn't notice Whitepaw and Hollypaw.

"What gives?" Hollypaw growled as she was crashed into.

"Is that you, Hollypaw?" Bluepaw asked.

"Yes, Bluepaw," the black she-cat's voice was devoid of any emotion.

"We need to find the others," Whitepaw stated.

"What do you think we've been doing?" Hollypaw, Bluepaw and Oakpaw stared at him.

"Never mind,"

"Let's just go," Hollypaw lead the way. "Find any trace of cat."

A LITTLE BIT LATER...

"Hollypaw!" Oakpaw hissed.

"What? Find something?" Hollypaw looked over her shoulder from across the cavern they were searching.

"Cat scent. I can't distinguish who it is." the tom gave his report.

The black she-cat strode across the cavern to where Oakpaw was standing. "No..." she said once she sniffed it.

"What is it? What?" Bluepaw asked.

"I thought he went to StarClan with me." Hollypaw had tears in her eyes. "Why would he be here, in the tunnels?"

"Who is it?" Whitepaw hissed.

"...Fallen Leaves..." Hollypaw whispered.

I hope you all liked it! Please tell what you thought in the comments! ;D

31. Another Attack

Ahh!! Guys!! We reached over 200 views! Thanks so much everyone! I know we can reach 300! :D
Anyway, I know what you are thinking: What else can this twisted person's twisted mind come up with now? Well, don't worry, it'll only get WEIRDER and WEIRDER and WEIRDER!

"Fallen Leaves," Hollypaw whispered.

"Hollypaw," came a familiar voice.

"Where are you?" the black she-cat called out.

Fallen Leaves appeared out of the blue in front of them.

"Why aren't you alive?" Bluepaw asked.

"I was one of the few who didn't come back to this world; I just came back here to get closer to my love," Fallen Leaves reached Hollypaw. "I didn't think she'd remember me, so I prepared to meet her again."

"I'd never forget you," Hollypaw swore.

"Aw, that's cute and all, but you guys need to go," a dark figure stepped out of the shadows.

"Darkpaw?" Whitepaw and Oakpaw reached a fighting stance.

"Darkstripe," the warrior corrected.

Hollypaw swore inwardly.

"Darkstripe," Fallen Leaves muttered.

"What was that?" Darkstripe asked.

"This is my territory,"

Fallen Leaves attacked.

-

"Whatever," Tigerclaw murmured.

"Just get out," Yellowpaw sighed.

Tigerclaw stole one last look at Yellowpaw before clambering up the tunnel leading to ShadowClan.

He really does like me, Yellowpaw thought, but she'd never say so out loud.

-

"There is something wrong with my kits!" Blazefur screeched.

"They're apprentices now," Shimmerfire corrected, but she was equally worried.

"They will always be MY kits!" the ginger she-cat fired back.

"They've left," Rockpelt paced the clearing.

"Ashstar's sent a search party. There's nothing more we can do right now," Marshfoot concluded.

"But why can't we help?" Redstripe asked.

"Someone may attack the camp," Jayfeather answered. "We have to leave it guarded."

"Alright," the young warrior amended.

"Where do you think they went?" Marshfoot questioned.

"They could have gone lots of places. Hunting, possibly. Maybe even purposely veering off-course to lead away some sort of predator," Jayfeather responded.

"Why would they have been so mouse-brained to try that?" Blazefure panicked.

"It's not mouse-brained, it's valiant," Shimmerfire corrected.

"Attack!" came a yowl.

"ShadowClan," Marshfoot reported, without emotion.

32. Mapleshade's Love

Just so you guys know, the writing is so terrible cause I wrote this some time ago. I'm better now, I hope! XD Comment and enjoy the dark tunnels of my twisted mind!

It was ShadowClan, but it wasn't at the same time. Sure, they smelled like ShadowClan, but they didn't at the same time. They looked like ShadowClan, but the didn't at the same time. They acted like ShadowClan, but they didn't at the samed time. The truth is: ShadowClan wasn't ShadowClan. ShadowClan runs on pride; this group did not. ShadowClan was wily; this group was not. ShadowClan followed the warrior code; this group did not.

This group wasn't ShadowClan.

It was BloodClan.

-

Littlepaw was bored. Extremely. Utterly. Out of his mind. Bored. Bored. Bored.

He recently joined in a Gathering. There, he found his former half-brother, *cough* his annoyingness Firepaw *cough*, and his enemy, *cough* Tigerclaw *cough*. He wanted to kill them. He wanted to maim them. He wanted to torture them.

But he couldn't.

He was all the way in RiverClan. Mouse-brained, RiverClan. Not to mention he had three annoying siblings: Lionpaw, Dovepaw and Ivypaw. Oh, don't worry, he wanted to kill them too.

-

She really did it. She went too far. She was too arrogant. She was too full of herself. She might have lost her second love forever. She wanted him back. She wanted to brush herself up against his white

pelt, saying that he would win. She wanted to be free with him. She wanted him.

But she also wanted to be true to herself. She wanted to be Mapleshade.

Also, she was confused. *Should I go and win Whitepaw's heart or stay true to my Clan and Tigerclaw?*

The answer was obvious. She would go to Whitepaw. Out of the tunnels.

-

They did it. They left the tunnels. Only to be run over by Mapleshade confessing her love.

"I love you!" she would plead.

What do I do? What do I do? That was the one thing going across Whitepaw's mind.

But he relented. He welcomed Mapleshade. He brought her home...Just in time for BloodClan.

33. Exiled For Treason

I know the chapters are getting weird! It's my nature. I've been writing fanfiction's way longer than I have been a member, and I have yet to publish any of them.

Havoc raged through ThunderClan's camp.

"Apprentices!" Ashstar leaped down from the Highledge. "BloodClan has returned. I need all of you to go to all of the other camps to get their support and fight these mongrels!"

"Yes, Ashstar!" the apprentices were ready to help their clan.

"Who is this?" the leader spied Mapleshade. "She smells of ShadowClan."

"She's with us!" Whitepaw defended her.

"I can go and get ShadowClan," Mapleshade offered. "They'd be more likely to believe me."

"Thank you," Ashstar dipped his head.

Mapleshade charged out of the ThunderClan camp.

ThunderClan's leader turned to the apprentices, "Bluepaw, Dustpaw, Graypaw, Silverpaw and Firepaw: go warn RiverClan. Get them to help us fight. Sandpaw, Whitepaw, Oakpaw, Ravenpaw and Hollypaw: go warn WindClan. I suspect they will help us. Yellowpaw: I need you here to treat the wounded."

The apprentices dispersed.

Just before Ashstar got barreled down by a BloodClan cat.

"Get off, furball," Ashstar barred his teeth.

"Never," the black tom narrowed his eyes.

-

Bluepaw, Dustpaw, Graypaw, Silverpaw and Firepaw dashed through ThunderClan territory.

"Why do you think he sent all of us to go fetch a clan?" Silverpaw asked.

"It could be some of many things," Firepaw decided.

"I believe he just wanted us to stick together," Bluepaw observed.

"But he knows we're capable!" Dustpaw complained.

"I know, that's why I'm so uncertain." Firepaw looked a the ground.

They arrived at the RiverClan camp without meeting a single patrol through WindClan.

In the clearing, a queen no one knew pulled to kits close to her, but one got out anyway, marching up to Graypaw and Silverpaw with adoration in his eyes. Two apprentices also rushed out. They were both female.

Let's just say that all of the ThunderClan apprentices' eyes widened.

Hopestar leaped down before them. "What have you come for?"

"You-" Dustpaw's mouth was covered by Bluepaw's tail.

"ThunderClan is being attacked by a rogue clan the size of every clan combined. Others are informing different clans. We beg for your help." Bluepaw looked up.

Four more apprentices entered the clearing: two male and two female.

"Firepaw! Dustpaw! Bluepaw! Graypaw! Silverpaw!" Lionpaw gasped.

"I assume you know each other," Hopestar looked between Lionpaw and the ThunderClan apprentices.

"Yeah, we met during a Gathering..." the apprentice trailed off.

"And do you want to help ThunderClan?" the leader asked.

"Yes!" Lionpaw, Dovepaw and Ivypaw shouted.

"All right, we'll go. Warriors, apprentices, queens come with me to fight the anomaly!" Hopestar leapt forward.

"I can come to!" Stormkit protested.

He was left behind in his solitude by everyone but the reborns.

"I'm sure you'll be able to come next time," Silverpaw stated. "But we have to go,"

They left.

-

"Why would you care about the health of ThunderClan?" Lizardstar narrowed his eyes.

"I-I just feel that we should help them." Mapleshade cowered.

"We will not go-" the leader glared.

"But-" the she-cat interrupted..

"-And you will be exiled for treason."

34. Sandpaw

Hey! Enjoy! Also, a list of the reborns:

Ashstar

Jayfeather

Firepaw

Silverpaw

Sandpaw

Dustpaw

Ravenpaw

Hollypaw

Oakpaw

Whitepaw

Graypaw

Bluepaw

Yellowpaw

Cloudtail

Tallpaw

Leafpaw

Crowpaw

Mapleshade

Tigerclaw

Hawkfrost

Thistleclaw

Brokentail

Moonkit (Half Moon)

Squirrelkit

Bramblekit

Tawnykit

Breezepelt

Littlepaw (Scourge)

Stormkit

Mudkit

Featherpaw

Brookpaw

Lionpaw

Dovepaw

Ivypaw

Tears stung Mapleshade's eyes. *Again. It happened again. Why did it have to always end like this? She'll become a rogue, and then, she'll die...*

The other Dark Forest reborns were glaring at her. *Great*, she thought, *Another enemy to deal with.*

Silently, she turned around and fled the camp.

Her paws raced against the cold pine needles under her feet. Cold like her heart. Cold like her soul. Cold like the world around her. Cold...everything. It was true, her life was tragic; never finding one to love, never dying in a clan...Everything.

And it hurt.

It hurt a lot.

Like a thousand thorn-sharp claws piercing her pelt.

The agony.

The pain.

The lonliness.

It was so welcoming.

Mapleshade accepted it.

She raced to ThunderClan.

-

"Where were you?" Whitepaw spied Mapleshade.

"I had to take a detour." Mapleshade brightened up immediatly.

That was when a screech filled the hollow.

"Sandpaw!" this was Firepaw. In blind-rage, he pushed his way through oncoming BloodClan cats.

"Where's ShadowClan?" the white apprentice asked as they raced to battle.

"They aren't coming, and I'm exiled. Again." she whispered the last part.

"I'm sure Ashstar will welcome you as a hero," Whitepaw batted one BloodClan she-cat away.

"If we live through this,"

"Don't be so pessimistic!" the apprentice chastised.

"Still..." Mapleshade focused on her attacks.

-

"Sandpaw! Sandpaw! Wake up, Sandpaw!" the battle raged around Firepaw's broken heart. "Sandpaw, don't leave."

"Firepaw..."

"What? What is it?" the ginger apprentice looked at her hopefully.

"Behind you..." Sandpaw closed her eyes.

Firepaw whirled around to face a cat that smelled like RiverClan. "What are you doing here?"

"I could ask you the same question!" it was Littlepaw.

"As if," Firepaw scoffed.

"Look," Littlepaw looked around. "Your mate's dying and you are arguing with your former brother. What would father say about that?"

Let's just say he recieved a glare.

"Can you help me get Sandpaw to Brackenfall and Yellowpaw?" the ginger tom inquired.

"I could..."

"May you?"

"That's better,"

"What happened?" Yellowpaw questioned right after they arrived.

"BloodClan warrior. Strong strike to the belly," Firepaw collapsed beside his mate.

"You need to go help," Brackenfall advised the younger tom.

"Fine," the two apprentices joined the fight...

...Until it all came to a shocking hault.

You know the drill!

35. Mapleshade in ThunderClan

A huge white tom lay in the middle of the clearing, collar studded with cat and dog teeth. Over him, Mapleshade was over him, claws on his chest.

"Our leader is dead!" one she-cat wailed.

All three clans worth of cats looked up at the only cat carrrying ShadowClan's scent.

"He seemed like a weak leader," Littlepaw frowned.

"Well, not everybody can be as deadly as you," Firepaw murmured.

"...I'll take that as a compliment." the black tom looked to the ginger.

"...Kay..."

"Firepaw!" this was Tallpaw.

"Tall...Tallpaw!" Firepaw said in surprise.

"What are you doing with him?" the black and white tom asked.

"I believe he's better now," the ginger apprentice explained.

"Where's Sandpaw?" this was Graypaw.

"Medicine den," Firepaw sobered up immediatly.

"That. Was. Awesome!" this was Marshfoot walking up with Jayfeather. "Jayfeather, you made that one really cool move! Where did you learn that? Will you teach it to me? This was the best fight ever!"

"Don't say that about battles when we don't no how many casualties there were," Jayfeather instructed.

"...Fine..."

Next, Mapleshade and Whitepaw came together, purring.

"You'll visit me, right?" Mapleshade inquired.

"We have yet to ask Ashstar if you can join ThunderClan," Whitepaw reminded.

"Whitepaw, you've gotten yourself a follower," Crowpaw looked amused.

"ThunderClan thanks you for your services," Ashstar walked over to the group.

"Um, Ashstar?" Whitepaw looked up.

"Yes, Whitepaw?"

"Can Mapleshade join ThunderClan?"

"Why would she need to do that?" Ashstar looked confused, "Isn't she apart of ShadowClan? We might go to war if Mapleshade comes with us,"

"I've been exiled," Mapleshade muttered.

"Well," Ashstar's eyes gleamed. "Will you?"

"Yes!" the she-cat let go of the breath she forgot she was holding.

The ThunderClan leader jumped onto the Highledge. "Let all cats old enough to catch their own prey join beneath the Highledge for a clan meeting!"

By this time, RiverClan and WindClan were gone.

"The battle is won, but not without a price. Sandpaw is injured and some from other clans are dead, but we fared well. I would like to announce that Mapleshade has been exiled from ShadowClan for

trying to get them to help us. As you could probably tell, they didn't come, but Mapleshade herself killed the BloodClan leader. Mapleshade is now a ThunderClan warrior," Ashstar finished.

"Mapleshade! Mapleshade! Mapleshade!" everyone shouted out, Whitepaw the loudest.

Comment! Comment! Comment!

36. Keep On Believing

"I am not completely finished yet," Ashstar announced. "But before I continue, I need to ask Brackenfall something,"

"Yes?" the ginger medicine cat questioned uncertainly.

"Is Sandpaw fit enough to stay out and watch camp tonight?" the leader inquired.

"She was mostly just in shock from the wound. Sandpaw should be able to contribute tonight," Brackenfall reported.

"Then," Ashstar turned back to his clan, "Oakpaw, Whitepaw, Graypaw, Bluepaw, Firepaw, Silverpaw, Sandpaw, Dustpaw, Ravenpaw, Hollypaw, please come forward." the ten warriors-in-training inched forward. "Grassjaw, is Sandpaw ready to become a full warrior?"

Grassjaw nodded, but Blazefur stiffened. Oh, the fun she would have...

"Then, I beg StarClan to look down on this apprentice. She has trained hard to understand the ways of your noble code, and I commend her to be a warrior in return." the ThunderClan leader's words sounded a lot alike Firepaw's..."From this moment forward she shall be known as Sandstorm. ThunderClan welcomes this new warrior into ThunderClan."

"Beetlebreeze, is Dustpaw ready to become a warrior?"

The black warrior nodded.

"Then, I beg StarClan to look down on this apprentice. He has trained hard to understand the ways of your noble code, and I commend him to be a warrior in return," Ashstar looked up at the sky, "From this moment forward he shall be known as Dustpelt. ThunderClan welcomes this new warrior into ThunderClan,"

"Blackbriar, is Ravenpaw ready to become a full warrior?" Ashstar asked as Ravenpaw stiffened.

"Yes," Blackbriar nodded curtly.

"Then, I beg StarClan to look down on this apprentice. He has trained hard to understand the ways of your noble code, and I commend him to be a warrior in return," the ThunderClan leader began, "From this moment forward he shall be known as Ravenheart. ThunderClan welcomes this new warrior into ThunderClan,"

"Softwhisker, is Whitepaw ready to become a full warrior of ThunderClan?"

"Yes," she nearly squeaked.

"Then, I beg StarClan to look down on this apprentice. He has trained hard to understand the ways of your noble code, and I commend him to be a warrior in return," Ashstar said, "From this moment forward he shall be known as Whitestorm. ThunderClan welcomes this new warrior,"

"Morningbreeze, is Oakpaw ready to become a full warrior?"

Morningbreeze nodded, and Blazefur started to panic.

"Then, I beg StarClan to look down on this apprentice. He has trained hard to understand the ways of your noble code, and I commend him to be a warrior in return," the ThunderClan leader purred, "From this moment forward he shall be known as Oakheart. ThunderClan welcomes him as a new warrior."

"Volestorm, is Bluepaw ready to become a full warrior?"

"Yes," the tired warrior yawned politely.

"Then, I beg StarClan to look down on this apprentice. She has trained hard to understand the ways of your noble code, and I commend her to be a warrior in return," Ashstar tried not to look biased, "From this moment forward she shall be known as Bluefur. ThunderClan welcomes her as a new warrior."

"Emberblaze, is Firepaw ready to become a full warrior?"

"Yes," Emberblaze looked like she has been through this many times.

"Then, I beg StarClan to look down on this apprentice. He has trained hard to understand the ways of your noble code, and I commend him to be a warrior in return," the ThunderClan leader observed everyone around him, "From this moment forward he shall be known as Fireheart. ThunderClan welcomes him as a full warrior."

"Acornwish, is Silverpaw ready to become a full warrior?"

He nodded curtly.

"Then, I beg StarClan to look down on this apprentice. She has trained hard to understand the ways of your noble code, and I commend her to be a warrior in return," the gray tom looked at her. "From this moment forward she shall be known as Silverstream. ThunderClan welcomes her as a full warrior."

"Fallenfoot, is Graypaw ready to become a full warrior?"

"Yes," the tom looked nervous.

"Then, I beg StarClan to look down on this apprentice. He has trained hard to understand the ways of your noble code, and I commend him to be a warrior in return," Ashstar looked directly at his uncle...er...son...this is getting confusing..."From this moment forward he shall be known as Graystripe. ThunderClan welcomes him as a full warrior,"

"Jayfeather, is Hollypaw ready to become a full warrior?"

"Yes," he answered simply.

"Then, I beg StarClan to look down on this apprentice. She has trained hard to understand the ways of your noble code, and I commend her to be a warrior in return," the ThunderClan leader stated, "From this moment forward she shall be known as Hollyleaf. ThunderClan welcomes her as a full warrior."

"Sandstorm! Dustpelt! Ravenheart! Whitestorm! Oakheart! Bluefur! Fireheart! Silverstream! Graystripe! Hollyleaf! Sandstorm! Dustpelt! Ravenheart! Whitestorm! Oakheart! Bluefur! Fireheart! Silverstream! Graystripe! Hollyleaf!" the clan chanted.

Blazefur's head was craned towards the sky, almost like she was telling Stonestripe their kits names and Tawnybright her's. Oakheart, Silverstream, and Fireheart felt a pang in their hearts as they were reminded of their father.

But no...don't stop...just keep on believing...

I know this isn't the most exciting chapter. It just basically repeats the same thing over and over again, but still! Hope you enjoyed ;)

37. The Mock Battle

Whitestorm, Bluefur, Oakheart, Ravenheart, Fireheart, Sandstorm, Dustpelt, Silverstream, Graystripe, Hollyleaf, and even Mapleshade stood watch that night.

The wind howled through the hollow. The leaves bristled every few heart beats. The dust blew across the camp ground. The fur of the new warriors were all over the place.

Sandstorm wanted nothing more than to groom Fireheart's pelt. It was a mess.

Well, she thought, *I guess he gets out of it for now.*

The weren't supposed to groom themselves during watch, anyway. Apparently, one warrior was grooming their pelt while a clan attacked, and they couldn't get a warning out in time. There were a few casualties then, but no one's allowed to groom themselves or their mates while watching. Fireheart knew that, and Sandstorm respected that.

But it was annoying her. Even more so now that Fireheart was grinning at her, acting like he had won.

Oh, how I had missed him between our deaths, she found herself thinking.

Sandstorm expected that she and Mapleshade will become quick friends. She didn't know why, but it was just a feeling. They both loved a cat more than life, and all they wanted to do was groom that cat right now. Mapleshade was observing Whitestorm's pelt like it needed to be fixed.

Also, another rule, no talking.

Sandstorm could only contact Fireheart by touching him and meeting his eyes, passing on an understanding.

The night was long. The night was harsh.

Graystripe noticed that the branch honoring all of the cats who died in the Great Battle stood tall; he didn't notice it before. Maybe it was because he was sure that ThunderClan had moved on, but, well, Ashfur was the leader. Of course he wouldn't have forgotten.

Then, like a monster, a thought struck him. *What if we are recognized?*

His eyes darted around the other cats. If they were recognized, Mapleshade would never be trusted. Even if she killed the BloodClan leader, she would have supported an entire forest of cats who want nothing more than to kill everything. It was dangerous.

She wouldn't be trusted.

Graystripe decided to start thinking of Silverstream instead. She was beautiful...hopefully Millie understands.

That was when dawn broke over the trees.

"You may talk," came Ashstar's tired voice.

Ravenheart let out a breath, like he's been holding it the entire night in order to keep from talking. "Thank StarClan!"

Fernfur, the ThunderClan deputy, emerged from the warriors den. "I wanted to try something with you eleven."

"What?" Fireheart asked.

"A training thing."

All of the cats in question smirked.

"Let's go out into the forest." the deputy walked briskly out of camp.

Once they have arrived, she started her plan. "Since ThunderClan has never had this many warriors be made at once, I wanted to make them all fight in a training battle. Claws sheathed." Fernfur explained.

"But one team will have a greater amount of warriors!" Ravenheart objected.

"Yes," Fernfur nodded, "That is why I've decided to do more than one round. The team with the extra will sub on and off."

Sandstorm nodded, it seemed fair.

"Now," she smiled. "Seperate into your teams."

Fireheart, Sandstorm, Graystripe, Dustpelt, and Ravenheart clustered together immediately. As per usual. That meant that Bluefur, Whitestorm, Mapleshade, Hollyleaf, Silverstream, and Oakheart were on the other team.

"We call being ThunderClan!" Graystripe shouted out randomnly.

Fernfur purred. "Very well. Who will your team like to be?"

"Can we be ShadowClan?" Bluefur questioned innocently.

Fernfur purred even harder. "Yes, Fireheart, take your team over there," she flicked her tail to one side of the hollow, "Bluefur, take yours to the other side."

Once the teams seperated across the hollow, Fernfur and Silverstream, who was out for the first round, quickly climbed a tree. "Begin!" Fernfur called.

Bluefur's team slowly entered the hollow, but Fireheart's did not.

Then, a tail brushed against a bush that was surrounding the fight zone, almost like a signal...

"Oh no," Bluefur groaned. "How could I have been so mouse-brained?"

The attack was launched. Ravenheart, Graystripe, Sandstorm, Dustpelt, and Fireheart streamed into the battlefield, keen on winning.

Graystripe barreled into Whitestorm, knowing that the white

warrior would try to take someone down with his size. Therefore, he was Graystripe's perfect opponent. Same size.

They tusseled, only using their paws, not their claws.

Mapleshade met Sandstorm.

Hollyleaf met Ravenheart.

Oakheart met Dustpelt, once again, perfect opponents via size.

Fireheart met Bluefur.

Bluefur was faster than Fireheart. Not by much, but it was what counted. She barreled into him.

He fought back though. They wrestled for a while. That was, until Ravenheart couldn't take on Hollyleaf anymore. Dustpelt darted to his side, fighting off the black she-cat.

Oakheart didn't have an opponent. Oakheart saw the leaders tusseling. Oakheart wanted to interfere.

How Oakheart did it was unknown. Fireheart had landed a blow on Bluefur that sent her reeling backwards to the other side of the hollow.

Oakheart struck.

38. Silverstream's Perfect

Dustpelt and Oakheart were perfect opponents for each other. They were about the same size, shape, and strength.

Fireheart and Oakheart were not. The brothers were not the same size, shape, or even strength. Oakheart was stronger than Fireheart, but Fireheart was faster.

Fireheart was recovering from the aftershock of hitting his former mentor when Oakheart struck him.

On the neck.

Fireheart was aware of little as he hit the floor; he noticed Oakheart looming over him, putting his entire weight on the body of Fireheart. The triumphant look in his eyes mocked him. The smirk on his face taunted him.

No, he did not want any of his teammates to help him out of this. He wanted to solve this on his own, but it was too late.

Dustpelt was helping Ravenheart was Hollyleaf when he noticed that Oakheart was not where he used to be. That was dangerous.

"Ravenheart!" he called.

"Yeah?" Ravenheart responded as he swiped Hollyleaf.

"Can you take on Hollyleaf? I need to find Oakheart."

Ravenheart looked alarmed. "All right."

Dustpelt darted off. Eventually, he saw that Oakheart had Fireheart pinned down, but he also knew that one cat from the opposite team did not have an opponent. Bluefur. He thought after a little bit of studying.

Cursing, he quickly left for Oakheart. He saw Fireheart struggling

against him, but Oakheart was, like, twice his size currently.

Dustpelt leaped on Oakheart. Fireheart was free, but the battle was far from over.

Nodding in a quick thanks, Fireheart stood up and darted away.

Bluefur.

Bluefur.

Bluefur!

Where was she?

Screeching, the she-cat assaulted the ginger tom.

Can't I ever get a break? was one of Fireheart's thoughts as he met Bluefur in battle.

She swiped; he dodged. It was the dance of the battle.

Only one could be victorious. There had to be a winner and a loser, and both Bluefur and Fireheart knew that.

This quickly turned to a fight of dignity and pride.

"Enough!" Fernfur yelled quickly, seeing the battle slowly turn into a blood bath.

The brawling cats stopped.

"Who one?" Mapleshade asked.

"There is no winner. These battles are simply to tell me what you guys need working on. Silverstream was fine. Ravenheart, you need to work on fighting cats faster than you. Graystripe, you need to learn to fight cats of different sizes than you. Whitestorm, you need to stop using the same move over and over. Sandstorm, you should work on your timing. Mapleshade, you need to work on timing, too. Oakheart, you need a little chivalry. Even if Fireheart's your brother, I don't want you to maim him," Oakheart looked guilty at

Fernfur's words. "Fireheart, you need to work on fighting cats bigger than you. Bluefur, organization."

Fernfur went on for a while, disappointing everyone.

39. Fireheart is A Kit

Silverstream's eyes taunted the reborns. She was perfect during the training session, they weren't.

"Oakheart! Oakheart! Oakheart! That move, the one you used against Fireheart, you have to show me it sometime!" Dustpelt was saying.

"Great," Fireheart groaned, "You'd be attacking me every few heart beats."

Graystripe shoved his friend. "It wouldn't be the end of StarClan. He's wanted to attack you since we were apprentices," the gray tom's voice dropped to a whisper, "For the first time."

"The stick's still here!" Dustpelt went up to the stick.

"Wait..." Sandstorm closed her eyes. "Everyone meet me in the training hollow."

The reborns shared a glance, shrugged, gathered Jayfeather and Yellowpaw, and left for the training hollow.

"The Stick of the Fallen is still there," Sandstorm announced once the cats arrived.

"Yes," Jayfeather looked annoyed. "Why would it leave?"

"I'm not talking about whether or not it should have stayed." the pale ginger she-cat growled.

"She's talking about if we'll be recognized. Both Fireheart and Hollyleaf are on that stick." Graystripe continued.

Sandstorm blinked surprised, "When did you figure that out?"

"While we were guarding the camp." the gray tom explained.

"And you didn't tell us?" Dustpelt demanded.

"We were fighting, and it eventually slipped my mind," Graystripe looked embarrassed.

"Right," Fireheart closed his eyes.

"Why did you close your eyes?" Bluefur asked.

"I was...Just...Thinking..." the ginger tom shrugged.

"What were you thinking about?" Yellowpaw questioned.

"Are you invading my private space?"

"No, but normally you have important things to say." the gray she-cat rolled her eyes.

"Do you remember the omen?" Fireheart asked reluctantly.

"Yeah," Ravenheart answered.

"The fire burning bracken in tiger stripes only to be quenched by water," Hollyleaf recited.

"...It hasn't occured yet...I worry about that..." Fireheart admitted. "When I was an apprentice, I had a dream that Tigerclaw and I would fight while it's raining, and Brackenfall would die...And then Silverstream helped stop Tigerclaw..."

"You didn't tell us..." Whitestorm sounded annoyed.

Mapleshade winced. "About that, I can tell you Tigerclaw's plan,"

The reborns attention was on her.

"Tell us," Oakheart ordered.

"He planned to take out the StarClan reborns' parents before attacking the reborns." Mapleshade winced. "And here's the horrid part. Fireheart, Tigerclaw's been planning to break you, take over your body, make your soul extinct, and rip out the heart of ThunderClan,"

"That's...Interesting..." Fireheart tried not to sound to revolted.

"Then," the attention span of the reborns went to Bluefur, "I don't want Fireheart to be alone. Ever. There always has to be at least one other reborn with him,"

"I'm not a kit!" the ginger tom objected.

"I volunteer!" Sandstorm, Ravenheart, Graystripe, and Dustpelt raised their tails.

Fireheart was not amused.

Bluefur was amused.

Sandstorm thought Fireheart looked cute. She pounced on him. "I'll go with you."

Fireheart was now looking forward to spending time with Sandstorm.

They headed back to camp.

Comment!! :D

40. Branch Fall

Fireheart purred as Sandstorm groomed him, but Yellowpaw still looked annoyed at that from the other end of the clearing.

"You're having more fun with this than I thought you would," Oakheart noticed.

"Well, I am taking advantage of the situation," Fireheart smirked.

"Good point,"

The brothers were silent for a while.

"Hey, what did I miss?" that was their sister, Silverstream, probably just trying to be annoying.

"Nothing, absolutely nothing," Oakheart said with absolutely no emotion.

Flicking her tail with irritation, she continued. "I saw you and Fireheart talking. What was it about?"

"Silverstream," Fireheart cut in, "Not everything we talk about is life or death."

"Really? It seems that way; you guys talk in hushed tones. Your eyes dart around the clearing, too." Silverstream pointed out.

"She has a point," Oakheart turned. "Okay, we were talking about the Dark Forest," it wasn't entirely a lie, they had been talking about that before shifting to the subject of mates.

"How did that conversation go?" the she-cat quesitioned.

"Just about how Tigerclaw will react when he finds out that Mapleshade's told us his plan." the former RiverClan tom answered.

"He's probably already changed his plan, expecting Mapleshade to

pass it on," Fireheart murmured.

"But maybe he doesn't suspect that Mapleshade told us. The plan could still be in action." Oakheart argued.

"Well," Silverstream got in between her quarreling brothers, "It is possible that he has changed his plan, and it is also possible that the former plan is still in action. We just have to be extra alert."

Sandstorm straightened. "I agree with Silverstream."

"So do I!" Graystripe sauntered over. "I have no idea what it's about, but I still agree with Silverstream,"

Fireheart rolled his eyes. "It doesn't matter what the topic's about; you will always back up Silverstream,"

Silverstream sent a loving look at Graystripe, who went forward and rubbed his muzzle against her flank.

"Just because you're warriors now doesn't mean that you immediatly have to mate with each other," this was Grassjaw. "Give it time."

Graystripe and Silverstream sent Grassjaw some dirty looks.

"Help!" Blackbriar rushed into camp.

"What is it?" Ashstar demanded after rushing out of his den.

"Well, Mossbird, Beetlebreeze, Acornwish, and Redstripe were patroling the ShadowClan border." the black she-cat stumbled over her words.

"Well?" the leader demanded.

"There was a tree branch that just fell out of a tree and hit Beetlebreeze in the head. His condition is unknown...Acornwish and Mossbird are supporting him and Redstripe is trailing behind." Blackbriar rushed.

The reborns were up in an instant. They were sure that this was the

work of the Dark Forest.

"Yellowpaw! Brackenfall! Prepare for head injuries and possibly shock." Ashstar commanded.

"Okay," the two medicine cats left for their den.

Mossbird and Acornwish stumbled into the clearing, Beetlebreeze's body dragging between them. Redstripe darted about worried for the elder warrior.

41. Clovercloud's Kitting

Ravenheart and Hollyleaf darted to their fallen father in a nest outside the medicine cat's den.

"Out of the way!" Brackenfall shooed the two young warriors.

Yellowpaw mouthed *I'm sorry* behind the ginger tom's back.

The black she-cat just managed to choke down a sob.

"Yellowpaw," Brackenfall turned to his apprentice. "I need cobwebs,"

"Yes," the gray she-cat nodded before she ran into the den.

"Will he be all right?" Ravenheart asked.

The ginger tom looked up at the warrior, completely honest. "I don't know,"

Now, Ravenheart wanted to sob too. Shimmerfire walked up to her kits, tears causing her eyes to glisten.

"Even if he dies," Shimmerfire started. "He will go to StarClan. He did nothing wrong in his life; Beetlebreeze never had the heart to even think about doing anything evil or wrong. But we can't believe he'll die. We just have to know that, if he does pass away, he'll be in a better place."

Hollyleaf and Ravenheart nodded in understanding.

"Now," the former queen continued. "He wouldn't want you to lose sleep over him while he's alive. He once told me that if he was injured like he is now, he would want us to sleep when he died, but if he was dead, his wish was to spend one last night together as a family. Do you understand?" Shimmerfire inquired.

"Yes, Shimmerfire," Hollyleaf agreed.

"Yes," Ravenheart echoed. "But it's not even night yet."

"I get that," Shimmerfire rolled her eyes, "But I'm just warning you,"

That was when Yellowpaw returned.

"Press a cobweb on the head wound." Brackenfall instructed.

Submissive, the gray she-cat continued to place the cobweb on the head belonging to Beetlebreeze. "Is that good?"

"Yes," the ginger tom approved. "Get some horsetail."

Yellowpaw left for the den again.

That was when Beetlebreeze groaned.

"Beetlebreeze?" Shimmerfire whispered.

Hollyleaf and Ravenheart perked up immediately. Their dad was still in this world, and hopefully it would stay that way.

And only after that did Acornwish approach the medicine cat, looking frantic. "Brackenfall,"

"Yes," the ginger tom barely looked up from Beetlebreeze.

"I know you are busy," he was obviously antsy.

"Get on with it!" everyone could now tell where Jayfeather got his grumpiness from.

"Clovercloud's kitting."

42. Do It

Brackenfall almost collapsed. "Yellowpaw," he managed steely. "Do you think you can take care of Beetlebreeze's wounds?"

"Yes." Yellowpaw answered confidently.

"I wish you luck. This is what you've trained for. Focus only on Beetlebreeze. Don't let anyone distract you, and always keep a clear heart and mind." the ginger medicine cat stated dramatically before getting some rosemary leaves from the den.

What am I going to do? the gray apprentice panicked. *I can't show my true skills, but if I don't, Beetlebreeze may die. Should I use all my skills and risk being caught? Or should I let him die?*

Yellowpaw looked up. There was some cat looking through her eyes and into her soul. Jayfeather...

Do it, he mouthed. *Save him. I can't help you. It should be fine; the clan will just see an extremely skilled medicine cat apprentice. I don't think they would want you to go.*

Feeling suddenly confident, the gray she-cat looked down at the fallen warrior beside her, examining his injuries. It seemed as if the branch was unusually sharp, like it was cut by a cat or Twoleg. The branch went right down on his head. *This must be the work of the Dark Forest.*

"Horsetail, cobwebs, marigold," Yellowpaw started to list the herbs that she would need to use in order to heal him. "Dock leaves,"

Dock leaves. The leaves used to remove thorns and splinters from pelts; Yellowpaw started to chew up some of the delicate green leaves. She was careful not to swallow any of the juice because it was needed for Beetlebreeze. Spitting the sour leaves on the black pelt of Beetlebreeze, the splinters from the branch that were stuck in his pelt came loose. The medicine cat apprentice easily took them

out. Now, the wound was clear. Yellowpaw could see the indent in his skin where the stick was; it was covered in blood.

Yellowpaw sighed, she needed to lick the wound clear. As soon as her tongue touched the indent, a familiar metallic taste filled her mouth. Blood.

From the nursery, the gray she-cat could hear a cat screaming in pain, followed by a shallow wail. *At least somethings going right.*

Remembering to focus, Yellowpaw looked at the tom. The bleeding had stopped. She sighed in relief as she finished dressing his wounds. "Now, all we can do is wait and see if he makes it."

Shimmerfire nodded. "I am going to stay here tonight,"

Yellowpaw nodded, "All right,"

"Us too?" Hollyleaf and Ravenheart questioned.

The medicine cat apprentice smirked. "Ask your mother,"

Shimmerfire purred half-heartedly. "I suppose so, I guess."

"Thank you!" the two black warriors settled down beside their mother.

Meanwhile...

Clovercloud was in immediate pain. All she saw was black; she was aware of Brackenfall with her. There was pain, and then there was nothing.

Except for the squeals of three kits.

Comment what ya thought please!!

43. Swiftkit, Cinderkit, and Mosskit

Gettin' a bit lonely on this account, but I hope you enjoy the chapter :)

Cinderheart was aware of very little. She was in between to other warm bodies, and they seemed perfectly unaware of her presence. Perfect. Then, she was perfectly aware of a huge tongue on her, and she immediately stretched open her eyes. Defense mode.

"Cinderkit!" a gray and white she-cat squealed before continuing to lick her.

"Wha?" Cinderhear-no, I guess Cinderkit- was perfectly confused.

"Now, if only your brother and sister would wake up." the she-cat sighed. "I'm Clovercloud,"

"Hi, Clovercloud," Cinderkit stated uncertainly.

That was when the gray she-cat opened her eyes.

"Mosskit!"

And then the tom.

"Swiftkit!"

The three kits edged close together in a defensive arc.

...But that only made Clovercloud purr in amusement. "My little warriors."

"Can we go outside?" Swiftkit asked.

"Of course,"

They dashed outside.

"What was that about?" Mosskit questioned after reaching the outdoors.

"Guys," Cinderkit tried to get their attention.

"Yes," the other two kit's attention swung to the gray she-cat.

"We're in the ThunderClan camp,"

"Oh," Swiftkit swallowed. "Is anyone else here?"

"I don't know," Cinderkit surveyed the camp. "Wait, yes,"

"What? Where?" Mosskit jumped up.

"Over there," the former warrior flicked her tail at the medicine den where many black pelts lay.

"Is that Hollyleaf and Ravenpaw?" Swiftkit inquired.

"Most likely."

They looked at each other.

"Well," Cinderheart stated. "This is a thing,"

44. Hollyleaf's Expecting Kits?

Hey, guys! I'm just going to tell you that I'll try to make my chapters longer, so this will be counted as my first attempt. The chapters just might be updated a little bit later than usual.

Anyway, I just want to tell you that this chapter has a really weird/surprising (however you interpret it) ending.

Drumrolls, please!

Bluefur and Oakheart were returning from hunting together when they saw her. They knew that Clovercloud had kitted, but they haven't seen the actual kits yet. What they saw shocked them. More reborns, and one of them shocked them straight to their cores; someone they haven't seen in ages. Someone who probably would have made a great warrior if she had a chance to grow.

Mosskit.

They erupted in immediate purrs, rushing over to the newborns.

"Bluefur!" even in StarClan, Mosskit had a habit of calling her by her warrior name.

"Bluestar," Swiftkit's and Cinderkit's eyes widened considerably. "We don't know how many of us are there..."

They traveled behind the nursery.

"Many," Oakheart answered grimly. "And some of them aren't from StarClan; a fairly decent portion of them belong to the Dark Forest. One didn't even go to StarClan or the Dark Forest; he's Littlepaw of RiverClan. Fortunately, we managed to convince one of the Dark Forest reborns onto our side."

Cinderkit growled. "And you don't know if they are just spying on us?"

"She has an extreme crush on Whitestorm." Bluefur told her seriously. "There is no way that she is a spy; her name is Mapleshade."

"Mapleshade," the gray she-cat's claws unsheathed and tore into the ground.

"We're serious!" Oakheart stated. "You should have seen her get close to Whitestorm."

Swiftkit took charge. "Who else are here?"

"Can you clarify? ThunderClan or all the clans?" the blue-gray warrior questioned.

"All the clans," Swiftkit responded after a moment's hesitation. "To know what we're dealing with."

"There may be someone I'm forgetting, but I'll try my best." Bluefur looked deep in concentration. "Well, there are you guys, Cinderkit, Swiftkit, and Mosskit. There are us, Oakheart and Bluefur. Fireheart, Silverstream, Sandstorm, Dustpelt, Ravenheart, Hollyleaf, Whitestorm, Graystripe, Yellowpaw, Jayfeather, Ashstar, Cloudtail, Tallpaw, Leafpaw, Crowpaw, Mapleshade, Tigerclaw, Hawkfrost, Thistleclaw, Brokentail, Moonpaw, Squirrelpaw, Bramblepaw, Tawnypaw, Featherkit, Brookkit, Littlepaw, Dovepaw, Ivypaw, Lionpaw...and I think that's it."

"But we outnumber them, right?" Mosskit inquired, determination in her eyes.

"Yeah, but they have sneakier ways. Their original plan was to make Fireheart go insane and basically take over his soul in order to kill off the heart of ThunderClan." Oakheart looked partially grossed out.

Cinderkit's tail went to cover her mouth, but this is what she said. "So, Lionblaze?"

"RiverClan," the oldest tom winced. "Sorry."

The gray she-cat's tail drooped.

"But don't let that stop you!" Bluefur flicked Oakheart with the tip of her tail. "I mean, that never stopped us, did it?"

"Good point!" that cheered Cinderkit up.

"So," Swiftkit cut in, "Is the Firestar-heart situation taken care of yet?"

Oakheart winced again. "That, we don't know. We are taking turns watching him; Sandstorm usually does it, though," he started to purr.

"Well, they were mates," Cinderkit shrugged.

"I suppose," the tom shrugged.

"Can we go try to find someone?" Mosskit squeaked.

"If they are in the camp," Bluefur purred.

"Wait! Does that mean we have to wait for six moons again?" Swiftkit complained.

That only made Bluefur purr louder. "Let's go check the warriors' den."

They trotted from behind the nursery to the warriors den.

"You guys wait here," the blue-gray she-cat told them. "I'll see if anyone's in there," she slipped in.

"Who do you think is in there?" Cinderkit's eyes widened hopefully.

"Well, it depends really. There could be that random warrior who knows nothing of us in there, or Fireheart could be in there under watch." Oakheart shrugged.

"Okay," Bluefur slipped out of the den. "Fireheart and Sandstorm are in there,"

They marched into the den.

"Fireheart? Sandstorm?" Oakheart asked cautiously.

"Oakheart, Bluefur," Sandstorm greeted, still fully awake. "You guys can come in as long as you are quiet. Fireheart had absolutely no sleep for the past few nights, and I just got him to sleep."

Bluefur and Oakheart nodded.

"We have something to tell you," Oakheart directed.

"Like what?" the pale ginger she-cat leaned forward.

"You know that Clovercloud had kits, and well, they are reborns." Bluefur explained.

"Which ones?" Sandstorm demanded, her tail stoking her mate's side.

"Us!" Mosskit marched up to her proudly, followed by Cinderkit and Swiftkit.

"Mosskit? Swiftpaw? Cinderheart?" Sandstorm recognized Bluefur's kit from StarClan.

"Yup!" Mosskit's thorn sharp teeth gleamed.

"No Dark Forest this time?" the ginger warrior looked to Oakheart and Bluefur for affirmation.

"No Dark Forest. We were lucky this time." Oakheart dipped his head in thanks to StarClan.

"But we can't be that fortunate every time." Sandstorm stated. "Thank StarClan we don't have to deal with any more right now."

"So, why did Fireheart not sleep for the past few nights?" Swiftkit went right to business.

"Well, one night he said he had a troubling dream that he told me not to tell you guys about, but I think it's time to let everyone know. He's been up for nights thinking about that dream, but he never told me what it was about. Anyways, I've just managed to make him sleep; don't wake him up," Sandstorm fretted.

"We won't!" Bluefur reassured. "We'll just ask him about it when he wakes up."

"Thank you," the ginger warrior dipped her head.

"Swiftkit! Mosskit! Cinderkit! You better not be bothering Sandstorm and Fireheart!" that was Clovercloud's voice.

"We aren't!" Cinderkit called back.

No one noticed Fireheart's ear twitch.

That was when the only queen in ThunderClan, Clovercloud herself, appeared at the entrance of the warriors' den. "I think it's time for you three to come back to the nursery,"

"Clovercloud!" Swiftkit started to complain.

"Don't wake Fireheart!" Clovercloud warned, herding the three kits back to the nursery.

"We didn't!" the only tom hissed.

The warriors just purred in amusement at the display.

Bluefur watched as Oakheart sat on the ground, looking extremely bored.

"Do you want to go out hunting again?" the blue-gray she-cat questioned.

Oakheart got a mischievious look in his eyes. "Of course,"

They raced outside of the camp.

"Where do you want to go?" the tom looked around the forest.

"The tunnel entrances. No one has hunted there for a while." Bluefur decided after a moment of thought.

"To the tunnel entrances it is," Oakheart started sprinting in one direction.

"It's the other way, mouse brain!" the blue-gray she-cat called after him.

"I knew that!" he looked back, still sprinting, before slamming into a tree.

This caused Bluefur to purr. "Sure you did,"

"It not like you know any better!" Oakheart complained, getting up, trying to make it look like he meant to do that.

They headed in the other direction, passing bushes, trees, brambles, and ferns.

"Which way now?" the tom looked around.

"This way," Bluefur guided him with her tail. "Follow me,"

He obeyed. "Why do you think that no one hunted here for a while?"

The blue-gray she-cat shrugged. "It doesn't really matter. Ashstar would have warned the camp if there was a fox or badger, so I just suppose no one wanted to go here recently."

A few paw steps later, they scented the warm smell of a living thing, but this wasn't prey. It was a cat. Hollyleaf. Oakheart and Bluefur hid downwind of her behind some ferns.

"I don't know what to do, Fallen Leaves!" the black she-cat cried.

"Keep calm. No matter what you do, don't let anyone know I'm down here. They'll try to send me back, and I don't want to." Fallen Leaves said seriously.

What are they talking about? Oakheart mouthed to Bluefur.

I don't know. Let's continue watching. Bluefur mouthed back.

"But I don't know what to do! How will I cover this up?" Hollyleaf was sobbing.

Oakheart remained clueless, but Bluefur knew exactly what she was discussing with Fallen Leaves.

"Oakheart," Bluefur hissed. "We need to go somewhere we can talk in private."

The tom nodded, and they ran away, all the way to the edge of the territory.

"What was that about?" Oakheart was still clueless.

"Oakheart," Bluefur looked at him seriously. "Hollyleaf is expecting Fallen Leave's kits."

"So?"

"There is no Fallen Leaves in our clan. Also, Hollyleaf is alive. Fallen Leaves is dead." the blue-gray she-cat flicked her tail.

"Oh,"

"Yes," Bluefur looked at him. "There could be something terribly wrong with these kits. They could quite possibly be more reborns, or they could not. They could be new, with supernatural powers, or, they could be born dead. We don't know."

Dun. Dun. DUN!

45. Tigerclaw Gets Another Step Up

"Oh," Oakheart suddenly got it. "So, how are we supposed to assist in keeping it a secret from not only this clan, but the other clans?"

"I don't know," Bluefur sighed. "I don't even think she wants us interfering at all. If she wants us to, she'd tell all the reborns and probably Marshfoot,"

"So, we wait," the tom flicked his tail impatiently.

"Yes," the blue-gray she-cat agreed.

-

"Fireheart," Tigerclaw approached the flame colored tom. "The time has come, kittypet."

"Shut up," Fireheart cut in, not caring about what Tigerclaw thought at all. "I thought we were past that." he groaned.

"You will never escape your heritage, Fireheart. The whole clan is onto you. There is something up. Your time is out." the great warrior sneered at him.

"Yeah, you've already said that, no need to repeat it," the flame colored tom retorted.

"But it's true." Tigerclaw was now right in front of the tom, towering down on him. "Fireheart, Fireheart, Fireheart,"

But Tigerclaw's voice suddenly sounded much more like a she-cat. A familiar she-cat...

"Fireheart! Fireheart!"

Fireheart awoke to Sandstorm prodding his side, trying to get him

awake. "What is it?"

"I believe you had a nightmare," Sandstorm closed her eyes. "You were twitching and talking in your sleep, and I didn't know what to do about it. So I woke you up."

"Thanks,"

"Was it an addition to your previous dream? You awoke in a similar fashion that time, too." the pale ginger she-cat stroked her mate's side.

"You could say that. Anything interesting happen while I was asleep?" Fireheart eventually asked.

"Well, you know Clovercloud's three kits? Yeah, well they're reborns. Swiftkit, Mosskit, and Cinderkit are now way to antsy in the nursery; they probably feel the same way we felt when we were trapped in there," Sandstorm explained.

"The feeling that we could do something, yet we can't?" the flame colored tom wondered.

"Exactly," his mate agreed.

"So, do you want to ask to go on a patrol?" Fireheart inquired.

"We could do that," Sandstorm rose to her feet.

And Fireheart followed her all the way.

"Fernfur?" the pale ginger cat called as she and Fireheart approached the deputy.

"Sandstorm! Fireheart!" she looked excited that they finally exited the warriors' den.

"Can we go on a patrol?" Sandstorm asked.

Way to go Fireheart, let Sandstorm do the talking. It should always be like this.

"Of course!" she was even more excited now. "You can go with Mossbird and Splashflight!"

"Okay," now the flame colored tom spoke up. What a coincidence.

"Mossbird! Splashflight!" Fernfur called out to the other warriors.

The two cats padded over to their deputy.

"Yes?" Mossbird questioned politely.

"Can you guys go on a patrol with Fireheart and Sandstorm over to the ShadowClan border?"

"Of course!" Splashflight dipped her head. It has been a while since she's done anything. *cough* author forgot about her for a period of time *cough*.

They went out. Walking and walking and walking and walking until they reached the ShadowClan border.

"Shall we start?" Mossbird invited.

Sandstorm put down the first marker, and her scent was washed along the border. Next was Fireheart; he put his scent a little bit further down the border. Then, Mossbird took part, and finally, Splashflight hopped on down and layed her marker.

It was a long process. One scent marker at a time; it was very boring. At least it was until they smelled the stench belonging to ShadowClan. On their side of the border.

Fireheart and Sandstorm shared a glance. They both knew it could be a simple trick of the Dark Forest again; Tigerclaw had taken the ThunderClan life known as Stonestripe because of this trick. They despised it. They hated it. They would never make that mistake again; it turned Fireheart's rage mode on, too. Not only because Tigerclaw deliberately killed his new father, but also because he's seen that trick before. It was when he was a relatively new warrior and he found a pile of rabbit bones bathed in ShadowClan scent; ThunderClan had sent a fairly large patrol to the ShadowClan camp, leaving Fireheart the only warrior. But that had been a trick, too.

No doubt Tigerclaw was behind the scenes on that one as well; while the ThunderClan patrol was heading to the ShadowClan camp, the medicine cat Yellowfang recognized the scent as Brokentail's. The patrol was heading to a hostile camp with false evidence; that was the trick. Then, Brokentail with his band of rogues attacked the ThunderClan camp.

The thing was, the death of Stonestripe hit Fireheart much harder. He suddenly couldn't breathe; the ShadowClan scent, the ShadowClan scent, the ShadowClan scent! His mind was whirling with this newly processed information. It wasn't ShadowClan, it was the Dark Forest! And yet, it was ShadowClan at the same time; Tigerclaw and the other evil reborns belonged to ShadowClan. It's always ShadowClan. Why was it always ShadowClan? Fireheart did not know. All he knew was that death was now highly inevitable, Mossbird and Splashflight were going to report this information to Ashstar and Fernfur who is inevitably going to send a patrol to confront the hostile ShadowClan camp, leaving ThunderClan's camp weak. And then...and then the Dark Forest would pounce. Killing, and maiming...

No, he couldn't let Mossbird and Splashflight report that to ThunderClan.

He would never have thought that Sandstorm would report such a trick to Ashstar and Fernfur; that was a challenge to be worked around. To slowly go against her and the others...Yes...

Tigerclaw and the Dark Forest had succeeded with the challenge Fireheart proposed.

The flame colored tom growled as he attacked Splashflight and Mossbird head on, teeth baring and claws unsheathed.

Tell me what you think! :D

46. Fireheart Must Be Possessed

Mossbird and Splashflight swirved out of the way of the suddenly vicious tom, surprised, their fur bristling.

"Fireheart? What are you doing?" Mossbird yelped as he barreled down upon her.

"Sandstorm!" Splashflight looked at the other she-cat in the eye. "I need you to go get the cats closest to Fireheart. I don't believe he would do this on his own terms; something must be going on with him. Whatever you do, don't tell Ashstar. If we try, we could avoid getting Fireheart in trouble if it is something he can't avoid." she paused. "We know about you, Sandstorm. Splashflight and I were once hunting, and you guys were talking about your rebirth. We know that we aren't supposed to spy on clanmates, but we started to get worried when you guys mentioned that Fireheart needed a guard to make sure that he doesn't go all out vicious on his clanmates. But that is happening now; do your duty, Sandstorm," and with that, Splashflight disappeared into battle against one of the most powerful warriors in the clan.

Other cats know about us! Sandstorm suddenly felt woozy. *How many more know about us? Can we trust all of them? What if they tell the cats that don't know?* Then, she paused. *Remember your duty, Sandstorm! Go get the other reborns, but don't make it too suspicious to the rest of the clan. Go!*

She dashed away at full speed, fully aware of Fireheart's gaze.

As she had turned around, Fireheart looked at her with that *I trusted you!* look in his eyes. She couldn't bear it; she ran. And ran. And ran. Until she could run no more.

At least, that was the plan. Instead, she ran into Oakheart and Bluefur.

"Sandstorm!" Bluefur greeted. "What brings you to this distant section of the territory?" the two mates had just finished discussing Hollyleaf's situation.

"Fireheart, he...he..." she broke down in sobs.

"He what?" Oakheart's eyes widened.

"He went crazy for some reason and attacked Splashflight and Mossbird." the pale ginger she-cat explained really quickly. "I need all of the other reborns besides Ashstar."

"What about Hollyleaf?" the blue-gray she-cat inquired, frightened that Tigerclaw had taken control.

"What about her?" Sandstorm looked confused.

"Nothing," Bluefur shook her head. "Let's go find them. Oakheart, I'll get Hollyleaf." she dashed off in the direction of the tunnels.

"All right," Oakheart looked panicked, turning to Sandstorm. "Let's get the others."

They ran towards the ThunderClan camp.

"Whatever you do," Sandstorm warned. "Don't tell Ashstar or anybody who doesn't know. Fireheart could be exiled for a deed played by the Dark Forest."

"Yes," the tom agreed.

They eventually arrived in their camp.

"I'll check the warriors' den." Sandstorm volunteered.

"I'll get Yellowpaw," Oakheart veered towards the medicine cat's den.

Inside the medicine den, Yellowpaw was curled up in her nest with her nose tucked under her tail.

"Yellowpaw!" the warrior hissed.

"What?" the gray she-cat lifted her head.

"Tigerclaw's making Fireheart attack Mossbird and Splashflight." Oakheart gasped for breath.

"What?" Yellowpaw repeated, suddenly dark and ominous.

"Just come on! We're trying to find the cats we can trust!" the tom whirled out of the den. "Let's see how Sandstorm's doing."

Yellowpaw bounded on after him. "Where is Sandstorm?"

"Warriors' den." Oakheart answered shortly, sticking his head into the den. "Sandstorm?"

"Oakheart! Help me wake up Graystripe, Dustpelt, Ravenheart, and Whitestorm!" the pale ginger cat franticly prodded them.

Oakheart pounced on Graystripe, and Yellowpaw decided that she should help by pouncing on Ravenheart.

"What's going on?" Ravenheart immediately woke up.

"Just help wake the others right now!" Yellowpaw was rushed. "We have a major problem on our paws!" she proceeded to pounce on Whitestorm.

Sandstorm was prodding Dustpelt.

"Don't prod him! Pounce on him!" Oakheart urged.

Sighing, the pale ginger she-cat decided to be submissive and she did as she was told.

"What?" Dustpelt immediately went into a defensive stance. "Oh, it's just you, Sandstorm."

"Help me wake up Graystripe! He's too much of a heavy sleeper!" Oakheart started to actually jump up and down on the gray tom.

Whitestorm was up; he didn't know why they were in such a rush. It seemed important, though.

Eventually, Graystripe woke up.

"Now, what's going on!" Dustpelt growled.

Sandstorm tried to stay as calm as possible. "You know how Tigerclaw and the Dark Forest have been targeting Fireheart?"

"What about it?" Graystripe was immediately worried about his friend.

"Well, let's just say that before I started looking for everyone Fireheart attacked Mossbird and Splashflight. The details aren't important, but we need to find the other reborns that we can trust. Do any of you know where Mapleshade, Jayfeather, and Silverstream are?" the pale ginger she-cat looked at Graystripe.

"Silverstream is currently hunting near horseplace." Graystripe reported. "She said that she wanted to show Mapleshade where it was, too. Jayfeather was bored so he tagged along. I saw them leave the camp together."

"Let's go. Quickly." Sandstorm dashed at full speed out of the camp.

They followed with as much speed as they could muster.

"What happens if Fireheart is exiled for this?" Ravenheart shyly questioned.

"Well," Oakheart winced. "That I do not know. StarClan could no propose a fate so cruel for Fireheart; he's done too much good for that."

"But that could play an important role in a prophecy of some sort." the black tom continued.

"Let's not think about that."

"Okay,"

They were at full speed when they passed the tunnels, and Hollyleaf and Bluefur joined their pack.

"Did you explain everything to Hollyleaf?" Oakheart inquired.

"Yes, she wanted to go directly to Fireheart, but I convinced her that we needed all of us. Splashflight and Mossbird are strong; they should be able to hold up against Fireheart." Bluefur reported.

"This way!" Graystripe yowled, veering to one side.

The pack followed.

"Silverstream!" he started to yell again.

"Graystripe?" the gray she-cat appeared through the trees. "I thought you were resting in camp,"

"Yeah, but Tigerclaw made a move against Fireheart, and now, he's attack Mossbird and Splashflight," he explained quickly.

Her eyes the size as moons, she yowled. "Jayfeather! Mapleshade!"

The two cats appeared through the undergrowth after what felt like a million heart beats.

"What's wrong?" Mapleshade inquired.

"Do you remember Tigerclaw's original plan?" Sandstorm asked.

"Yeah..."

"Well, it's taking action now. If we run towards the ShadowClan border we might be able to save Mossbird and Splashflight..." the pale ginger she-cat turned around and sprinted at high speeds.

The pack will follow.

-

"Fireheart..." Splashflight slowly approached the ginger tom.

The truth? Fireheart had attacked them; I bet you already knew that. Well, it appeared that the two older warriors couldn't handle a younger one. He was a risk taker, and now Mossbird was out for the count. Hopefully not forever. The she-cat thought about how she

felt about the situation in the beginning.

*I was filled with so much hope that this could be sorted out without telling the rest of ThunderClan...but it appears that it is inevitable. If we go back to camp, there will be a lot of questions. We could always blame it on ShadowClan or a rabbit or something, but Ashstar would send a patrol to ShadowClan if we said the former and a rabbit could never do this much damage...I just hope that the reborns get here soon...*Splashflight continued to approach the now fierce flame colored warrior.

"Splashflight," Fireheart circled her, as if finding an opportunity to attack, which he probably was.

"What's wrong with you?"

"There's nothing wrong with me. There's something wrong with you and the rest of ThunderClan." he paused. "I believe that the ShadowClan scent is a trick; I've seen the like twice now. Each one of them ended badly; Stonestripe died last time. My first time, a rogue band with ShadowClan's scent did it, and ThunderClan sent a patrol to the ShadowClan camp. That really didn't end well either." Fireheart sneered.

"But that doesn't mean you have to attack us," Splashflight reasoned.

"If I don't attack you, you'll tell Ashstar, and then, the plan would be in action." the flame colored tom circled the she-cat a little bit more before pouncing.

And that's when the pack of reborns burst through the undergrowth.

"Fireheart!" Sandstorm called. "Stop it!"

"Shut up!"

Mapleshade sighed, completely frightened. "It appears that Tigerclaw's plan is working...We have to stop it." she got a look of fierce determination in her eyes.

Bluefur approached the two fighting warriors. "Fireheart, please

stop it. I know in my previous life I could get a little...cranky, but you always did as you were told. You were incredibly loyal to ThunderClan, and I don't believe that Tigerclaw, the one you would never let win, could do this. Please stop it." she looked at him with hopeful eyes.

This time, with plenty more reasoning from not only Bluefur but Sandstorm and the rest of the reborns and Splashflight, Fireheart reluctantly got off of Splashflight.

"Watch your backs." it was clear that Fireheart wasn't back to normal yet, though.

"That's something we have to work on." Silverstream decided.

"Yeah," Graystripe agreed, worried about his best friend. "But at least we stopped him from attacking his clanmates."

"But where is Fireheart?" Ravenheart looked around, seriously afraid that he'll pop out of nowhere and attack everybody.

"...Didn't he go back to camp?" Whitestorm questioned.

"He went in that direction." Sandstorm picked up his scent.

Bluefur sighed. "We can't watch him over all the time; we have to trust him a little."

"But Tigerclaw got to him, and now Fireheart's rampant," Mapleshade pulled at the grass nervously. "He could be anywhere."

The reborns and Splashflight looked at each other.

"I suggest we get Mossbird and Splashflight back to camp first," Yellowpaw decided. "There, Brackenfall and I can treat their wounds."

"But how will we explain it?" Splashflight inquired.

"We could cover your scent with bracken or fern and say that you were attacked by a rabbit." Bluefur suggested.

"Fireheart was with us, though," Mossbird looked up from where she lie, struggling to her paws.

"If he's at camp, we could say that he left early; if he's not at camp, we can say that he was laying scent markers at a different place and didn't know you guys were being attacked." Oakheart answered.

The managed to get back to camp; Fireheart was nowhere to be seen.

"What happened?" Brackenfall and Ashstar stormed out of their respective dens.

"We were attacked by a rogue rabbit," Mossbird croaked.

"A rabbit?" Ashstar remembered Longtail.

"Yeah," Splashflight agreed. "It was huge."

"Wasn't Fireheart with you guys?" Fernfur approached them.

"He was laying markers in a different place." the gray she-cat known as Mossbird explained.

"Oh, let's get you guys cleaned." Brackenfall rushed them towards the medicine cat's den.

"Where do you think Fireheart is?" Ravenheart asked nervously.

"I have no clue." Silverstream sighed.

-

He couldn't go back. He shouldn't go back. He wouldn't go back. He won't go back.

Not ever.

Fireheart dashed to the end of ThunderClan's territory, where ShadowClan and ThunderClan hunted during the flood. Right where Tigerclaw expected he would go.

"Fireheart," he greeted, trying to sound as warm as possible. "What

have you learned today?"

The flame colored tom skidded to a halt beside Tigerclaw, surprised that the great ShadowClan warrior was there. "Um, that I can't trust my fellow reborns?"

"And why is that?" Tigerclaw pressed.

"I trusted Sandstorm not to tell anyone that I was attacking Splashflight and Mossbird, but she went to get the other StarClan reborns. No doubt they're telling the clan now." Fireheart added that last part after a moment's hesitation.

"That's how StarClan is; they are so good that they can't keep a secret for their own best friend." the great warrior looked at his paws.

Fireheart nodded in agreement.

"And your clan's elders were insulting your heritage?"

"Yes, they were." the flame colored tom winced.

"ShadowClan needs more warriors, Fireheart," Tigerclaw looked up, so did Fireheart. "I was sent by Lizardstar to find some new recruits. He'll even accept a ThunderClan warrior like you; there, you would never be insulted for your heritage. You wouldn't be discriminated against, and if you needed secrets kept us reborns there would keep them for you. Would you like to join us, Fireheart? Join ShadowClan?" the ShadowClan warrior looked hopeful.

Fireheart looked almost certain. "You guys would keep my secrets, and I won't be discriminated against?"

"Guaranteed. My group of reborns would treat you like one of our own." Tigerclaw promised.

The flame colored tom looked relieved. "Okay."

They looked at each other gladly before Tigerclaw led him towards the ShadowClan camp.

47. The Complex Omen

Ahhh!!! Guys!!! We reached 334 views! Can't wait to reach 400! :D

Tigerclaw led Fireheart through the peats of the ShadowClan territory. All Fireheart could see were pines, needles, brush, some sunlight, and mud; the ThunderClan in him told him to attack the great ShadowClan warrior. The rebel side went against that thought.

"We're almost there." Tigerclaw notified.

All Fireheart did was nod. He knew all of this already.

Once they were in the ShadowClan camp, the great warrior was bombarded by questions on why a ThunderClan cat was there.

"Lizardstar told me to go look for new recruits," Tigerclaw interrupted. "I just happened to stumbled upon Fireheart here. He didn't want to be part of ThunderClan anymore," he explained.

There were some kits in the nursery who couldn't believe their ears. Bramblekit, Tawnykit, Moonkit, and Squirrelkit were five moons old; they couldn't believe that their former leader would want to join ShadowClan. Their prey was...different, that was for sure. Did this mean that Fireheart had betrayed them? He did walk in with Tigerclaw.

"There is no way Fireheart betrayed us." Bramblekit hissed.

"I know my former father." Squirrelkit objected. "He wouldn't disobey us."

LINE BREAK

"Fireheart's been gone for a while." Ashstar calmly observed. "Are you sure he was continuing to check the border when you left?

Sandstorm swallowed. "I believe so."

The ThunderClan leader turned towards his waiting clan. "Fernfur, send out a search party for Fireheart. I want you to lead it with Sandstorm, Blazefur, Silverstream, and Mapleshade."

"Yes, Ashstar," Fernfur dipped her head as she collected the called cats.

"We have to find my son!" Blazefur wailed.

"We will," the deputy reassured with a slightly crazed look in her eyes.

"But what if a ShadowClan warrior got him? He could be dead!" the ginger she-cat yelled.

"We could save him if we hurry." Fernfur growled. "Sandstorm lead the way to where you lost touch with Fireheart."

Sandstorm nodded before disappearing through the undergrowth. The patrol followed.

Later, they entered an open area. Upon observing, the patrol realized that their was blood on the ground with the scent of Mossbird and Splashflight.

"Where was Fireheart during this?" the deputy muttered to herself.

Sandstorm inwardly winced. She knew what Fireheart was actually doing when Mossbird and Splashflight were being attacked, but Sandstorm didn't know where he went afterwards.

"Sandstorm," Fernfur nominated. "Since you probably know Fireheart's scent the best," Silverstream snickered their. "I wish you to lead us to the place where Fireheart's scent leads."

"Yes, Fernfur," Sandstorm dipped her head in a similar fashion that Fernfur used while talking to Ashstar.

After taking a few heart beats to pick up the flame colored tom's scent, the pale ginger she-cat lead the patrol towards the direction

of no-clans territory...the territory used by ThunderClan during the Great Flood.

"Why would Fireheart go here?" Sandstorm heard Silverstream mutter.

"There must be something wrong with my son!" I'll let you guess who said that one.

"There actually might be." Fernfur agreed.

Yes, Sandstorm thought. *There is something wrong with him indeed. Curse you, Tigerclaw*...she didn't want Fireheart to go.

Silverstream, in her mind, was personally thinking that Fireheart over reacted. I mean, Fireheart was so strong in his previous life! This must have something to do with the omen they had received...Fire in the shape of tiger stripes destroying bracken, only to be quenched by the water of...a storm! This must be it. Fireheart must have just had a really bad nightmare, or the Dark Forest must have just have been trying to frighten him.

This was Silverstream's theory: Fireheart would join Tigerclaw. She didn't know if he had already done so, but she was fairly certain that he would. Destroying the bracken...hurting ThunderClan in a way? Silverstream had conflicting emotions over this part. And being quenched by the water from a storm...That could mean that Fireheart is brought back by Sandstorm! If anybody could bring him back, she could.

"Sandstorm!" Silverstream could not let this wait.

"Yes?" Sandstorm paused from her trail.

The gray she-cat looked to the deputy. "Can Sandstorm and I have a moment? I think I know something that might be able to help her."

Fernfur nodded. "We'll continue." Blazefur and the deputy continued forward.

"Yes, Silverstream?" Sandstorm whirled around.

"I think we have the omen wrong. The one with the burning bracken? Yeah, that one. So Fireheart would join Tigerclaw, and somehow they would hurt ThunderClan. Maybe emotionally? But then you, Sandstorm, the water from the storm that quenched the fire, could bring Fireheart back to ThunderClan. You could have a happy ever after if I got it right." the gray she-cat explained.

The pale ginger she-cat sighed. "I've never seen such a complicated omen...I believe you, Silverstream." the two she-cats shared a glance.

"Is something bothering you?" Silverstream pressed.

"Yeah," Sandstorm winced. "Silverstream, I wasn't going to tell anyone yet, I had just found out."

"What is it?"

The pale ginger she-cat continued. "I'm expecting kits, Silverstream."

Comment! Vote! Share! You know the drill! ;)

48. Fireheart in ShadowClan

"Oh," Silverstream swallowed. "That might be a problem."

"Do you really think so?" Sandstorm questioned. "We better get going anyway."

They quickly caught up with Blazefur and Fernfur.

"So," Fernfur looked at them, kind of like how a teenage female Twoleg would look at a bestie, "What was that about?"

"Um," Silverstream stuttered. "Nothing..."

"Really?" the deputy looked suspicious.

"It's all right, Silverstream," Sandstorm turned towards the rest of the patrol. "I'm expecting kits,"

"With my son?" Blazefur's eyes went wider than the sun in the sky. "Oh my StarClan! Now, I have to make sure that nothing is wrong with you; I also have to make sure that Fireheart doesn't die. That would be disastrous."

"Blazefur," Fernfur cut in. "I'm very happy for you, Sandstorm. Fireheart is a lucky tom."

They continued on their search.

-

Lizardstar charged out of his den. "Tigerclaw,"

"Lizardstar," Tigerclaw dipped his head. "Fireheart here wishes to join our clan,"

"How do you know he won't betray us in the heat of an oncoming battle?" the leader of ShadowClan inquired.

"Trust me," the great warrior reassured confidently. "He won't."

Lizardstar's eyes gleamed. "Let the Clan gather!" he yelled that because a certain author doesn't know what the correct one is.

The whole clan, warriors, apprentices, elders, deputy, medicine cat, queens, and kits gathered beneath their clan leader.

"Ever since Mapleshade betrayed us," Lizardstar announced. "We've needed more warriors. Mapleshade herself joined ThunderClan," many growls erupted because of this. "Therefore, we need an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a warrior for a warrior."

Most of the clan, minus the StarClan reborns, shifted in anticipation.

"Young Fireheart of ThunderClan felt betrayed by his so called comrades. Luckily before he could have run completely out of the way of the clans' territories, Tigerclaw found him. He was right outside ThunderClan territory, heading to StarClan knows where. Tigerclaw convinced him that not every clan is like ThunderClan," Lizardstar observed his surroundings. "Fireheart has agreed to join ShadowClan."

"How do you know he won't betray us?" a warrior, Toadclaw, called out.

"Fireheart felt betrayed in ThunderClan. He would never purposefully go back on the clan he was always destined to belong to. Fireheart here has always been destined to be great in ShadowClan, not ThunderClan." the ShadowClan leader assured.

The Dark Forest reborns looked victorious. They had indeed won the great ThunderClan leader Firestar over to their side. Nothing would stop them now.

"And I would like to announce Fireheart as the newest warrior of ShadowClan. May he guard our camp while we sleep." Lizardstar's eyes gleamed with the delight in having one of ThunderClan's greatest warriors on ShadowClan's side. If they were to wage war, the tables would probably be turned to ShadowClan's favor.

"Fireheart! Fireheart!" most of the clan were cheering.

But some weren't. Moonkit, Squirrelkit, Bramblekit, and Tawnykit couldn't believe their ears or eyes. It was true; Fireheart had left ThunderClan. He probably joined the Dark Forest; StarClan's side had taken a fatal blow. They doubted they were safe anymore.

"Maybe I don't know him as well as I thought," Squirrelkit murmured.

-

The next morning, the Dark Forest members streamed from the warriors den.

"We must go out of the camp where no one can overhear us." Breezepelt urged.

"Now that we have you on the right side, we can place another attack." Darkstripe was practically pushing Fireheart out of the camp.

Once they were out of camp, Tigerclaw took charge. "Fireheart, before you left ThunderClan, what was their plans?"

"They were trying to figure out which plan you guys would use; once they figured that out, they would go from there. We also got several prophecies and omens." Fireheart reported.

"What were they?" the great ShadowClan warrior was now intrigued.

"Everything will be solved by the cats around you; everyone there shall affect what you do." Fireheart did his best to recall that prophecy. "It was basically just saying that we were in the future and that cats from the other side were also there."

"They other?" Tigerclaw proposed.

"It was a bracken that caught flame, and the flame was in the shape of tiger stripes. Eventually, though, a storm made the fire go out." the flame colored tom stated.

"Do you know what that means?" Tigerclaw asked.

"Yes," Fireheart answered. "At least I think I do."

"In my way of interpreting it, you and I will reign havoc on ThunderClan; I believe that the bracken represented ThunderClan. When the storm made the fire go out, that, well, I think it's self explanatory," the reborns winced. "But that just means that the storm must be exposed of." Tigerclaw looked over his group of reborns.

"But who's the storm?" Breezepelt really was clueless sometimes.

"The only cat who could potentially make Fireheart switch back to StarClan's side." Tigerclaw's gaze darkened. "Sandstorm."

What will happen? Comment!

49. The Plan Begins

Maybe it was because no one knows how much they love someone until they are at the final decision. Maybe it was because Fireheart lost all love for Sandstorm. Maybe it was because he felt betrayed.

"Okay," Fireheart only shrugged.

"Do you still have some of your ThunderClan scent?" Tigerclaw questioned.

"I think so," Fireheart turned around and checked.

"Don't worry, he does," Darkstripe wrinkled his nose.

"Are we going to tell Lizardstar the plan?" Fireheart inquired.

"No," Tigerclaw answered. "He'd never approve of it. You can go back now that we know you still have your ThunderClan scent. You can retrace your pawsteps and meet a search patrol that is most likely looking for you. Then, you'll go back to ThunderClan. That's where our plan will begin. After you leave the prey with a distinct ThunderClan scent, leave it with us. We can then go out and face ThunderClan, but you have to be sure that no one will recognize your scent specifically. That would ruin the plan. Cover some of it with ferns or something. When we reach the ThunderClan camp, you will eventually hear my signal; you remember it from your earlier life, right?"

Fireheart nodded.

"Good, when you hear that, I want you to go and start killing cats; try to get to Sandstorm. I hear that you will probably be with Sandstorm, so I think that won't be any trouble at all." the great warrior nodded. "Do you understand?"

"Yes,"

"Start retracing your steps." the Dark Forest cats watched as

Fireheart sprinted away to where he met Tigerclaw.

-

"Fireheart!" Blazefur cheered as she spotted her son. "Don't ever scare me like that again! You know how I get when I'm scare; I start to freak out about things!"

Fireheart frowned. "You freak out over every little thing."

"That's not the point!" the ginger she-cat started to lick the flame colored tom profusely.

"Fireheart!" Sandstorm bounded up to her mate.

"I think we should go back to camp now," Fernfur started to literally push her patrol all the way back to camp.

All was quiet except for the sound of the deputy grunting as she pushed her patrol and the song of three birds.

Sorry for such shortness!

50. The Prophecy Is Completed

LISTEN UP, EVERYBODY! SOMETHING RATHER TRAGIC HAPPENS IN THIS CHAPTER, BUT IT DOESN'T END THAT WAY! DON'T GIVE UP HALFWAY THROUGH THE CHAPTER! YOU'LL LIKE THE END!

After what felt like moons of pushing the patrol back to camp, Fernfur collapsed as Fireheart, Sandstorm, and Blazefur chatted like there was no tomorrow. "Couldn't you have helped me by actually moving once in a while? It takes forever to push all three of you back to camp!" she growled.

"Sorry, Fernfur!" Fireheart had a smile on, but on the inside, he was sniping at her.

"As long as you are sorry. Where did you go off to after Mossbird and Splashflight came back covered in injuries?" the deputy looked at Fireheart pointedly.

The flame colored tom had a dark look in his eyes. "I had to finish placing scent marks on our border."

"But you were in the opposite direction of the way the patrol was heading," Fernfur pointed out.

"What was wrong with you?" Blazefur looked over her son for injuries. "You could have been attacked by a ShadowClan patrol, hit by a falling tree, many things!" she stomped over to face Fireheart.

"Well, after I finished the patrol, I decided that the clan could use a little more prey; I didn't catch anything by the time you guys found me, though. I apologize for making you worry." the flame colored warrior lied smoothly.

"Fireheart," Sandstorm somehow caught his wandering attention. "I need to tell you something."

Silverstream was smirking behind Fireheart's back. He would have the shock of his life.

"What is it?" Fireheart questioned.

"We can't say it here," the pale ginger warrior guided the tom to a distant section of the camp.

"What is it?" the flame colored tom repeated.

Sandstorm sighed. "I'm expecting kits, Fireheart." she announced quiet enough that only he could hear.

"What?" Fireheart almost collapsed then and there.

The pale ginger she-cat only rolled her eyes. "I'm expecting kits," she repeated.

"Oh, to the nursery!" the flame colored warrior took turn to push Sandstorm in the direction of the ThunderClan nursery.

Even if he was sent by Tigerclaw and the rest of the Dark Forest warriors besides Mapleshade, he had a huge grin on his face; this was a very important time in a cat's life, after all.

That was when the ever so familiar cry rang out; Tigerclaw, Darkstripe, Hawkfrost, Breezepelt, and Brokentail shot out of the barriers.

"I've never seen Tigerclaw do something so mouse brained." Sandstorm looked at the mini patrol incredulously. "If they are attacking, they would be easily beaten, so they must have backup somewhere..." that was proof that the pale ginger she-cat was extremely clever.

Then, in a moment's notice, Sandstorm was gone; Fireheart looked from cat to cat, trying to find a chance to make himself known. He spotted one in the section of the clearing that no one was at.

He had no plan. He had no back up...

...

...

...

...

But doesn't that just scare you?

On the other side of the clearing, the Dark Forest warriors had a sudden sadistic gleam in their eyes; their plan had worked. There was no backing down.

The first one Fireheart leapt upon was Oakheart; he toppled over in surprise.

"F-Fireheart? What in StarClan are you doing?" he looked up at the flame colored tom.

But he only saw one thing.

A manic, sadistic gleam.

"Fireheart," Oakheart pushed the smaller tom off of him. "What is wrong with you?"

"There is absolutely nothing wrong with me." Fireheart growled.

Oakheart had attacked him; he had beaten him in the practice battle held by Fernfur. And that was what made Fireheart furious. He had been beaten by someone he trusted. Even if it was only practice, it felt so real. It felt so traitorous. It was a cause in need of revenge.

He continued his blood thirsty reign.

"Fireheart!" Sandstorm sprinted as fast as she could towards her mate. "Don't do this! This is not you, this is Tigerclaw! Remember in your past life when you died killing him? Remember that? Remember how you would never give up? Never surrender? Never fall down? And if you did, you would pick yourself right back up?" the pale ginger she-cat cried. "You are my mate, Fireheart; think of our kits! Please, think of our kits!"

The battle seemed to freeze.

"What does past life mean?" Grassjaw looked at them like they were mental.

"Kits?" Bluefur questioned. "Really?"

"Not now!" Sandstorm was wailing now. "Don't do this, Fireheart! Don't do this!"

Tigerclaw and the other sinister reborns approached the crying ginger she-cat. "That's not going to work, Sandpaw."

"That's not my name!" Sandstorm glared at Tigerclaw. "You did this! You did everything!"

The StarClan reborns and Mapleshade started slowly towards the vicious Fireheart and the wailing Sandstorm. Even Mosskit, Cinderkit, and Swiftkit.

"I didn't know this could actually happen," Cinderkit focused on not wailing and crying all the way back to the nursery.

But that was when other cats streamed into the ThunderClan camp. Familiar cats.

Who were they?

Cloudtail.

Lionblaze. He and his littermates had recently been named warriors.

Dovewing.

Ivypool.

Littlestorm.

Talltail; he and his littermates had also recently became a warriors.

Leafpool.

Crowfeather.

Stormpaw; a new RiverClan apprentice.

Featherpaw.

Brookpaw.

Moonpaw; she and her fellow StarClan reborns had become apprentices.

Squirrelpaw

Bramblepaw.

Tawnypaw.

The rest of he StarClan reborns; Mudpaw himself had joined in the fighting and was now trying to kill ThunderClan cats.

All of the reborns, including Ashstar, approached Fireheart.

"Why are you doing this?" Cloudtail was extremely saddened to see his former mentor, former uncle, no *uncle*.

"Stop it!" Tawnypaw couldn't take it anymore.

"I don't believe you would actually do this if you were Firestar!" Leafpool wailed.

Fireheart's eyes darted around the reborns, completely confused. So many cats, all of them were extremely familiar, yet some of them weren't from this clan. All the scents, all the confusion, all of the oncoming dread of what he had done to Oakheart.

As for the Oakheart, he had slowly edged Fireheart off of him, and the flame colored tom allowed himself to be pushed off without fighting back.

"Don't stop!" Tigerclaw yowled.

"...Why *am* I doing this?" the flame colored tom's eyes continued to dart around, thoroughly confused.

"There must be something wrong with you!" Blazefur was

panicking, running around the camp as her sons battled each other.

"Please," Sandstorm approached Fireheart. "Think of our kits. Think of everything we have done together. SkyClan, the Great Battle, I couldn't stand being alone after you died." she looked up at him desperately. "Believe you can let what Tigerclaw and the other Dark Forest cats lead you to believe."

"No!" Hawkfrost went into a killing rage.

"You are doing this because you want revenge!" Brokentail shouted out in the loudest voice he could muster.

"The ThunderClan elders insulted the kittypets!" Breezepelt attempted to make him stay.

"Oakheart-" Tigerclaw was interrupted.

"Shut up." Fireheart was shaking at this point.

"What?" the great ShadowClan warrior was bewildered.

"Shut up!" the flame colored tom yelled, his eyes blazing.

What were in them?

The same sadistic glow that he had first directed at Oakheart, but now it was at Tigerclaw and the rest of the Dark Forest reborns minus Mapleshade.

Perhaps that would never change.

"Believe you can let go. Believe in your thoughts." Sandstorm continued, brushing her muzzle against Fireheart's side. "Believe in me," the pale ginger she-cat wanted more than anything for Fireheart to come back.

Hollyleaf had come out of the nursery when the ShadowClan warriors had first arrived. She didn't go back.

Fireheart himself glanced down at Sandstorm; he licked the top of her head once before turning towards the Dark Forest cats. All of

them, except one. Mapleshade.

Who was he facing? Many cats. Who were they?

Tigerclaw.

Hawkfrost.

Brokentail.

Breezepelt.

Mudpaw.

All of them. At once.

Yowling in an intense rage, Fireheart launched himself at him.

"Remember their betrayal!" that was Tigerclaw's weak excuse.

"Shut up!" the flame colored tom would repeat that whenever the were to talk.

He lunged; they dodged. He swiped; they parried. It was a weird dance to the death.

He had one pinned down, another one would tear him off.

The other reborns from StarClan and Mapleshade surrounded them.

"Fireheart." Bluefur grinned.

"Out of the way." Silverstream continued. "Remember, I was the perfect one."

The flame colored tom had to roll his eyes, distracted for a moment.

Tigerclaw lunged, pinning him to the ground.

"No!" Sandstorm had big, watery eyes at this point.

Fireheart tried to fight back, but he had one weakness in battle besides his loved ones. Fernfur had pointed it out. Tigerclaw was a

much heavier cat than he was. The great warrior wrestled him to the ground, paws on his throat.

"Now!" the well-known blue-gray she-cat charged, ramming Tigerclaw.

But it was too late. Tigerclaw had been pushed off, sure, but Fireheart was down for the count. There was something that Twoleg's called a trachea, and Fireheart's was completely closed off.

He didn't move. He didn't even twitch.

Yowling in rage, the other reborns swarmed the Dark Forest cats.

There screams in agony didn't last long.

"Fireheart," Sandstorm was practically on her mate. "Wake up! Don't leave me! I need you!"

"THERE IS SOMETHING SERIOUSLY WRONG WITH MY SON! HE WON'T WAKE UP! HE WON'T WAKE UP! HIS THROAT HAS WEIRD BRUISES ON IT! BRACKENFALL! YELLOWPAW! WHERE IN STARCLAN ARE YOU?" Blazefur was never this freaked out in her life.

The StarClan reborns and Mapleshade stopped the massacre they were taking part in.

"No," Squirrelpaw had tears in her eyes.

Brackenfall streaked out of his den, Yellowpaw in tow. "What happened?" he demanded.

"Several ShadowClan cats burst through and attacked the clan. Fireheart was somehow in their control, so he also attacked everybody. We convinced him to stop, and he lashed out at the ShadowClan cats. One of them, Tigerclaw, had his paws on his throat. Some of us had just finished killing the cats who stormed the camp and made Fireheart go crazy in the first place, but now, Fireheart won't wake up! He never let them win! Never!" Sandstorm howled. "Wait, how did you not hear the commotion?" she was suspicious now.

"He's had his face in poppy seeds all day," Yellowpaw was checking over Fireheart. "Brackenfall..."

The ginger medicine cat went up and checked the gray she-cat's work. "He's dead..."

"WHAT? WHAT DID YOU SAY? WHY DID YOU SAY IT? IT CAN'T BE TRUE! IT JUST CAN'T!" Sandstorm buried her face into Fireheart's pelt.

"I'm sorry," Brackenfall looked at the pale ginger warrior in pity.

"Leave me alone," the pale ginger she-cat wailed.

The other reborns didn't know what to think. Fireheart had died for the tenth time...in the paws of Tigerclaw.

Grief overwhelmed them.

Cloudtail couldn't believe it. Squirrelpaw had a newfound rage on the ground. Bramblepaw glared at everything. Sandstorm sobbed her life away. Talltail wanted revenge. Blazefur was freaking out in the backround.

Leafpool?

She knew it was wrong.

Every cat backed away from Fireheart's body, ashamed that they couldn't do more.

But that was when something unexpected happened. No one noticed it at first, but eventually it became obvious.

It just started out as Fireheart's eyes cracking open. Then, a soft purr. Next, he started licking Sandstorm.

The pale ginger she-cat looked up. "Both Brackenfall and Yellowpaw announced that you were dead," grief filled her eyes as she let millions of tears fall.

The clans attention was caught again. The normal cats decided to

forget about the whole "past life" thing, more pressing matters were on their paws. The reborns were in shock; Fireheart really must be a miracle. He wasn't even a leader yet he came back to life just as a leader would.

With everyone watching, Fireheart curled around his mate, licking her. "Even StarClan couldn't stop my undying love for you."

Sandstorm looked up at him before purring and resting her muzzle on his pelt.

THIS IS NOT OVER YET! I intend on have quite a few other prophecies, adventures, etc. Just because the Dark Forest reborns minus Mapleshade are dead doesn't mean that the story is over! There will be more catastrophes and everything! Don't stop reading thinking *Oh well, it's over* . It's not over! :D

51. Animal Abusers

"Can you guys please explain something?" the Clan had just gotten used to Fireheart returning from the dead. The other cats from the other clans left too, and, even though they were evil, they buried the Dark Forest reborns.

"Yes, Fernfur?" Fireheart looked up from his mate.

"Why were you guys constantly talking about your past life thingy?" the deputy was confused.

The flame colored tom's breath hitched, and he looked at the other reborns for support. "Um, it's just a game we used to play as a kit." he thought that was a pretty good excuse.

"You were some weird kits," the non reborn Clan all agreed on that.

Ashstar leapt up onto the Highledge. He didn't have to call out for the clan; they were all already out there. "That was very traumatic and all, but it is obvious that Lizardstar didn't send those warriors here. It was very mouse brained of them, but Fireheart actually died. We must thank StarClan for returning his soul. Brackenfall, was it a sign?"

Brackenfall gazed up at Ashstar. "Yes, and I believe that it means that Fireheart is going to be a great ThunderClan hero. I don't know how, but I believe that he will." the ginger medicine cat was really faithful.

"We also need to increase border patrols. Fernfur, can you organize those?" Ashstar inquired.

"Of course," the gray she-cat agreed.

That was when the ThunderClan leader leapt down from the Highledge. "We also need some hunting patrols."

"Okay," Fernfur started to sort out those.

"Fireheart," Brackenfall approached the flame colored tom after Ashstar's speech. "Can I look you over? I want to see if your health after coming back from StarClan is the same as a perfectly healthy cat who hasn't died."

Fireheart looked over at Sandstorm.

"I don't think I'm going anywhere." the pale ginger she-cat assured. "He just wants to see if you are healthy."

"Okay," the flame colored tom shrugged before following after the medicine cat into his den.

Fernfur started to announce who was going on the patrols. "Whitestorm, can you lead a patrol along the WindClan border? Thanks, take Grassjaw, Jayfeather, and Blackbriar with you." the white tom started to gather the said cats. "Acornwish, take a patrol consisting of you, Dustpelt, Emberblaze, and Bluefur along the ShadowClan border." these cats were more nervous than the ones going along the WindClan border. "I'll lead a hunting patrol with Silverstream, Oakheart, and Ravenheart."

The deputy approached the group of reborns, guiding out the cats she needed with her tail.

"I bet I'll catch more prey!" Silverstream taunted.

"You're on!" Oakheart excepted her bet.

"If I win, you need to clean my bedding, if I lose, you need to clean my bedding," the silver she-cat tried to trick him.

"That's not fair! If I win, you have to clean my bedding!" he protested.

"Fine," Silverstream was disappointed that her plan didn't work.

They marched on.

Once they arrived at the chosen site for hunting, Fernfur turned towards the rest of her patrol. "Ravenheart, can you hunt closer to Twolegplace?"

Ravenheart literally jumped five tail lengths into the air. "You want me to go to Twolegplace?" he stuttered.

"No, around Twolegplace," the deputy purred in amusement. "Don't go into Twolegplace."

"Oh, right," the black tom swallowed. "I'll go do that then," he turned around and tottered off to the area surrounding Twolegplace.

"Good, Silverstream, can you hunt a little closer to the hollow? We havent' hunted there for a while. Oakheart, I need you to hunt closer towards the training hollow," Fernfur chose her area and sauntered away.

Silverstream and Oakheart shared a glance before shrugging and walking off to their chosen areas.

Ravenheart was nervous. Well, he was always nervous, but this time it was more than that. It was like something was going to happen, but Ravenheart himself didn't know what it was. It was a different form of nervousness. It was the feeling of impending doom; yes, that was what it was. He breathed out a sigh of relief, but what was this impending doom he was being affected by? Surely it was just the aftermath of the Dark Forest attack. Yes, it was probably just that...

...But what if it wasn't?

He shrugged before going on to Twolegplace.

Picking up the scent of a robin, the black tom quickly spotted the bird on the ground picking at the ground. *It's probably trying to find a worm of some sort for its nest.* Ravenheart thought. *It must have a family.*

The robin seemed to be rather stupid. It must have never been threatened by anything before. Ravenheart could get literally a paw step away from it before it noticed him, but it was too late. The black tom was on it before it could even squawk.

Maybe Oakheart and Silverstream would let Ravenheart in on this

bet.

That was when the ground trembled; the black tom had only felt something of this frequency near the Thunderpath. It must be a monster.

But I'm not anywhere near a Thunderpath. Ravenheart had a sudden feeling of extreme nausea. Fireheart and Graystripe had told Ravenheart how Twolegs teared up the old forest, and that caused them to move here. What if something similar was happening now?

Then, it stopped, and the monster was in Ravenheart's sight. There were a few slamming noises, and it seemed as if Twolegs were going out of the monsters belly! Can normal prey do that? Ravenheart did not want to think of that subject while he was already nauseous.

Then, they started talking in those scratchy voices that all Twolegs seemed to have; Ravenheart understood none of it.

Oh, look a kitty! one of them pointed him out. Ravenheart stiffened, but he did not move. ***You guys know what we need to do now.***

The other three Twolegs seemed to understand what that one was talking about. They were directing it at him, but what were they after? He started to back up.

Don't go away, kitty! One of the other ones cooed. ***We aren't done with you yet.***

Ravenheart was even more nervous than before, and that's saying a lot. He couldn't even unsheath his claws he was shaking so bad.

That was when some of the other Twolegs started to take out several sharp-looking objects; Ravenheart turned tail to try to escape.

Don't let the kitty escape! The one who seemed to be the leader howled.

Another one of them quickly snatched him up; Ravenheart didn't

have enough energy to struggle. He was just too nervous.

We can't have him try to escape. The main one stated. ***We'll just leave him on the ground when we are done with him, but we can't let him go*** **until** ***we are done with him.***

The other one agreed; one of them took out this mysterious brown gooey substance.

This should be enough to make sure he doesn't go away. The one holding the brown substance shoved the gooey stuff down Ravenheart's throat.

It was disgusting.

That chocolate should be enough. the main one smirked. ***Now, the fun begins.***

Ravenheart, who was barely conscious, was aware of another one of them taking out this sharp-looking shiny thing. I was gleaming in the sunlight with a black part where the Twoleg was holding it and a silver part that started as wide as the black part and went down to a point. It looked sharper than any tooth or claw.

The one with the shiny thing approached Ravenheart. ***Good night, kitty.*** the Twoleg dug the shiny thing into Ravenheart's shoulder.

The black tom had enough energy to only yowl as the thing made its way down to his bone. Another one held a really big stick and started to hit him with it. Ravenheart was aware of very little; there was pain. He was obviously going to be stuck in the medicine den for a while. Also, that gooey brown substance...they called it chocolate. The black tom did not know what that was, but it obviously was something like the substance that plagued RiverClan for a while. It might not be contagious, though.

That should be enough. Kitty will not be a problem for a long time. Drop him. the main one ordered.

The Twoleg let him go, and Ravenheart fell to the floor.

They hopped into the monster again, and they left the black tom on

the ground. Ravenheart was aware of them leaving, but then he succumbed into the welcoming darkness.

Ahhh!! Animal abusers!! What did you think?

52. Ravenheart

GUYS 445 VIEWS!!!! THANK YOU EVERYONE IT MEANS SO MUCH! :DDDDDDDDDDD

"You can go now," Brackenfall finished inspecting Fireheart and sent him on his merry way.

"He's fine, right? If there was something wrong with him..." Blazefur shuddered as she licked the life out of her son.

Fireheart struggled against the opposing force; he did NOT like licking at all from anyone except Sandstorm.

"He's fine. Just as healthy as an uninjured cat." the medicine cat reassured.

"Uninjured doesn't mean he's fine. What if he's sick? What him his mental stability has fallen? Any of these could mean that my son IS NOT FINE!" Blazefur was just annoying Brackenfall at this point.

"There is absolutely nothing wrong with your son. I've checked him over." Brackenfall rested his tail lightly on the she-cat's pelt.

"Are you sure?"

"Positive,"

"Really positive?"

"Really positive,"

"Really really positive?"

"...I think you should just go now," the medicine cat ushered the ginger she-cat out of his den, hoping for a little bit of peace.

But his bit of peace didn't last long. Not even a heart beat.

Yowls pierced through the silent day, and Fernfur burst through the camp wall, supporting a limp Ravenheart with the help of Bluefur. Oakheart himself was sprinting at full speed towards the medicine den, as if to warn Brackenfall.

I already know that there is someone to be attended to! I don't need to be told! I can hear the yowls, you know! It seemed as if Brackenfall had inherited the grumpiness of every single medicine cat before him.

"What happened?" even though he was annoyed, he leapt up the moment the patrol burst through the camp.

"We don't know," Fernfur seemed to be panicked. "We were hunting, and we decided to tell Ravenheart that we were going to head back so he wouldn't freak out. But when we found him..." the deputy looked at the limp body. "He was like that,"

Brackenfall nodded, "Get him to my den." he swiftly moved back to his den, gathering the herbs that he knew for a fact that he would need. A lot of cobwebs.

The two she-cats laid the tom down gently on the camp floor beside the medicine den.

"Will he be okay?" Hollyleaf had dashed out of the nursery at the sound of the yowl.

"It's hard to say," the medicine cat inspected. "It seems as if he met some sort of overpowering opposing force with more modes of offense than we do. It also appears that they were much larger than Ravenheart because the blows surround his entire body. He also seems to have some sort of illness; it's not whitecough, greencough, or blackcough. Honestly, I have no idea what it is." he sighed.

Shimmerfire and Beetlebreeze streamed out of the warriors' den.

"Who did this?" Shimmerfire got an enraged look in her eyes. Whoever did this would pay.

"Someone considerably larger than Ravenheart." Brackenfall repeated.

"So, it wasn't a clan cat, loner, rogue, or a kittypet?" Beetlebreeze appeared to be thinking this through quite thoroughly.

"None of those, but do you really think your son is so weak that he'd get beaten up by a kittypet?" Brackenfall looked at the warrior incredulously. "Remember that you're the one who got attacked be a branch."

The black tom stopped. "Then, what was it?" he was clearly annoyed about the whole branch thing.

"Not a cat, that's for certain. Probably not a dog or anything that...walks on four legs! Of course! An animal that walks on four legs wouldn't be able to beat Ravenheart on all sides of his body!" the medicine cat announced his idea.

"Are you saying it was a Twoleg?" Hollyleaf coughed.

"Yes," Brackenfall nodded. "I am certain of it," he pressed a cobweb down on one of Ravenheart's many wounds.

"Since when has a Twoleg tried to kill cats before?" Fireheart looked confused. "I mean, I know they've beaten them and stuff; they also drove all the clans out of the original forest. But they've never tried to kill a cat before," the flame colored tom knelt down beside his friend.

"I don't think they were going to kill him; the Twolegs could have done that easily. I think the Twolegs were just beating Ravenheart for the fun of it." Brackenfall shuddered.

"Not all beings in the world are nice," Blazefur sounded annoyed. "It would be much easier if they all got along and stuff."

"What's life without a little bit of fighting?" Acornwish chortled. "There needs to be some fighting once in a while."

"It builds character," Grassjaw added.

"Will he live?" Shimmerfire ignored all of the chatting around her and pressed Brackenfall for answers.

"Honestly, the chances are really, really slim. Whatever sickness Ravenheart seems to have has effected the way his entire body functions. We need to find out what is making Ravenheart sick." Brackenfall narrowed his eyes in determination.

Yellowpaw gasped before dashing off into the den. "We have to make him throw up!" she came back with several disgusting herbs.

The medicine cat's eyes glimmered. "I didn't teach you that." he accused.

"I just heard it when the elders were talking about how they had to eat it once," the gray she-cat made up an excuse quickly.

"It seems like the elders are telling everyone everything now a days." Ashstar chuckled to himself.

The rest of the clan glared at their leader before turning there attention towards the black tom. Several questions revolved around their heads.

Is this disease contagious?

Where did it come from?

When will we attack the Twolegs?

Will another attack like this happen?

Do we have to move again?

Will Ravenheart live?

Will Ravenheart die?

Which herbs would help Ravenheart recover?

What weapons did the Twolegs use?

53. Seizure

Ravenheart groaned as he peeled open his eyes. Where was he? Was he still in the forest? Was he in StarClan? Or, did he get immediately brought back to life like Fireheart? The black tom looked around, completely and utterly lost. His eyes were open, but he couldn't see at all. Something was off. Why couldn't he see? Ravenheart started to stand up on his paws, but he felt a sticky substance matting itself into his fur.

What was it?

He turned his head around and sniffed at his pelt.

Cobwebs.

Oh. That made more sense now. Those Twolegs...they were unlike any that Ravenheart had seen in any of his lives. Were his injuries a sign from StarClan? Ravenheart almost laughed. Here he was trying to figure out something that a clan leader or medicine cat would do. Ravenheart was not any of those.

But something was wrong. Something was very wrong indeed. What was wrong? Where were his friends? Was it night or day? Why was no one moving around? It must be night-time, right? Because then no one would be moving around. What if everyone left without him? What if they forgot about him? What if they hated him?

Wait, what was he thinking? He must have just have been thinking about the cobwebs, that's it.

Panic swept over him like the wind on the moors of WindClan.

Why couldn't he remember what he was just thinking about?

His head pounded inside of his skull. Why was it doing that? Something about a Twoleg and a stick; his forepaw started oddly tingling.

Why was it doing *that*?

Shaking his head, he moved his paw around; it must be because it was still for a long time.

But what if it wasn't? Ravenheart got a strange feeling that it might not. But what if it was? That's natural. He'd be out of the medicine den in no time, hunting with his friends, spending some time with the lovely Leafpool-

Wait, *what*?

Ravenheart was suddenly unable to recall what he was thinking about. That's weird.

His stomache flipped; it felt like it was travelling up his neck to escape out of his mouth. What a weird feeling...

It's probably nothing, right?

He should probably alert Brackenfall that he was awake, but he found it hard to stand up. Oh, and his forepaw was still oddly tingling...

That was when he noticed Beetlebreeze and Shimmerfire sleeping next to him. Hollyleaf probably would, but Brackenfall probably forbid it. It was close to her kitting, anyways.

What was he thinking about, again?

"Ravenheart?" Shimmerfire lifted her head up. "Ravenheart!" she launched up and began purring at her son.

That caused Beetlebreeze to get up too.

"Ravenheart!" Beetlebreeze's heart leapt with joy for his only son.

Both of their thoughts fell on dead ears.

Ravenheart had looked away, and now he couldn't see or hear them.

"Ravenheart, don't you dare ignore us!" Shimmerfire approached her son.

Weird. Ravenheart couldn't see, hear, or move. Perfect combination.

With his spine freezing up, the black tom fell with a thud on the ground, eyes closed, dead to the world.

"Brackenfall!" Shimmerfire screeched.

The ginger medicine cat appeared in the entrance of the den. "Yes?"

"Ravenheart was awake, but it seemed like he couldn't hear us. Then, not long ago, he fell with his eyes closed. He must be unconscious!" Shimmerfire wailed.

That was when he started convulsing.

Brackenfall winced. **(AN: I'm going to pretend cats know what this is)** "It appears that Ravenheart is having a seizure. Yellowpaw! Get the herbs used to make the cat in question throw up and a lot of poppy seeds! This one's going to be hard!" he hollered.

In the dim light, you could see something moving around frantically. Yellowpaw.

Some of Ravenheart's closest friends streamed out of their dens. Hollyleaf tried, but Fireheart made her stay in the nursery. Just in case.

Here's the list of all of the reborns. The xs mean the cat is dead. Please tell me if I'm missing some:

Fireheart

Graystripe

Ravenheart

Sandstorm

Dustpelt

Oakheart

Whitestorm

Bluefur

Hollyleaf

Silverstream

Yellowpaw

Ashstar

Jayfeather

Tigerclaw **(x)**

Darkstripe **(x)**

Mapleshade

Hawkfrost **(x)**

Thistleclaw **(x)**

Breezepelt **(x)**

Brokentail **(x)**

Leafpool

Talltail

Crowfeather

Featherpaw

Brookpaw

Dovewing

Ivypool

Lionblaze

Little-

Cloudtail

Bramblepaw

Tawnypaw

Squirrelpaw

Moonpaw

Stormpaw

Mudpaw **(x)**

Cinderkit

Mosskit

Swiftkit

Mentioned spirits: This time the xs mean that the spirit has been killed.

Fallen Leaves

Snowtuft **(x)**

54. The Second Attack

Brackenfall watched as Yellowpaw came back. "Yellowpaw, put those away. They are not necessary."

Yellowpaw dropped them. "Why?"

"Seizure may seem like they last a long time, but they only last 30 to 90 heart beats. Move Ravenheart on his side to let the liquid out of his mouth. We wouldn't want him to drown. Now, back away. Do not hold him down. In fact," the ginger medicine cat turned to the rest of the clan. "You all need to back away too. If he hits anything, he may inflict injury upon himself. We wouldn't want that to happen, would we?"

The clan moved back faster than lightning.

"Yellowpaw," Brackenfall turned back to his apprentice. "Do not put anything in his mouth. Take the herbs you brought out back into the den. We will check for injuries after he is done.

Silence fell over the hushed clan like the moon over the sky.

Heartbeat.

Heartbeat.

Heartbeat.

Heartbeat.

Ravenheart eventually stopped shaking, completely unconcsious.

"Yellowpaw, what do you think we should do now?" the ginger medicine cat turned to his apprentice.

"Check him for injuries?"

"Anything before that?" Brackenfall pressured.

Yellowpaw thought for a moment. What was ailing Ravenheart? Allowing her special power to overwhelm her she suddenly felt what the black tom felt. She guessed he was in shock, but there was something else.

It hit her in a heart beat.

"He can't breath." Yellowpaw stated.

"Clear out his throat. You may put your paws in his mouth this time." the ginger medicine cat encouraged.

The gray she-cat thrust a paw in Ravenheart's mouth. Not enough to hurt him, but enough to get what was clogging his throat. She felt it. It was gooey and gross; she pulled her paw out of his mouth...

Only to have vomit and saliva drip from her paw.

This is why I don't like kits. They can't do anything themselves. she though disdainfully.

Yellowpaw's paw seemed to do the trick, a lot of vomit and saliva gushed out of his mouth.

"Very good." Brackenfall approached the black tom. "What should you do now?"

"Check him over for injuries." the gray apprentice answered.

"Yes," the ginger medicine cat and his apprentice both started looking at Ravenheart.

"I can't find any injuries." Yellowpaw murmured. "Should I give him poppy seeds?"

"Don't give him anything to eat or drink until he is completely awake and aware of his surroundings." Brackenfall instructed.

"Yes, Brackenfall." the gray she-cat responded.

The ginger medicine cat turned to Ashstar. "There is nothing else to see. Ravenheart is in safe paws, but the clan will not be if it waits

here forever. I suggest you send out some patrols."

Ashstar blinked. "Yes, of course. Fernfur!" he beckoned the she-cat over.

"Yes, Ashstar?" the deputy looked concerned for Ravenheart.

"Can you sort out some border patrols?" the leader asked.

Fernfur nodded before heading off into the group of cats.

The group parted for the deputy out of respect.

"I will lead a patrol along the ShadowClan border along with Graystripe, Silverstream, and Acornwish. Grassjaw, you will lead a patrol along the WindClan border with Fireheart, Mapleshade, and Bluefur." Fernfur instructed.

It seemed as if the reborns dominated the clan. There was never a patrol without a reborn. ThunderClan was being overwhelmed by them.

Fernfur's patrol padded along the Thunderpath seperating the two clans, leaving scent markers along the way. As she sprayed her scent on a fern, Graystripe was right in front of her with some grass. She could scent Silverstream's familiar scent behind her. It seemed so normal, so quiet, so wrong. Something was bound to happen.

Something was bound to happen.

Something was bound to happen!

She gasped in shock. The Thunderpaths would no longer be safe; she had been told that the Twolegs attacked from their monsters or something like that.

Acornwish seemed to sense her uncomfort. "Fernfur, what is wrong?"

"There is something bound to happen here. I know it. Do you remember when it was reported that the Twolegs that attacked Ravenheart were in a monster?"

Acornwish's eyes widened. "You don't think-"

"I do. The Thunderpaths are no longer safe." Fernfur sighed. "Where are Graystripe and Silverstream?"

Acornwish looked around. "They were just here..."

"Oh, no," the deputy knew she was paranoid, but that couldn't be helped, could it? "We must find them immediately before something bad happens."

"Yes," the warrior agreed, picking up their scent. "They went this way," Acornwish padded along the Thunderpath. "It seems like they continued on without us."

They padded for a while, following their scent. But that scent wasn't the only one.

It was still their scents, but it had something else.

The smell of blood and Twoleg.

55. Twolegs and Apprentices

Acornwish and Fernfur bounded right into the scent. It became apparent that Silverstream and Graystripe were in immediate trouble.

Here's some more kitties! one Twoleg exclaimed.

Silversteam and Graystripe were currently uninjured. A Twoleg was going at them with a big stick, but they were using their nimbleness to their advantage. There was only a little bit of blood leaking out of Graystripe's pelt.

So that's where the blood scent came from. Fernfur smirked. *We could try scaring them off.*

That was when the Twoleg struck another blow. Right in the middle of Silverstream's back. She crumpled to the ground.

"Silverstream!" Graystripe yowled in rage and threw himself at the Twoleg.

Fernfur couldn't help but think about young love.

Is she your girlfriend? the Twoleg teased. ***Then go with her!***

Another Twoleg came up and threw Graystripe off of the other Twoleg.

Get the chocolate. The Twoleg that Graystripe was thrown off of commanded.

We didn't bring any this time. the other Twoleg commented.

Why not? the original Twoleg turned to stare at the other one.

This is our chance! We shouldn't scare them off now; Silverstream should see Brackenfall. Fernfur darted over to the fallen she-cat and lifted her by the scruff. Graystripe hurried over to help.

"We have to go!" Acornwish signaled to them with his tail.

They charged as fast as they could back to camp.

"They shouldn't be able to follow our trail," Fernfur commented. "They have weak noses."

"That's good to hear." Graystripe pretended to be a naive warrior. "We wouldn't want them invading the nursery!"

"Right,"

The final stretch to camp came into sight, and they burst through the barrier.

Ravenheart was asleep outside of the medicine cat's den. Fernfur and Graystripe rushed over to the den.

"Brackenfall!" they yelled.

The ginger medicine cat came out of the den. "I tell you, I'm busier than ever with all of these young warriors getting injured and all." he sniffed the wound on Silverstream's pelt.

"Sorry, Brackenfall," Fernfur apologized.

"We got attacked by the same Twolegs that attacked Ravenheart! They smelled exactly the same as the Twoleg traces on Ravenheart's pelt smelled like." Graystripe announced.

"Did she eat anything?" Brackenfall started getting even more worried. He didn't want the entire clan to get sick!

"No, they did not force anything down her throat. They could barely even touch us!" Graystripe cheered.

"Yellowpaw!" the ginger medicine cat called back into the den. "Could you treat the scratch on Graystripe's pelt? And get some herbs to treat Silverstream too!"

A faint "Yes" came out of the den.

"I am going to go report this to Ashstar." Fernfur whirled around and climbed up to the Highledge.

Yellowpaw came out, her jaws crammed with cobwebs. "What attacked them?" her voice was muffled by the cobwebs.

"Can't you smell them?" Acornwish just stared at her.

"I can't smell anything right now." came her muffled reply. "I have cobwebs in my mouth."

"They got attacked by the same Twolegs who attacked Ravenheart, but they weren't poisoned." Brackenfall told her. "Only injured through physical means."

"That's a relief." Yellowpaw layed the cobwebs down and began licking Graystripe's wound clean.

Silverstream's acquired more attention and licking, but eventually, it was clean.

"Let all cats old enough to catch their own prey join beneath the Highledge for a Clan meeting!" Ashstar came out of the den as Fernfur scampered down to the level of the rest of the cats.

The Clan slowly gathered, wondering what was wrong this time.

Swiftkit, as eager as ever, stated. "Is it ShadowClan? Let me at them!" he was pulled back by Clovercloud.

"The Twolegs have struck again, this time targeting Graystripe and Silverstream. Graystripe came back with only a scratch, but Silverstream got a larger wound. None of them recieved the illness that Ravenheart has. Hopefully, that means that the Twolegs won't use those means anymore." Ashstar announced.

Growls erupted from the clan.

"But they still injured our clanmates; I fear that they may drive us out of our territory. We have to fight back!" that announcement got everyone riled up.

"I'll show *them*!" Beetlebreeze wanted revenge for his son's illness.

"Let me at them!" Swiftkit wanted to get in the fight.

"Will they attack anyone else?"

"Are the younger members of the clan safe?"

"Enough!" Ashstar yowled. "Also, some of our kits have finally reached the age of six moons. Swiftkit, Mosskit, Cinderkit, please come forward."

The kits moved forward in excitement.

Odd for him to choose to apprentice them right after talking about the Twolegs. Fernfur thought briefly.

"Until this apprentice has earned his warrior name, he will be known as Swiftpaw. Whitestorm, you are ready for an apprentice. I trust that you'll show Swiftpaw the ways of becoming a warrior." Ashstar announced, and they touched noses.

The leader continued. "Until this apprentice has earned her warrior name, she will be known as Mosspaw. Bluefur, you are also ready for an apprentice. I hope you'll show Mosspaw your excellent hunting skills." their noses crashed together.

Oh, you bet I will. was going through Bluefur's head.

"Until this apprentice has earned her warrior name, she will be known as Cinderpaw. Fireheart, you are ready for an apprentice. I trust that you'll teach Cinderpaw your instincts." they touched noses.

At least Fireheart remembered to do it this time.

"Swiftpaw! Mosspaw! Cinderpaw! Swiftpaw! Mosspaw! Cinderpaw!" the clan cheered.

Watch out Twolegs.

56. Brackenfall is in on it

Bluefur trotted along with her new apprentice. Mosspaw.

Why would StarClan allow her to mentor her? Wasn't there some sort of rule that apprentices weren't allowed to be trained by their parents because they'd go easy on them? Bluefur was Mosspaw's mother anymore, but she'd probably still wind up going super easy on her.

That couldn't happen.

"What are we going to do first?" Mosspaw was eager to do anything.

"The same thing I did first." the blue-gray she-cat glanced at her daughter. "We're going to get more bedding for the elders."

-

"What do you think the Twolegs are planning?" Hollyleaf proposed.

She and Sandstorm were both in the nursery discussing this since they had nothing better to do.

"It depends really. They could be trying to drive us out, or they could just think that killing cats is fun." Sandstorm growled.

"Why would anybody think that that is fun?"

"Some creatures are so disgusting we shouldn't talk about them." the pale ginger she-cat responded. "It could be dangerous."

"How so?" Hollyleaf strangely found herself going against the wiser cat.

"They could overhear you. The Twolegs probably won't because they didn't look like they were following us. They also don't have great noses." Sandstorm made a face.

"They are also mouse-brained." the black she-cat brought.

Sandstorm erupted into purrs. "That too."

"What do you think Tigerclaw and the rest of those cats are thinking about up in the Dark Forest again?" Hollyleaf was in a questioning spree by now.

"They are probably cursing a lot and plotting to destroy the clans." the pale ginger she-cat answered.

"Do you think they'll try recruiting cats from the living again?" the black she-cat looked nervous.

Sandstorm shrugged helplessly. "We don't know what they are going to do."

"Fireheart might be able to figure it out."

"You have a lot of faith in him." the pale ginger she-cat noticed.

"He did defeat Tigerstar last time." Hollyleaf explained.

"But he died in the process."

"He won't this time, though. He is a lot stronger." the black she-cat insisted.

"You guys seem to know a lot about dead cats." a voice came from the entrance to the den. "Why is that? You also called that dead ShadowClan warrior Tigerstar, but he was a warrior. Not a leader."

It was Brackenfall. The two she-cats felt a sense of dread.

"You know a lot about the dead...please explain." Brackenfall settled down. "I have all day."

Hollyleaf and Sandstorm stared at each other.

Should we tell him? Sandstorm thought, and Hollyleaf could see the question in his eyes.

He is the medicine cat. We probably should tell him. Hollyleaf's eyes

showed Sandstorm the answer.

"Brackenfall..." Sandstorm began hesitantly.

"Yes?" the ginger medicine cat looked intrigued by their knowledge.

"We died many, many moons ago." the pale ginger she-cat admitted.

Brackenfall's eyes went as wide as saucers. "Can you prove it?" he marveled.

"I could give you an exact account of the Great Battle." Sandstorm shrugged. "But don't our names sound familiar to you?"

The ginger medicine cat shook his head. "We wouldn't be able to recognize you by your name. After generations, the names were forgotten eventually."

Hollyleaf nodded in understanding. "Yes, it seems so, but recently, StarClan cats have been drained from their hunting grounds. They fall into Earth and are compressed into the bodies of kits. Then, they are reborn." she blinked. "A lot of the cats around here have been reborn."

Brackenfall blinked. "Who are they?"

Sandstorm sighed. "We are two of them. They others are Fireheart, Graystripe, Ravenheart, Dustpelt, Oakheart, Whitestorm, Bluefur, Silverstream, Yellowpaw, Ashstar, Jayfeather, Mapleshade, Leafpool, Talltail, Crowfeather, Featherpaw, Brookpaw, Dovewing, Ivypool, Lionblaze, Littlestorm, Cloudtail, Bramblepaw, Tawnypaw, Squirrelpaw, Moonpaw, Stormpaw, Cinderpaw, Mosspaw, and Swiftpaw. Tigerclaw, Darkstripe, Hawkfrost, Thistleclaw, Breezepelt, Brokentail, and Mudpaw were all reborns from the Dark Forest."

If possible, the ginger medicine cat's eyes got even wider. "That's a lot of reborns."

The two she-cats purred. "We know."

"Well, do you guys have any ideas about the Twoleg thing?" he

looked hopeful. "I probably should make Yellowpaw a full medicine cat, too."

Hollyleaf started. "That would be a good starter, and, about the Twolegs, we haven't gotten any ideas yet.

"Oh, okay," Brackenfall started backing up.

"We might have some later!" Sandstorm called. "And don't tell anybody about it!"

"I won't." the medicine cat slipped outside.

-

"Are you bored?" Oakheart appeared right next to a flame colored tom.

"Why would I be bored?"

"Well, your best friends ever are both in the medicine den right now." the warrior settled down next to his current brother.

Fireheart sighed. "I suppose."

"Just don't go near any Thunderpaths until the Twoleg problem disappears." Oakheart informed.

"Why?"

"I don't know about you, but I don't want you getting hurt. Or worse."

"Since when did you care so much? We didn't even really know each other during the first life." Fireheart looked at him like he grew another head.

"Because you are my brother." Oakheart nudged him. "Are you mouse-brained?"

"No!" the flame colored tom nudged him back.

That caused an all out battle of nudging.

That was until...

"Oh my StarClan, that is so cute!" Blazefur.

"Hey, Blazefur," the two toms turned around.

"I don't think I've seen you play fight since you were kits! I have to tell everybody about this!" she scurried away, probably to announce it in front of the entire clan.

Oakheart and Fireheart blinked.

"Is it just me, or do you think Dustpelt will be laughing at us for acting like kits?" Fireheart groaned.

"He'll just be teasing you." the other tom smirked. "That's been his thing for a long time."

Fireheart continued to groan. "I know, trust me, I know."

57. White, Ginger, and Breathing

Fallen Leaves rested his head against his paws. The nagging feeling that something big was about to happen clawed at his stomach; he hadn't felt this way since before the final battle against the reborns Tigerclaw, Darkstripe, Breezepelt, Brokentail, Hawkfrost, Thistleclaw, and Mudpaw. They died a dishonorable death, and, even though Fallen Leaves couldn't technically be there, he was there at the same time. He wasn't there, but his essence was. With Hollyleaf. He had watched everything play out even though he could not interfere. He could never interfere.

He supposed it was his curse. Sure, StarClan cats could interfere and give omens and prophecies, but Fallen Leaves could never. Perhaps it was because he wasn't in StarClan long enough before he followed Hollyleaf back down to the ground. Yes, that was it. He wasn't in StarClan long enough.

But somehow he knew that wasn't true. Something was going to happen, and he could not interfere. He's come so close to interfering, but the bigger they are the harder they fall. His hubris had grew when he met Hollyleaf. He thought that she might stay, that he would not be alone, but that was never meant to happen. StarClan took away too. When he died, he didn't go to any ancestors. When StarClan moved in with the four clans, they didn't let hiim come. He was trapped forever underground. Everyone who came eventually went. Everyone who died here wouldn't be trapped here like he was. They were welcomed into StarClan.

But he wasn't. No matter how long he stayed here, he would never go up into the starry heavens. Unless something big happened. Something huge.

Something disasterous.

He huffed and turned over in his nest. The tunnels were his home.

He could never think of participating in that. That was for the cats of StarClan; he was never part of StarClan. Not technically. Sure, Hollyleaf welcomed him into the stars, but she would never be accepted there. He was a remnant of the past, a past in which would never be fully known by the cats of the living.

Jayfeather had be Jay's Wing, but he didn't know much. When he led the ancient cats to the mountains, he only knew what he knew from the future. There were cats in the mountains, but in the past, there were no cats by the mountains. He also knew that when his clan and the others moved into the lake, there were no other clans. He used his knowledge of the future to help the past.

But he didn't know much about the past. He was so confused when he first arrived with the ancient cats; that was only proof.

Fallen Leaves sighed, something would happen. Something is about to happen, and he would try to interfere. He suddenly felt like the tunnels were compressing him between their rocky walls as he was squeezed into something unknown.

-

Brackenfall was having an interesting day. First of all, he learned that many cats in the clans, including his own son and apprentice, were in fact StarClan warriors reborn. The leader of ThunderClan was a StarClan reborn.

He was physically older than some of the reborns; why didn't he see them in StarClan before they were reborn into the bodies of kits?

They must have been in the in between state for a long time.

He didn't expect anything more...interesting to happen at least until the next sunrise.

But he was wrong.

"Can we go now?" Graystripe and Silverstream looked extremely bored in their nests.

"Let me look at your wounds first." the medicine cat trudged over to

the to gray warriors before inspecting the cuts under Silverstream's pelt. "It seems as if yours have completely healed, Silverstream." Brackenfall dismissed her before looking of Graystripe. "Yours have too." he dismissed him after many heart beats.

That was when another interesting part of his day started.

"Brackenfall!" Silverstream slipped out of the nursery where she was visiting Sandstorm and Hollyleaf.

"Did your cuts reopen?" Brackenfall deadpanned. That was the only reason he could think of for why Silversteam would come back in the same day.

"No," the silver she-cat looked frantic. "Hollyleaf's kitting!"

The medicine cat's eyes stretched open as he automatically grabbed the necessary herbs for kitting before charging into the nursery.

After many grueling heartbeats, Brackenfall managed to release one kit from its sac. There was something...off about this one. He lifted it up and licked it a few times before listening very closely. Nothing. "Hollyleaf...I'm sorry..." He put the kit down. "This kit has been born dead."

"There's another one!" Yellowpaw gasped, wincing at how the kit was born dead. She had been through similar trauma.

Brackenfall managed to listen to this kit as well. "Dead..."

"One more I think," the gray medicine cat apprentice felt really sorry for the queen after that.

When Brackenfall got that kit out, he knew it was different.

It was white and ginger.

And it was *breathing.*

Comment! Vote! Again, you know the drill! Do you think this new kit is a reborn, or a new kitty? Tell me what you think! :D

58. Half Alive, Half Dead

"What do you want to name him?" Brackenfall asked, looking at Hollyleaf.

She thought for a moment, "Flamingkit," she eventually decided.

"Do you think he is-" the medicine cat didn't have to finish the question.

"I'm not sure." the black she-cat started licking her kit fiercely, "But if he was, well, we got our old names. Why wouldn't he get his?"

"Because you didn't give him that name." Brackenfall came up with a logical answer.

"But our current parents didn't know about this either. They might have given us our past names because they felt it was right. They might have felt like we already had names. I did not feel that for Flamingkit." she answered truthfully.

"Then maybe he isn't reborn." the medicine cat assumed.

"Perhaps he isn't." Hollyleaf looked at her newborn son. "But that doesn't mean he can't be one of the bravest and best warriors in all of ThunderClan,"

Brackenfall sighed. Queens always thought that their kits were the best; he was mouse-brained to believe that Hollyleaf would be any different, even though she was a reborn. He quickly evacuated the nursery to not only escape Hollyleaf's ranting, but also to spread the news to the clan. The two stillborn kits would have to be buried, and Flamingkit's name would also have to be announced.

In all, though, the medicine cat was quite relieved. ThunderClan has not had a good season for kits; there seemed to be so few nowadays.

Kits were the most important part of the clan; they were the clan's

future. If there are no kits, there is no future.

And if ThunderClan didn't have a future, Brackenfall would not be able to stand looking down at the lake when he finally joined StarClan.

"How is she?" Shimmerfire almost pounced on the medicine cat as he left the nursery.

"Hollyleaf is very healthy and happy right now. She doesn't even seem to be tired from giving birth to her kits." Brackenfall reassured the black she-cat.

"What about her kits?" she added on.

The medicine cat seemed to grow somber. "Two of hers were born dead. I believe she is happy because one survived. One tom she named Flamingkit."

Shimmerfire seemed to grow many moons older as soon as she heard that some of her daughter's kits were born dead. "Can I see her?"

"I don't see why not."

And at that the black she-cat fled into the nursery.

-

Fallen Leaves couldn't believe it. He had failed. The body of the young kit that had been born to Hollyleaf was claimed by two cats who were no longer alive. He didn't know what would happen; part of him had left him.

He was only a half-spirit now: half alive, half dead.

It felt horrible; with a sudden sense of dread, he realized that he would live two lives for the rest of eternity, or, at least, as long as his spirit remained.

But one of those lives he had to share with another, another cat who was also living the double life Fallen Leaves was living right

then.

He didn't know him that well; he had hardly even seen him during his time in StarClan. He had left for his old residence in the tunnels before he had really gotten to know him.

He was a stranger in his own body. Well, it wasn't his own; he shared a body with a total stranger.

He didn't even know his name, but he expected it to have something to do with fire or flame, after his half alive counterpart named Flamingkit.

Yup, that narrowed it down. In all of the clan's history, there were probably millions of cats whose name had something to do with flames. Fallen Leaves didn't think that Fireheart had already died, but he could never be sure. The flame colored tom sure didn't care whether he lived or died judging by the amount of times he sacrificed himself for the greater good.

But Fallen Leaves didn't think that he was dead. Surely the cat he shared a body with had to be of some importance; everyone else who had been reborn was, no offense to everybody who wasn't reborn.

Maybe he just wasn't that important. All of the other reborns had managed to get their own bodies without ending up sharing one. The other cat was probably meant to get the body; he had just gotten in on it, condemning the other cat to a double life as well. He briefly wondered if he would be excepted into StarClan for the deed he had not committed a sunrise ago.

And the kit who had just been born with a half of two cats crammed into his head might not even survive that long. It seemed like Hollyleaf was doomed to live a life with little to no happiness at all.

And it was all his fault.

-

Fireheart had finally gotten his turn in meeting Flamingkit. He was

both white and ginger, and he vaguely reminded Fireheart of two cats he used to know.

Only he couldn't figure out who.

"So, this is Flamingkit. He hasn't opened his eyes yet," Hollyleaf looked close to starting a rant.

"Are you sure he isn't like us in any way?" Fireheart blurt out in a hushed tone.

"I'm positive." the black she-cat stated. "There is something about him that is different from us."

"There is a limited chance of that happening," Sandstorm spoke up from beside her. "But you still have to put the idea of him being like us into consideration."

Hollyleaf nodded. "Don't worry, I have. I've concluded that it doesn't really matter. He's still my kit and nothing is going to change that."

The pale ginger she-cat nodded in appreciation. "See? I told you she-cats matured greatly when they get kits. You just proved that by saying that. I can't say anything about the toms, though," Sandstorm glanced at Fireheart.

"I am mature enough!" the flame colored tom protested.

"You are mature enough to be clan leader, but you aren't as mature as any queen." the pale ginger she-cat explained.

"What about Blazefur?" Fireheart questioned.

"Blazefur is still more mature than you even with her behavior." Sandstorm's gaze shifted to Hollyleaf. "I heard from the elders that Blazefur wasn't as crazy as she is now before she got kits. Please don't become like her, we don't need another over-protective queen running around."

"I would never dream of it." Hollyleaf purred, licking her kit.

The two stillborn kits had been place outside as soon as the clan

had heard the news. The entire clan would hold vigil that night to pay respect to what was, what will be, and what could have been.

Warriors of old. Warriors who perished in battle, of some disease, or old age. Warriors who could have been there that moment to help protect Flamingkit. Tawnybright, Stonestripe, and every other warrior. Everything that was.

Flamingkit will make it. The warriors would make sure of it; the white and ginger tom will be free and great. He will be tall and proud. He is a perfect example of what would be.

Those two kits could have been great. They could have been the greatest warriors ThunderClan, or even the whole lake, had ever seen. They could have had the capability to stop the Dark Forest from ever attacking again. Those two kits, in a way, are what could have been.

That vigil will be for all three of these things. Sadness will be present, that can not be helped, but hope will also be there. A promise will be made by every warrior, queen, apprentice, medicine cat, deputy, and leader. A promise to let Flamingkit live.

That was the way of the clans.

The queens shared a bond, a secret bond that the toms do not know about. They feel each other's pain, each other's loss. They empathize towards one another in a way that a tom could never. They knew each other's secrets, each other's hopes, and each other's dreams. And they protect that; they protect each other from harm or loss. And when they fail and one queen does experience one or both of those things, the other queen is right there with them, feeling their pain.

But queens were great at hiding emotions. Toms and she-cats who haven't had kits might think that they are emotional rollercoasters, but really, they haven't seen the real queen. The toms will never understand, but the she-cats have the chance to.

The toms and she-cats without kits don't know just how well the queens guard their emotions. They put out fake, stereotypical

emotions to fool them.

For the unexperienced can never know the ways of the queens. It is a well-guarded secret cult. It was not an evil cult, it did not mess with their loyalties, but every queen shares a bond that a tom could never hope to experience.

Outside, there were two bodies. Two bodies of what could have been, laying under what was, surrounded by what will be. One small, black body and another ginger one. Hollyleaf had dubbed them Nightkit and Sunkit, even though they will never live to hear them called by those names.

Even so, the queens believed that every body has a name to it.

Every. Single. One.

What do you guys think? Tell me in the comments!!

59. Talltail and the Two Voices

Saying that Ravenheart was bored would probably be the most understated thing that StarClan had ever heard of.

True, Brackenfall said that he should be able to leave when all of his symptoms left him, but it was so boring to wait.

He couldn't go out to hunt with his friends, he couldn't converse with the other reborns, and he couldn't see his sister! The last one hurt him the most. He heard that his sister had finally kitted, and he could see two limp bodies in the middle of the clearing.

That wasn't a good sign, but at least one survived, right? He had seen the entire clan going into the nursery.

But he didn't even know his own nephew, or niece, at all. The kit could be a tom or a she-cat, for all he knew. Ravenheart didn't even know it's name.

That was, until Brackenfall settled down to talk to him.

"Can I go yet?" Ravenheart asked.

"Not yet," the medicine cat instructed. "I just came to tell you about your sister."

The black tom sat up eagerly.

"Two of her kits were stillborn," Brackenfall began.

"I can see that."

"But one of them survived. A little tom."

"What's his name?" Ravenheart's paws scratched at the moss below him, tearing it to shreds.

"Flamingkit. He is a strong one." Brackenfall stated.

"Can I see him?"

"Maybe if he comes out." the medicine cat answered after some thought.

The black tom nodded; that was understandable.

-

Talltail looked really bored from Antstar's perspective. He had hunted rabbits to the limit, and had been in many patrols. The medicine cat instructed him to not do anything really active for the rest of the day; he might get injured or even pass out.

The young warrior had told them he was only going for a walk, and that he wouldn't hunt at all. He also told them that he wouldn't go that far. He told them that the farthest he'd go would be the small Twolegplace by the edge of the lake; the one connected to Horseplace.

Antstar relaxed a little at that; usually, nothing bad happened in Horseplace. Nothing at all.

The long-tailed tom raced across the plains as soon as he was out of sight of the camp. He wasn't going to walk; he had too much pent up energy for that.

The ground raced by beneath him in a weird pattern of grass blades. There would be one abnormally long one next to an extremely short one and so on. He only slowed when he was near the small Twolegplace. He had to be really careful here; who knows what Twolegs would do if the found him.

He hid in the long grass as a huge monster plodded down a beaten Thunderpath.

He was not expecting it to stop. Monsters don't usually stop in the middle of the Thunderpath; Talltail had seen them pull over to the side of the Thunderpath to stop, but never in the middle of the Thunderpath.

He also was not expecting for them to exit the monster.

He also didn't expect them to have huge sticks with them.

The WindClan warrior laid low, praying to StarClan that they wouldn't see him. Who knows what they would do. Twolegs had really weak noses, so them scenting him was out of his mind. He also was being as still as he ever was, so he was quite confident that they wouldn't hear him.

As long as they don't see him.

He didn't expect them to see him.

He didn't expect them to come over to him.

He did fight back, don't tell anyone he didn't. He tried his hardest, but everyone knows that one Twoleg, let alone many, can overpower a cat any day.

He didn't expect them to hit him until his visions swam into a dark pit of despair.

He wasn't praying that they wouldn't see him anymore. He was praying for them to go away. He was praying for his survival of this ordeal. He was praying for one of his clanmates to find him.

And, most of all, he was praying that these Twolegs wouldn't hurt any other cat.

His vision swam deeper and deeper into the black pit, forever going down and forever becoming darker. The WindClan warrior was quickly overrun by blackness as his head lolled to the side, quite clearly unconscious.

-

Flamingkit's head ached. Well, ached was an understatement.

It was more like the entire Dark Forest spilling into his head.

So, what happens now? He swore he heard someone ask in his head. It was a male voice, but it was also a voice who sounded very wise.

I really don't know. It was another male voice. This voice also sounded wise, but not to the extent of the previous one.

Should we introduce ourselves to the young one?

That would probably be wise.

Flamingkit found the courage somewhere to talk to them in his mind. *Who are you two?*

I'm Fallen Leaves. The one who sounded wiser stated.

I'm Flametail.

60. Asking For Guidance

Harestripe dashed out of the medicine den as soon as he heard Crowfeather and Leafpool run into camp yelling about an injured tail. Surely it was no cause for concern, but he couldn't hear it all. There might have been something he had missed.

"Who's tail is hurt?" he was still a little groggy from the recent visit with the other medicine cats at half moon.

"No one's tail is hurt!" Leafpool stood up. "It's Talltail! Moorwhisker and Runningflight told us to run back here to inform you while they tried to get him back to camp."

"What happened?" Harestripe was suddenly alert. Attacks were rare, and it was an attack on the clan leader's son. That was even more rare, since the other clans feared the rath of the clan leader.

"We don't know. Moorwhisker, Runningflight, Leafpool, and I were hunting by Horseplace. All was well until we picked up the scent of many Twolegs, Talltail, and blood." Crowfeather explained. "We immediately knew something was wrong, and when Leafpool saw Talltail, she frantically told us. When we all got a look at him, Moorwhisker and Runningflight told us to come back to camp while they helped him back as well." the black tom explained.

"So, I'm guessing it was the Twolegs that did it?" the medicine cat guessed. "Brackenfall and Yellowpaw had warned us medicine cats that Twolegs were attacking their cats and that we should be on the lookout."

"This has been happening in ThunderClan?" Leafpool felt a rush of fear for her former clan mates who still resided in that clan.

"Yes," Harestripe nodded. "No other clans though, not yet. We are the second clan to be affected. Either Antstar or Ashstar will probably mention this at a Gathering. Ravenheart of ThunderClan had been brutally attacked and poisoned; he is almost through with

his recovery, though. Silverstream and Graystripe of ThunderClan were also attacked, but they didn't sustain as many injuries and were not poisoned. They recovered quickly." the medicine cat informed.

"Is there a chance that Talltail was poisoned?" Crowfeather asked.

"Yes, but I'd have to see him first. Also, I'll need someone to fetch Brackenfall from ThunderClan, I'll need his help." Harestripe explained.

They were silent for a little bit.

"Shall I go inform Antstar?" Leafpool questioned.

"Yes, please," the medicine cat shooed her away.

She quickly left, leaving the two toms to their own solitude. Of course there was a chance that Talltail would die, but, as Harestripe's mother always said, always find a good thing in every situation. Never look to the dark side. Things can change as quickly as the moon appears and disappears every moon.

And, of course, to never stop believing.

Moorwhisker and Runningflight appeared in the camp only a few heartbeats later, sharing the weight of Talltail's limp body between them.

"Harestripe!" Runningflight herself looked relieved to see the medicine cat already out in the clearing.

The two warriors gently put Talltail down in front of the medicine den, where Harestripe was frantically sorting through his herbs. Antstar had bolted out of his den, informing Leafpool to ask for Brackenfall's help in a none-to-calm way.

The she-cat had bolted out of the camp almost immediately, already knowing the fastest way to get to the camp.

"This will scar..." Harestripe mumbled out loud.

"What?" Mudpelt, the fallen warrior's mother freaked out in the backround.

"It's not like it's his first battle wound." Crowfeather growled.

"I know, but..." the she-cat looked doubtful.

They were silenced by a flick of the medicine cat's tail. He appeared to be in deep concentration, pasting cobwebs on wounds varying from cuts, scrapes, and all the way to a gaping whole in his flank. He also noticed foaming in the tom's mouth. A definite sign of being poisoned.

"Whatever poisoned Ravenheart," Harestripe turned to face Talltail's family. "Has also poisoned Talltail."

"Why would anyone do something like this to him?" Antstar ranted. "Even rogues have enough sense to know that doing this...*torturing* him is wrong."

"This wasn't the work of a rogue." the medicine cat notified. "It was Twolegs who did this."

"Rabbit-brained mongrels," the leader said a few more words that were censored to save the innocence of many young cats. **:)**

It was all Harestripe could do to tilt Talltail's head so that he didn't choke on his own vomit. He really did not know what to do anymore; all of the abrasions on his skin had been properly taken care of. All that remained was the poison in which the whole of WindClan was pleading to ThunderClan for help. Hopefully they would take action; they have an alliance for a reason, you know.

"Get some wet moss for him to lap at when he wakes up," Harestripe instructed.

"Yes," Mudpelt zipped away at a record speed, even for a WindClan cat.

Now all they could do was hope that ThunderClan would come in time.

61. Life

Nothing had really been peaceful during the reborns second lives, but now, the days of the past were considered better than the days of today. From their first day in this new version of the clans they have had to worry about who knew their secret and, of course, the Dark Forest.

Fireheart shook himself. Wow. When he started thinking of the Dark Forest as the good old days, he knew something was wrong.

And when he saw his former daughter dart frantically into the old ThunderClan camp, albeit being escorted by Grassjaw and Acornwish, he thought he was seeing things.

"Leafpool?" Ashstar looked over his shoulder from where he was chatting with Fernfur. "What are you doing here?"

"WindClan is asking for Brackenfall's assistance!" Leafpool breathed deeply.

Great, Fireheart thought. *What now?*

"What for?" Brackenfall popped out of his den.

"The Twolegs have struck near the Twolegplace, and one of our warriors have been poisoned!" the she-cat explained.

"Which one?"

"...Talltail..."

Fireheart shook his head. Why were the Twolegs only attacking reborns? Why not any other cats? First Ravenheart, then Graystripe and Silverstream, and now Talltail.

Bluefur's head shot up from where she was sitting with Oakheart. Sure, she hasn't always had the...best relations with him, but he was one of the reborns.

As they liked to say, the reborns needed to stick together.

But that was nearly impossible with them scattered throughout all of the clans. There should always be four clans in the forest, but sometimes it was difficult to reach them. That was caused by things such as headstrong leaders.

"Brackenfall!" Ashstar whipped around. "How did you heal Ravenheart? Yarrow?"

"At half-moon, I told the other medicine cats to not use yarrow. When I tried it with Ravenheart...violent things happened, to say the least. I'll go with you." the medicine cat agreed.

"Thank you!" Leafpool felt very thankful.

The medicine cat joined the WindClan she-cat, and Grassjaw and Acornwish started heading back to where they were patroling the border.

At the WindClan camp, things were very peaceful. Harestripe was trying to wake Talltail up with every herb he had that had a...strong odor, to say the least. Mudpelt had been making trips with the wet moss she was told to carry; currently, there was a huge pile of dripping moss near the medicine den. No one had the heart to tell her to stop, though. Antstar was pacing the camp again. After the ordeal, Seedfoot would go down in history for telling the WindClan leader that he paces the camp way too often. Crowfeather was kicking up dirt, much to the dismay of some of the queens.

Yup, very peaceful.

That was before Brackenfall came. As soon as Brackenfall arrived, all of WindClan froze for a second. After that, they all parted like the Red Sea so that the ThunderClan medicine cat could get to Harestripe and Talltail.

Mudpelt came back with another load of moss.

"Well?" Harestripe asked after Brackenfall conducted a thorough inspection of Talltail.

"It appears to be the same poison that affected young Ravenheart. Ravenheart survived, so I don't think that death will be a problem. That is, unless something goes horribly wrong." Brackenfall started.

"I've been thinking about yarrow increasingly."

"Didn't I tell you to avoid yarrow at all costs? In Ravenheart, it caused random outburst of uncontrollable spasms." the ThunderClan medicine cat was stern.

"All right. Avoid yarrow." Harestripe made a mental note of that.

"Let him sleep. Don't let him get up from his nest for anything until he has made a full recovery. Don't let him eat anything with feathers, but I doubt that that would be a problem. Use goldenrod, feverfew, chervil, and chamomile only. Other herbs have rather ghastly results that I will not go into detail about." Brackenfall explains.

"And if those don't work?"

"Come and get me again." the ThunderClan medicine cat nodded before he let Leafpool escort him back to the ThunderClan border.

The WindClan medicine cat repeated the herbs he was instructed to use in his head before going to get the needed herbs.

"Will he live?" Mudpelt demanded.

"Yes."

That caused two things. Mudpelt did stop freaking out, and Antstar stopped pacing the camp.

"And he stops pacing!" Seedfoot sighed with relief. Only seeing your clan leader pace all day gets annoying after a while.

"Now we need to wake him up so he can swallow these things and have some water." Harestripe decided.

The clan nodded.

"Talltail...Talltail." Mudpelt gently moved her son.

He did not respond.

Antstar started prodding him, increasing in strength and speed.

He did not respond.

"You know what?" Crowfeather looked annoyed. "Why don't you just let me do what I do every morning to wake him up?"

"It wakes up the entire camp, ThunderClan, RiverClan, and probably ShadowClan as well." Seedfoot deadpanned.

"But it works!" the black tom looked rather proud of himself.

"Just do it..." Antstar sighed.

Crowfeather approached his brother, and you could see every cat in the entire clan covering their ears with their paws.

"TALLTAIL, WAKE UP!"

The tom jolted awake.

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"Thank you for escorting me." Brackenfall thanked as he left Leafpool at the border.

She only nodded in acknowledgment before turning and sprinting back to camp. As she went, the medicine cat could hear a rather loud echo, something that had the words Talltail and wake in it. He couldn't really make out the last one, but he could guess what it was.

Sighing, he headed back to camp.

"Brackenfall!" Yellowfang now, as of the last half-moon, greeted. "You missed a lot."

"What did I miss?" the medicine cat looked confused.

"Well," the she-cat laughed nervously. "Sandstorm kitted."

Comment!! :)

62. Kits and Auras

Brackenfall felt like StarClan wasn't on his side today. First of all, he had to travel all the way to WindClan because the evil Twolegs had struck again. They were so uncultured, primitive, and violent; the medicine cat shuddered at the thought. Then, he went all the way back to the ThunderClan cat and missed one of the biggest events that had happened in many moons.

Seriously, why?

At least the reborns were happy. Fireheart himself, well, let's just say that there were no words to describe the emotion dancing across his features. *Maybe he's had kits with Sandstorm before*...he mused, looking at how relaxed Sandstorm seemed. Normally, new queens freaked out and made sure their kits were alive every few heart beats.

It got annoying after a while, but, hey, Brackenfall was a medicine cat. He had an excuse for being cranky.

There were three kits of varying colors in the pale ginger she-cat's litter. One was a white she-cat that Sandstorm had immediately dubbed Snowkit, with Bluefur's approval, of course.

It seemed like the blue-gray she-cat felt the need to mother every one but Oakheart. Brackenfall smirked a little; maybe new kits would be coming soon.

The next kit was a tom who had sleek gray fur with golden eyes. He was named Graykit; this immediately caused Graystripe to march around camp like he was clan leader.

The final kit was a light gray tom with icy-blue eyes. Sandstorm named him Clearkit.

It seemed as if Clearkit and Graykit were naturally drawn to each other, but at the same time it seemed that Clearsky hated his

brother with a passion. Snowkit seemed to be searching for cats that weren't particularly in that nest, but she seemed to sense them near by.

More reborns, perhaps? Brackenfall almost groaned.

Flamingkit seemed happy enough. Sure, he was about a moon older than them, but soon enough he would have an extra three play mates. He was eventually scolded by Hollyleaf for making too much chaos in the nursery; the kit paused for a moment, before scrunching his eyes together like his head was bothering him.

He seems to be different from the other reborns; I'm positive he is reborn, though. He has that special aura that the reborns, Clearkit, Graykit, and Snowkit have, only two times stronger. Brackenfall contemplated this problem.

Yellowfang was chosen to be medicine cat because she could sense injuries. Every medicine cat had a special technique; his was sensing different types of auras. The reborns' were stronger, wiser, and more ancient looking. Surrounding them, there was a darker aura than the new souls.

But even among them there were differences.

Bluefur's and Fireheart's auras were clearly separate from the others. Their's had a leadership quality to it, kind of like the one Ashstar was getting. Perhaps they were former leaders.

While he was studying the kits, Graykit and Clearkit seemed to have a similar aura.

Most of the she-cats had the auras that only queens usually had, even when they were kits. This made things as clear as fox dung.

Even Jayfeather was a little bit different. His aura basically yelled: "I don't need this to live!".

Once, as a kit, the gray tom had also told him that he didn't need his sight to live.

All in all, the reborns were puzzles that Brackenfall were trying

hard to figure out. Some of them had the auras similar to a deputies. Others had auras that reminded him of his own as a medicine cat.

He'd have to ask them a few questions when he got the chance.

"Do you think they could be reborns?" Hollyleaf asked, not worried about Brackenfall knowing anymore.

"I really don't know." Sandstorm admitted. "They remind me of some of the other reborns when they were first born, but, at the same time, I don't recognize them at all from any of my past lives. We could always ask the others, though."

Sandstorm stood up abruptly and snapped a twig that was so conveniently placed in the back of the nursery before settling back down.

This caused Fireheart to barge in, almost knocking Brackenfall off of his feet.

"Yes?" the flame-colored tom questioned.

They must have some sort of code. Brackenfall decided.

"Do any of these kits remind you of anyone?" Sandstorm asked.

"Well...Snowkit kind of looks a little bit like Whitestorm, and Graykit has the same beginning as Graystripe." Fireheart ended awkwardly.

"Snowkit does look a little like Whitestorm; she also reminds me a bit of Bluefur's sister up in StarClan. But Snowfur had some marks that I'm sure was there at her birth." the pale ginger she-cat decided to ignore the Graykit/Graystripe connection.

"Do you know for sure?" the flame-colored tom studied Snowkit. "Maybe Snowfur got some really bad wounds that altered the color of her fur; she never really told me how she died. I asked, you know." he blinked.

Sandstorm hit him with her tail. "You can't just go around asking

cats how they died. That's rude."

"Sorry..."

Brackenfall couldn't help but feeling awkward.

"What do you think, Brackenfall?" Hollyleaf finally included the medicine cat in the conversation.

"Sometimes if you get hit by a monster on the Thunderpath it can alter the color of the victim's fur." the medicine cat provided. "Things like herb stains, rock falls, and that weird stuff that Twolegs do to kittypets as well."

Fireheart decided to ignore that last part.

"Do you think Bluefur would know how Snowfur died?" Sandstorm inquired.

"Probably." Hollyleaf answered.

The two she-cats' eyes locked onto the flame-colored warrior.

"What?"

"Fireheart," Sandstorm's voice was extremely sweet. "Can you go ask Bluefur how Snowfur died."

"Are you kidding?" Fireheart complained. "Last time I asked her, she almost ripped me to shreds!"

"You were deputy then."

"So what?"

"You are a better fighter now?" the pale ginger she-cat's statement came out more as a question.

"But she was my mentor..."

Sandstorm only gave Fireheart a Seriously? look.

"All right..." the flame-colored tom pushed his way out of the

nursery in search of the blue-gray she-cat.

-

Fireheart couldn't find Bluefur. He had caught her scent quite a while ago, but it lead to dead end upon dead end.

"Why is she trying to get me off her trail?" Fireheart cursed under his breath.

That was when a twig fell down from the tree below and hit him directly on the head.

"You still have some work to do." Bluefur grinned from where she was perched on a tree with Silverstream.

Perfect Silverstream, as always.

"But your scents were down here..." Fireheart protested.

"Most cats don't realize that when you are near the mountains," Silverstream flicked her tail in the general direction of the mountains, "The wind travels down. It causes the scent to go down as well, offering a perfect coy and hiding place."

Fireheart could only nod.

"We're lucky the Dark Forest doesn't know these things," Bluefur almost burst out laughing.

The flame-colored tom paused for a moment while remembering what he came there for.

"Hey, Bluefur?" Fireheart asked.

"Yes?" the blue-gray she-cat leapt down from her tree.

"Um...Sandstorm and Hollyleaf wanted to talk to you..." the flame-colored tom stated awkwardly.

"Great!" someone was in a good mood today.

The blue-gray she-cat and the flame-colored tom bolted back to

camp, causing many complaints from the elders and senior warriors due to dust once they had reached camp, mind you.

"What did you want to talk to me about?" Bluefur settled down and shooed Fireheart and Brackenfall out of the nursery. It was a she-cat discussion, apparently.

"Well, we were thinking about whether or not these kits could have been reborns." Sandstorm started. "We thought that this one could be your sister, but we are not sure because the fur pattern isn't exactly like hers. But Brackenfall said that herb stains, rock falls, getting hit on a Thunderpath, and getting that weird kittypet thing done to you can alter the color of the cat's fur, so we were wondering if you'd tell us how she died?"

Bluefur blinked.

"Please..." Hollyleaf pleaded.

Maybe since they are she-cats...Bluefur nodded.

"She was hit by a monster. That was what her fur looked like before the...incident." the blue-gray she-cat admitted.

"Thank you!" the she-cats chorused.

"But I already knew that Snowkit was Snowfur. Why do you think I approved of her name so quickly? What's wrong with your scenting abilities, too? You know what she smells like." Bluefur looked slightly alarmed.

"Well, she did smell similar, but I wasn't sure because the kit scent was affecting her." Sandstorm explained.

"Oh," the blue-gray she-cat nodded before turning to the toms. "What about them?"

"Well, Sandstorm gave them each a good sniff. "Graykit smells a little bit like...WindClan. Clearkit smells a bit like...SKYCLAN!" Sandstorm realized abruptly that SkyClan might be affected by this weird 'rebirth' thing as well.

"They remind me of some of the influential cats from the time when the clans first started. I once had the pleasure to meet them up in StarClan, but they were fading away." Bluefur nodded.

The reborns suddenly felt kind of inferior to the kits by them.

"Well then..." Hollyleaf swallowed.

Sandstorm felt immense pride.

The Twolegs had better watch out.

63. The Dream

Just a note that soon chapters will be coming out slower due to me having stopped writing this that time ago. I will update as much as possible after the next chapter, which will be the last for a while. I do hope you enjoy this book, as it is far from finished!!

Flamingkit woke up with a start. His head was pounding through his skull again, as usual.

"What are you doing up?" Hollyleaf yawned. "It's not even dawn." she rapped her tail around the ginger kit in an attempt to make him sleep once more.

"I had a dream." the kit sighed.

The black she-cat was once more alert. "Would you like to tell me about it?" she pressed.

Flamingkit was in a strange place. It smelled horrible, and there were weird box-like dens surrounding him.

Surprisingly, he managed to eventually sniff something that didn't belong in this strange place. Blood. Cat blood. ThunderClan blood.

But he didn't know where he was. Hollyleaf had told him stories about places where creature walk on two legs before; she said it smelled really bad. He was also informed that they lived in strange, huge dens.

This must be Twolegplace.

Flamingkit decided that that answered one of his questions, but he still urged to know where the scent of ThunderClan blood came from. It was hard to keep track of the scent throughout Twolegplace; the stench of the Twolegs overwhelmed almost all of his scenting abilities.

Then, when it seemed like all hope was lost, he heard it. He heard the screams, the yowls, and the yells. He heard weird sounds he's never

heard before, probably one of the Twoleg monsters Hollyleaf had told him about.

Just like a real warrior, the ginger kit felt himself sprinting and climbing over large unearthed trees in the direction of the racket. He didn't know where he was going, most likely due to the fact that he still had to wait five moons to become an apprentice. All he knew was that he needed to follow the screams.

And for once, when Flamingkit needed them the most to guide his paws, Flametail and Fallen Leaves were silent.

After a while of unguided running, the ginger tom found a clear trail he could follow.

Only he didn't want to know what made it. The trail was constructed of cats. Dead cats.

The first body he found was Grassjaw. He was followed by Brackenfall, Redstripe, Fernfur, Marshfoot, and Clovercloud. After that, he found the more surprising ones. Some of ThunderClan's best warriors, Fireheart, Graystripe, Bluefur, Oakheart, Silverstream, Sandstorm, Dustpelt, and even the clan leader Ashstar continued the trail.

It took a while longer to look away from the massacre leading to one specific place. Once Flamingkit gained the strength to look away from a familiar black she-cat named Hollyleaf, who was after Ashstar, he noticed with a jolt that the trail was leading towards the camp. He recognized the faint warm scent among the overwhelming stench of blood and Twolegs, and, of course, he could see it.

The nursery was shredded, and weird creatures that stood up on two legs, which Flamingkit identified as Twolegs, circled the center of the camp, surrounding even more familiar cats.

One of them, the strongest one with the broadest shoulders, was holding the three younger kits: Graykit, Clearkit, and Snowkit. Flamingkit knew they were some of the strongest cats alive, but they were in the bodies of kits. No matter how strong they were, they would not be able to stand up to a huge, full-grown Twoleg.

The Twoleg himself was squeezing the kits, tighter and tighter, until they all went limp. He laughed cruelly before dropping them to the ground. Their bodies made a dull sound after impact, but they did not move any longer.

Another Twoleg, slightly smaller than the first, surrounded the group of elders Flamingkit had talked to before he went to bed. Roseshadow was the first to go. The Twoleg had dropped a log on her body, effectively pinning her down to a slow, painful death. The other elders yowled in fury and went to attack the enemy Twoleg who was killing their friend, but another Twoleg, this one with really long head fur, flung them off of her companions.

He barely recognized himself, at that time he was as big as an apprentice, and he was fleeing. Flamingkit felt like a coward for seeing himself run away, before fear stabbed him straight into the heart when another Twoleg pounced on his apprentice self, tusseling with him until the apprentice was only a mangled cadaver.

Fallen Leaves finally decided to speak up. "This is your's and ThunderClan's destiny." he stated gravely.

"Don't scare the kit!" Flametail sounded frustrated. "Destinies can be altered; there is a chance to save ThunderClan from this bloody downfall if you work together with other reborns. Fireheart has changed his destiny before. Originally, it was his destiny to team up with the Dark Forest and bring an end to the clans, but it was changed when Sandstorm told him to believe."

The Twolegs had wiped out ThunderClan, and all he knew was a hit on the head and blackness.

"Then, I woke up with this immense pain in my head." Flamingkit squealed in fear.

"I'm sure it was just a dream." Fear had struck Hollyleaf too, it had sounded like a vision sent by StarClan.

"All right." the ginger kit sighed before briefly pausing. "Can I go outside now?" he asked hopefully.

"Yes," the black queen purred before stating. "Kits will be kits." to Sandstorm, who had awoken to hear the dream Flamingkit was explaining.

The ginger kit thanked his mother before charging straight through the nursery barrier. It had taken Flamingkit until well past dawn to explain his dream correctly.

"Do you think his dream was sent by StarClan?" Sandstorm questioned. "He mentioned Fallen Leaves and Flametail, both of which he should know nothing about. He also mentioned us reborns, but he doesn't really know about that either."

"I pray it wasn't from StarClan, but it seems hard to prove it wasn't from StarClan." Hollyleaf rested her head on her paws.

Sandstorm wrapped her tail protectively around her kits, who had yet to open their eyes. "As long as it can be changed, like Flametail said."

"Hopefully it can." Hollyleaf agreed, before watching her kit kick up dust near the elders' den. She purred in amusement as Tangledleg scolded the kit, saying the Roseshadow was was sick and the dust would irritate her ailment.

64. That Little Scourge

Last chapter for a while before I can update ;(Sorry guys! Anyway, enjoy and comment what you thought!

"Littlestorm!" Lionblaze was getting annoyed with his brother. He had heard about how he lead an attack on the clans in his first life, and how he was killed by Firestar after taking one of the flame-colored leader's lives.

He couldn't help but feel a bit of hate towards the black tom, even if he and Fireheart were at peace currently. If Littlestorm hadn't done what he did in his first life, Firestar would have survived the Great Battle and saved Sandstorm the tragic heart-break.

But he supposed everything was all right currently. Littlestorm had shown little interest in being clan leader, but he had managed to disappear mysteriously.

Suspicous. That was definitely something he should check out.

The black tom's scent was a little bit different than the rest of RiverClan's. It still had the faint trace of Twoleg scent that Fireheart, Cloudtail, and even Graystripe had. They had all had experience being kittypets in their first life, so Lionblaze doubted all of the Twoleg scent would ever go away.

It's best not to mention it, though.

Everything should be well if the clans can get rid of the mouse-brained Twolegs beating up their clanmates. Thankfully, there had been no casualties yet, but if the Dark Forest warriors figured out how to get reborn once more, that view point might change.

But for now, he focused on Littlestorm. The runt of the litter had disappeared, and his scent trail seemed to be heading to the Greenleaf Twolegplace.

Hopefully there would be no Twolegs there.

At the Greenleaf Twolegplace, Lionblaze noticed how Littlestorm's scent went straight through the area...and onto ShadowClan territory.

That little scourge.

Hopefully on his quest he didn't run into any hostile warriors. He wouldn't mind Moonpelt, Brambleclaw, Tawnypelt, or Squirrelflight (as they had recently received their warrior names), but the likelyhood of running into any of them was slim to none.

Lionblaze briefly wondered why Littlestorm went into ShadowClan territory, but, like the wonderful brother he is, he decided to keep his trap shut.

After splashing about in the stream a bit to hide his scent (which Lionblaze will never get used to; water sucked!), he stealthly crept through ShadowClan territory.

His paws eventually felt like they were going to fall off; he had been walking over what must have been half of ShadowClan territory. Hopefully he won't crash into any ShadowClan warriors.

"Lionblaze?"

Spoke to soon.

Lionblaze arched his head up to look at the cat talking to him. "Squirrelflight?"

"Hello, what are you doing here?" she asked hesitantly.

"Littlestorm...he disappeared from the camp, so I decided to follow him. But he went onto ShadowClan territory, so now I'm kind of suspicious of what he's up to. He did kill your father one time in his past life."

Squirrelflight nodded. "I will accompany you, just in case we run into any other warriors." she winked at him.

"Thanks!" Lionblaze trekked on, relieved that he didn't have to be stealthy any longer. "Have you heard about the Twoleg attacks?"

"Yes," the ginger she-cat sighed. "Hopefully it doesn't spread from ThunderClan and WindClan. I can't say that I'm not worried about them, though." she sighed once more.

They focused on tracking Littlestorm for a little bit longer.

"He's gone into ThunderClan territory." Squirrelflight groaned. "I will still accompany you, though. There is a good chance that Littlestorm might seek revenge on my former father for what he did in his past life."

"Good point," Lionblaze pushed through some brambles in the familiar territory.

"Littlestorm must be close." Squirrelflight stated. "A RiverClan cat normally wouldn't go all the way to ShadowClan territory, let alone all the way to ThunderClan." she said, nervously eyeing the nearby Thunderpath.

As long as those Twolegs didn't show up.

"He's with Fireheart." the tom announced abruptly. "Their scents have been intertangled with each other. They must either be fighting each other or some outside force." he looked around. "There's also a strong Twoleg scent..." he became even more nervous.

"We are right near a Thunderpath." Squirrelflight pointed out.

"But what if it is one of those Twolegs who have been torturing us for no reason. Not for information...not because of which clan we're in...just for doing it, like some rogue." Lionblaze shuddered.

He did not want to see his new brother or former grandfather to go through that.

"Look at the bright side of things." the ginger she-cat sighed once more.

That was when the tang of blood hit their scent glands. They looked at each other momentarily before sprinting in the direction of Littlestorm and Fireheart. If they could stop a fight, they would stop it.

"I told you there were Twolegs." Lionblaze shrunk back in fear.

The rogue Twolegs were there. One of them were clutching Littlestorm and Fireheart like they were the only mice alive in leafbare. The other had a huge stick, a shiny, sharp thing, and some soft brown looking stuff in a shiny wrap, kind of like a leaf wrap. The brown stuff was in little chunks, to make for easy access.

"Is that that poison thing that Ashstar warned us about last Gathering?" Squirrelflight looked on in fear as one of the Twolegs shoved some of the melty stuff down each of the cats' throats.

"We either wait or stop them." Lionblaze looked at the she-cat. "I was thinking of stopping them."

"But how?" she asked, looking lost.

"I don't know."

That was when the Twolegs roughly dropped the two cat with two noticeable thuds and even one bone-chilling crack. Both of the Twolegs fled the seen.

"I guess we can help them now." Squirrelflight shrugged and rushed to the fallen warriors.

"Which camp should we send them to?" the tom took on the weight of his brother and some of the weight of Fireheart as Squirrelflight helped some as well.

"ThunderClan. They're the closest, and they were poisoned. Brackenfall is the only medicine cat who has treated the poison before." she rushed to the camp. "And Ashstar should understand. We are bringing him one of his warriors, after all. And ThunderClan isn't likely to turn down a cat in need. We just need a good way to explain why we were in their territory."

"We could tell them the truth. The truth is always the best." Lionblaze stated wisely before they rushed the two fallen warriors to the ThunderClan camp.

65. To ThunderClan

Squirrelflight and Lionblaze made their way to the ThunderClan camp as carefully as possible. They weren't worried about patrols, they would catch the scent of Twoleg on Fireheart and not blame them for the attack, and they could use all the help they could get in order to safely transport the two warriors at least a medicine cat as quickly and as carefully as possible.

"Do you think Brackenfall will help Littlestorm?" Lionblaze asked, shocked by his worry for his new brother.

"I would be surprised if ThunderClan did nothing to help him. You know it is against their ways." Squirrelflight reassured.

They went on in silence, moving the two injured warriors as gently as possible while still trying to attract the attention of the other clan.

Speaking of the other clan...

"Halt!" they were stopped by a patrol almost immediately.

It consisted of Acornwish as the leader, Blazefur, Graystripe, and Ravenheart.

Acornwish stepped forward first. "Were you attacked by Twolegs?" the warrior immediately went over to sniff his clanmate. "Give me Fireheart."

Lionblaze shouldered the flame colored tom over to the ThunderClan cat.

"Is there something wrong with my son?" Blazefur peaked out of the bramble.

Her eyes widened most considerably.

"There IS something wrong with my son!" she ran over to

Acornwish and started sniffing the tom.

"Squirrelflight? Lionblaze?" Graystripe and Ravenheart came out as well, looking distressed at the body of their fallen friend.

They did growl when they noticed Littlestorm, though.

"Why are you here?" Ravenheart kept his eyes on the black tom.

"Littlestorm ran off." Lionblaze started with the truth. "So I followed him. He went into ShadowClan territory, and that was when I was caught by Squirrelflight here. I told her why I was in her territory, and she started to help me look for Littlestorm. Then, we noticed that he also crossed into ThunderClan. I think he might have thought that he could take on the Twolegs by himself like the stubborn kit he acts like, so Squirrelflight and I crossed into your territory to stop him. It was too late though, and it looks like Fireheart was helping him, even though he probably knew it was hopeless. We arrived just as the Twolegs left them."

"Then, we decided it would be best to go to your camp." Squirrelflight finished.

The entirety of the patrol nodded slowly.

"It might have been better if you reported to camp first, Lionblaze, instead of going on by yourself." Acornwish wisely stated.

"Understood." the cat in question nodded. "But let's get these cats some help fast. You will help Littlestorm out, right?"

"I'd be surprised if we didn't."

They moved on in complete silence. It was hard once they got to camp; they had to move both Fireheart and Littlestorm down a bit so that they wouldn't get attacked by the gorse above them. But the entrance to the camp was also on an incline, so they had to make sure that the two fallen warriors didn't slip off of their shoulders.

There weren't many cats in the camp at the moment. They must mostly be outside of the camp, hunting or patroling. Or maybe even gathering herbs.

Only Hollyleaf, Sandstorm, their kits, Ashstar, and Brackenfall were inside the camp at the moment, and they all lifted their heads up in surprise when they barrelled through the barrier.

Sandstorm even jumped up when she scented Fireheart's scent.

Ravenheart went ahead to Brackenfall, quietly relaying a message so that only the medicine cat could hear. The ginger tom nodded before slipping inside of the medicine den, most likely getting herbs necessary for Littlestorm and Fireheart.

"Squirrelflight. Lionblaze." Ashstar looked surprised, yet annoyed. "Why are you in our camp? And why have you brought one of your injured warriors with you?"

Lionblaze and Squirrelflight quickly told the ThunderClan leader what they had told the patrol.

This caused the leader to only nod. "Wouldn't it have been better if each of you reported to your own camp first?"

"Possibly, but we were curious about what Littlestorm was doing. He must have had something he was going to do if he were to come all the way to ThunderClan territory." Lionblaze answered, not looking the gray tom in the eye.

"Fireheart? Fireheart? What happened to Fireheart?" Sandstorm demanded.

"He was attacked by Twolegs." Squirrelflight told her former mother.

"By what means?"

"Well, they did have a shiny, yet pointy, thing and a huge stick. They also shoved something into both Fireheart's and Littlestorm's mouths." the ShadowClan cat reported.

That was when Brackenfall came out. "Lay them both here."

Lionblaze looked to Ashstar in hope, the question obvious.

He sighed, "Yes, ThunderClan will help your warrior, but only until he's fit to travel back to RiverClan territory."

The RiverClan warrior looked quite relieved.

Sandstorm was immediately by her mate's side, and no one had the heart to move her. Blazefur also moved their, but was a little bit farther back.

"Ravenheart. I will need your help with these two." Brackenfall began. "You have survived their poison. You will need to tell me about where most of the pains are and some of the effects."

Ravenheart nodded, slightly proud that he had an important job, but still worried about his friend.

"They will be all right, right?" Graystripe asked.

"If Ravenheart can help me, yes."

"You can get rid of whatever is wrong with my son?" Blazefur's eyes blazed.

"If Ravenheart can help me..." Brackenfall was getting quite annoyed. "And if I can work on both of them without constantly being barraged by questions."

Ashstar turned to Squirrelflight and Littlestorm. "You may go back to your own territories now, and Lionblaze, please explain what has happened with Littlestorm."

Both of the outsiders nodded, and they left.

"I hope that they will be all right." Squirrelflight sighed.

"We will definitely know by the next Gathering. It is quite soon." Lionblaze reassured her.

"Okay,"

They ran for a while more until they reached the ShadowClan border.

"Please be careful while you cross the border. Stay within the few tail-length you may cross by the lake." the ginger she-cat instructed, before disappearing in her territory.

She felt like she needed to do something worth-while so that it didn't seem like she did absolutely nothing while she was out. Squirrelflight also needed to get rid of some of the other clan's scent.

Squirrelflight started walking along the border after a while, and only stopped and hid when she felt like it was necessary.

It was necessary, as she had just figured out something big.

She saw Moonpelt stealthily moving along the border as well.

She was completely by herself.

Then, after a while, she heard some rustling. It was coming from the ThunderClan side.

It was obviously a cat, one that the ShadowClan she-cat was meeting up with, definitely not for the first time, based on how comfortable they were with each other.

She scented the air, and could not believe who it was.

It was Jayfeather.

66. The Test

Ashstar and Fernfur sat underneath the Highledge discussing who to bring to the Gathering during the day before the full moon.

"Should we bring Swiftpaw, Mosspaw, and Cinderpaw?" Fernfur was asking.

"Yes, I want to announce to the other clans that they are apprentices." the leader responded.

They went on like this for a while, only pausing to ask a warrior to take out a patrol or adjust their position.

Then, finally it was time for the long-awaited gathering.

Mapleshade herself was extremely tired. She had crept into the warriors den after her patrol, careful not to jostle any other sleeping warriors. She slept there in her nest until Ashstar's familiar call filled the silence in the air.

"-old enough to catch their own prey, join beneath the Highledge for a clan meeting!" he was saying.

The she-cat dragged herself out into the clearing to listen to their clan leader.

"Brackenfall, Fallenfoot, Acornwish, Grassjaw, Oakheart, Graystripe, Silverstream, Emberblaze, Jayfeather, Blazefur, Ravenheart, Whitestorm, Dustpelt, Swiftpaw, Mosspaw, Cinderpaw, and the elder will make the journey to the Gathering today." Ashstar announced before leaping gracefully down the ledge to the ground below to join the excited cats going to the Gathering.

Mapleshade was glad she wasn't going. It was at times like this she felt as though she could sleep for as long and as hard as Volestorm,

the clan's sleeper, himself. Sometimes she believed that that was why he never went to a Gathering, Ashstar was being kind and not making him stay up late.

Graystripe and Ravenheart were excited about going to the Gathering, but they were sad about it too. Every Gathering Ravenheart went to, Fireheart was there as well. The Gatherings Graystripe went to usually had Fireheart at them, but Ravenheart was absent from them when he left to live with Barley.

They trekked silently and stealthily across WindClan territory to the island. Eventually, deep into WindClan territory, yet still within the permitted foxlengths, the caught sight of many cats streaming in the same direction as them. WindClan.

Some of the other reborns, such as Cloudtail, immediately mingled in with ThunderClan, ending up beside the gray and black toms.

"How's Talltail doing?" Graystripe held a conversation with him.

"He's still recovering, but Harestripe says he should be up and about soon." the white tom ran along side them. "Has there been any more attacks?"

"Yes. Fireheart and Littlestorm of RiverClan were taken down by them." Ravenheart answered with a heavy heart.

Cloudtail's eyes widened. "Is Fireheart okay?"

"If I can give Brackenfall all the details. Yellowfang is staying behind to look after them." the black tom explained.

"Wait...them? You mean that Littlestorm is in your camp? Why?" the white tom looked extremely confused.

"Apparently," Graystripe gossiped. "He was on some secret mission only he knew about. He was clearly headed towards ThunderClan territory, since he passed through ShadowClan territory just to get there, but his motives remain unknown. Fireheart met him in ThunderClan territory, and then, they were attacked by Twolegs. Brackenfall advised that it is best to keep Littlestorm in the camp until he is fit for travel."

"...RiverClan won't like that." Cloudtail's eyes gleamed.

"We're prepared to argue with them. If they value the life of their warrior, they will let him stay in the camp until he is fully healed." the gray tom argued.

That was when the black tom had a dark thought. "What if he was instructed by Hopestar to go into ThunderClan territory, find Fireheart, and sacrifice himself to get Fireheart attacked by the Twolegs? And RiverClan knows that he'll most likely be told to stay, so when he's better, RiverClan could come and attack ThunderClan, Littlestorm helping from the inside?" Ravenheart freaked.

"That's probably not what is going on." Graystripe sighed.

They trekked on in silence until they reached the island where the clans gather. Both ShadowClan and RiverClan were already there, and they seemed to be staring at something in complete shock.

Both Ashstar and Antstar hurried to see what the fuss was about.

"What do you think it is about?" Cloudtail sighed, licking his fluffy tail.

"I don't know." Oakheart had joined the trio at the island. "Probably something small."

"Insignificant?" the white tom's eyes widened. "It has gotten all the clan leaders into a fuss.

The four cats looked at each other in utter confusion.

The leaders were arguing at the same time as them.

"The warrior code says we can't just ignore them." Ashstar put in helpfully.

"Then, they all belong to my clan! I was the first one here, after all." Lizardstar seethed.

"It might be a sign from StarClan." the leader of ThunderClan shot back. "We should get out medicine cats to look at this."

Slowly, Ashstar, Antstar, Hopestar, and Lizardstar (albeit a little reluctant) went to go fetch their medicine cats. That was when the warriors, elders, and apprentices got a good look at what had all of the leaders in an uproar.

Four five-moon old kits stood there, blinking at all of the cats. One of them tried to follow the leaders, a small white one, but was stopped by a slightly bigger brown one.

"So that's why they were in an uproar." Graystripe said dully.

"Thanks for telling us, we didn't notice." Oakheart answered sarcastically.

The four leaders walked back to the kits, accompanied by four medicine cats. All four of them locked eyes on one of the kits, a different one for each kit.

Just then, on top of the Great Tree, a golden light flashed. It swirled on top of the tree for a while before settling down in the form of a cat. The cat was golden at first, and the the light faded to leave a very familiar (to some of the reborns) she-cat.

It was Spottedleaf. "The Ice with a warm heart. The Fire with a secret. The Grass with selflessness. The Thunder with stubbornness. The four Elementals united can destroy the threat to the clans." With that, the golden light surrounded her as she shot back into the sky, a star twinkling where she landed.

Brackenfall looked closely at the star. "It was a prophecy, all right. I believe that it is a test to see if we can work together, so each clan should take one kit. There are four kits and four clans, it is not a coincidence."

"Nonsense!" Lizardstar looked outraged. "ShadowClan was here first, so they should take the kits!"

"Well," Hopestar glared at the ShadowClan leader. "A kit is safest at camp, and my camp is closest. I would claim all the kits, but I believe Brackenfall is right." she leapt up onto the tree. "Cats of all Clans-" two of the other leaders hopped up too.

Ashstar stayed with the four kits, completely ignoring the other leaders for now. "What are your names?"

The small white kit from before answered first. "Snow."

The slightly bigger brown tom answered second. "Shrew."

A dark gray tom was next. "Smoke."

The ginger tabby and white tom was last. "Gorse."

The ThunderClan leader nodded before hopping up on the lowest branch, right near the kits. "Their names are Snow, Shrew, Smoke, and Gorse."

Hopestar blinked, before nodding. "Each clan will take one kit. Snow will now become Snowkit and go to RiverClan." the RiverClan cats cheered. "Shrew will now become Shrewkit and go to ThunderClan." they cheered as well. "Smoke will now become Smokekit and go to ShadowClan." they cheered as well. "And that leaves Gorse to become Gorsekit and go to WindClan." the final clan cheered for their new kit. "But onto something else." she turned to Ashstar.

"Yes?" the ThunderClan leader could guess what this was about.

"You are harboring our warrior in your camp!" she looked outraged.

Most of RiverClan (besides the reborns) joined in the yowling.

"Littlestorm was not fit for travel when we found him. We were told that Lionblaze followed Littlestorm through ShadowClan territory, where he met Squirrelflight, and onto ThunderClan territory. Your warrior then found Fireheart right before the Twolegs attacked them both. Both your warrior and mine are out of action," all of the reborns winced. "You should be grateful we didn't just leave Littlestorm to die, since he obviously was heading to our territory for unknown reasons. For all we know, it might have been his plan to put Fireheart out of action!" Ashstar shot back. "He will head back to RiverClan territory when he is fit for travel. No sooner, no later."

Outraged cries erupted from the RiverClan warriors.

"And how do we know that you are not killing him?" Hopestar narrowed her eyes. "I say that you should allow one of our warriors to go over there and make sure nothing bad happens to him."

"And endanger Fireheart while doing so?" the ThunderClan leader's eyes narrowed. "You seem to forget that both warriors are struggling with the same issue. How are we to know that your warrior won't just kill Fireheart while he's recovering and attack the clan from within?"

Ravenheart's ears flattened against his head. He did not want to listen to this.

"Enough!" Antstar looked annoyed. "I say that we trust ThunderClan to heal Littlestorm. When have they ever killed anyone they were looking after?"

"Never," Hopestar admitted. "But doesn't mean they won't start now!"

"And if he does die in their care, then let us just say that ThunderClan will have to share their prey with RiverClan through the entire leafbare." the WindClan leader decided.

That was when the ThunderClan warriors started yowling, and Brackenfall appeared next to Ravenheart. "If this is the case, I will need your help more than ever."

The black tom nodded meekily.

The rest of the Gathering went by without fault. It was announced that Swiftpaw, Cinderpaw, and Mosspaw were apprentices, and that prey was plentiful in all of the clans territories.

Then, it was time to leave. Ashstar carefully picked up ThunderClan's new kit, Shrewpaw.

"Shall we see if Hollyleaf will nurse him for a moon?" Fernfur questioned.

The ThunderClan leader nodded curtly.

The clans went to their own territories.

67. The New Kits

Shrewkit woke with a start in the ThunderClan camp. His head was spinning, full of slightly unfamiliar scents. Next to him, there had to be another kit who might have been a little younger than he was. The kit beside him was ginger, tom, and he smelled like a mix of two cats he met in the stars. Odd.

He was fully aware that he had been reborn; it had been five moons, after all. But the familiar scents of Snowkit, Swiftpaw, and Gorsepaw had faded from existence.

They were replaced by some scents he did know. There was a strong scent of Hollyleaf, and, as he craned his neck, he found that she was right beside him with her tail wrapped around him and the ginger kit. She looked like her fully grown self.

The two other most familiar scents belonged to Sandstorm and Snowfur. He had become friends immediately with the white she-cat in StarClan, and, when he looked at her, he found that she was a kit also, only a little smaller.

They must have been reborn as well, and that came as an immediate relief to the former apprentice. He and the others were not alone. Speaking of the other, Shrewkit realized that they were sent to different clans, full of different reborns, hopefully. But at least he was in a familiar clan, like Gorsekit and Smokekit. That meant Snowkit was in unfamiliar territory.

He stirred a bit, watching the other cats with increasing interest. It must have been dawn, since light was beginning to shine through the nursery walls, making intricate patterns on the floor. With his new kit-like senses (and some that never went away) he couldn't resist jumping on the light spots. This, of course, woke some of the others.

"Shrewkit." Hollyleaf's whisper greeted him. "I am Hollyleaf, and you are in ThunderClan."

So his instincts were correct.

"Hi," he decided to answer simply. What if she didn't know he was the same cat from StarClan? His scent should have made it obvious, but his time outside the clans and as a kit probably morphed it into something unrecognizable. "Am I going to stay here forever?" What kit wouldn't ask that question? He woke up in a strange place, one could only assume!

"Yes," the black queen answered. "You have been brought into my care. You can think of me as your mother." her voice was laced with sweetness. "And this is your new brother. His name is Flamingkit; he can show you around the camp to meet everybody once he rises."

"Okay!" Shrewkit laced his voice with all the excitement of a five moon old kit.

And that meant a lot.

After what felt like forever, Flamingkit finally started to rise. The other three kits from Sandstorm's litter had already awaken, and were staring at Shrewkit in wonder.

"I'm Snowkit!" the white she-cat announced first.

"Graykit." one of the toms looked to the other with a look of hope in his eyes.

"What are you looking at?" the other tom turned to the new kit. "Clearkit."

"I'm Shrewkit."

That was when Flamingkit sat up. "Did I miss the fun part?"

"If by fun part, you mean introductions, then yes!" Snowkit held her head up in triumph.

"Not again!" the ginger tom groaned.

"Hollyleaf said that you'd show me around. Shrewkit, by the way."

Shrewkit added just in case he missed that important part.

"Thanks, and I definitely will show you around!" Flamingkit looked excited to have a new 'sibling', just like Graykit, Clearkit, and Snowkit.

They scampered off, leaving the two queens watching.

-

Snowkit had woken up to many unfamiliar scents. All the bodies laying around him were different, and the others weren't in the range of his senses. He guessed that that made sense, since the clan leaders had planned to split them up.

He was just thankful he wasn't chosen to go to ShadowClan.

Snowkit knew that he was the only one currently in a different clan from where he was originally from, and maybe that had some good things and bad things to it. According to some of the StarClan cats, RiverClan cats were the ones that never really went hungry, since fish appeared in the river throughout all four seasons.

Testing each ear, he discovered that their were many cats walking around outside in one ear, and in the other, like usual, there was the familiar nothingness that left him weak on that side.

But at least he could hear on that side. It was better than not being able to at all. He shuddered, briefly wondering if hawks ever showed up on RiverClan territory.

He hoped not.

"Snowkit." a voice practically laced with sweetness caught the attention of his one good ear.

"Hi." his mouth managed to form.

"The is your new brother, Troutkit. Troutkit, what do you say?" his new 'mother' turned to face him.

Troutkit spoke the truth. "You're going to be a useless warrior. Both

the prey and enemy warriors will see that white pelt of yours many, many foxlengths away."

"Troutkit!"

"Sorry, Morningwater." so that was her name. Odd.

Snowkit couldn't help but feel slightly hurt at the other kit's words, and he realized that Troutkit did look a little bigger than him. Maybe he was going to be an apprentice in a half-moon or so?

He rested his head on his paws, filling his mind with some of the more pleasant memories he had. Like waking up with Shrewkit, Smokekit, and Gorsekit.

Hopefully, their clans would never make them battle one another. He decided to listen to what the older cats were talking about with his one good ear (oddly enough, it seemed like he was only deaf on one side).

"I can't believe ThunderClan is 'healing' Littlestorm in their camp. I know what they are planning. They are going to make us give prey to them...or maybe even our kits." one warrior stated.

Littlestorm? Snowkit did not recognize the name.

Whoever he was, the white kit had a feeling that RiverClan will not just stand by and let Littlestorm stay in the ThunderClan camp, no matter how nice they were treating him.

There would be war.

-

Smokekit woke with a start. He briefly remembered some of the events of the previous day, and, while he was ecstatic about being back in ShadowClan, he also felt rather depressed.

He had grown close to Gorsekit, Snowkit, and Shrewkit on their adventures as kits and in StarClan. Now they were gone, and unfamiliar scents were everywhere. He vaguely recognized a few from StarClan, only their scents were morphed with the scent of

ShadowClan.

They were hard to pick out, but they were clearly scents from StarClan. He recognized the scents of Bramblestar and Squirrelflight, but he wasn't sure if those were their current names.

There was Half Moon, Smokekit had the pleasure of meeting her only once when Jayfeather graciously decided to reveal that he and Half Moon were a thing.

She did smell oddly of ThunderClan, but the kit brushed it off thinking that it must merely be a coincidence. Half Moon, or whatever her name was, might have been patrolling.

But something was definitely off with that theory. No one came back from a normal patrol with that amount of the other clan's scent on her. She must have had to face some intruders...or maybe it was something else.

He looked up to the queen who was staring at him oddly. It was like she was mourning, as he had only seen eyes like that when a cat passed away.

"Hello, Smokekit." she spoke in a somber tone. "My name is Brightburr."

He still did not understand the sadness in her tone; his new 'mother' must have picked up on this distress.

"I have no other kits...they were taken by a mysterious rat poison." she explained softly.

Smokekit immediately felt bad for her. Unlike normal kits, he and the other reborns were able to completely understand the distress of losing someone you love...or even yourself. He climbed towards her and touched her tail to her pelt in a reassuring way.

She looked surprised. "I have never seen a kit do that to someone they barely know. Most kits don't even know the meaning of death." Brightburr studied him curiously. "But you aren't a normal clan cat."

"No, I'm not." Smokekit answered truthfully, putting all of his

maturity into his tone. He was not sure that that was wise. "In the moons I've spent on my own with only Shrewkit, Snowkit, and Gorsekit, I've seen many things."

Brightburr proceded to wrap her tail around her. "As much as I hate to say this, Lizardstar won't accept you if you don't cut off all relations outside the clan."

Smokekit nodded solemnly, thinking about what would happen if he was forced to attack one of the other reborns. He did not know what he would do in that situation.

-

Gorsekit was fairly comfortable with his new home. He sensed some other familiar cats mixed in with many unfamiliar ones, so, before dawn, he went out to investigate. The only place he could probably get away with looking into was the medicine den, since Harestripe, Gorsekit was pretty sure that was his name, did not sleep among the smelly herbs.

He completely understood.

Yet, at the same time, he did not understand the calamity that awaited the cats of all clans.

The medicine den was where the injured cats go, for a quick access to herbs. There was only one scent in there at that time, and it was not Harestripe, Harepelt, Hare-something. Whatever his name was, since Gorsekit was more focused on memorizing the names of the leaders rather than the medicine cats. For it was not the group of healers that decided their fate.

It was a familiar scent, one he would know anywhere.

Tallstar.

The five moon old kit scampered to the former leader's side, making a few precious herbs go flying. By the looks of it, Tallstar was beginning to wake up.

Maybe then Gorsekit could learn his name, since he knew for a fact

that the former leader was not currently the leader.

The warrior's eyes snapped open. While it took a while for him to focus, he eventually found the kit. "Gorsepaw?" his voice was hoarse, like he had screamed and screamed for many moons.

"Gorsekit right now." he sighed. "Tallstar?" the question was uncertain.

"Talltail." he corrected, not even trying to sit up. He knew he wouldn't be able to. "How long until you are an apprentice?"

"A moon."

Talltail actually looked rather scared at that point. "There is no way I've been asleep for over five moons."

"No!" Gorsekit hissed quietly. "They found me, Shrewpaw, Snowkit, and Smokepaw, all five moon old kits, at the Gathering. The clan leaders decided that since they cannot ignore a kit in need, each clan would take one. I was chosen to go to WindClan, Smokepaw to ShadowClan, Snowkit to RiverClan, and Shrewpaw to ThunderClan.

The warrior still looked confused. "When was the Gathering?"

He received a 'Seriously?' look from the kit.

"I was unconscious since the...incident." Talltail worded craftily.

"What incident?" Gorsekit asked.

"There have been attacks on cats by Twolegs in ThunderClan and WindClan territory. Well, I'm the only one to be attacked by them." his eyes darted away from the kit. "Most of them are focusing on ThunderClan."

"And you didn't know when the Gathering was?"

"No idea."

Gorsekit decided to use some of the knowledge he had learned from StarClan. "What season is it?"

"...Green leaf."

"It's leaf fall."

Talltail's eyes widened in disbelief.

"Did you hit your head?"

"I can't remember."

"And you said you have by sleeping since the incident? So Harestripe couldn't really check your memory?"

"I don't think it was anything serious. I've just been asleep for a while, so it should be normal." Talltail shrugged. "I'll get used to the change."

Gorsekit scraped his brain while searching for another test.

"Can you answer a question for me?" the kit inquired craftily.

"Sure."

"If there are five cats to feed, and they caught seven rabbits in total, how many would be left over if they all had only one rabbit?"

Talltail's eyes showed what he was thinking. He was in deep concentration, and deep confusion.

"You're smart, Gorsekit." he answered.

"Thanks, but answer the question." he demanded.

"...I have absolutely no idea."

Sorry it's been so long! Hope you enjoy! Comment! :D

Author's Note

Wow. I can't believe we've reached 5,000 views. I don't think you understand how much this means to me. I've been working very hard on these chapters and to have so many views means the world to me. I hope you all know that I love each and every one of you, and thank you so much for your support! I hope you enjoy the book. But don't fret — it's not over for a while! Hopefully you can be patient while I work on chapters. Thanks everyone again for 5K views! It means so much!

68. The New Kits Part 2

To say that Flamingkit was excited would be an understatement. He had always wanted a sibling like Snowkit, Clearkit, and Graykit. But from what he knew about other litters, they all knew each other's secrets and stuff like that. It didn't seem to work like that for Clearkit, Graykit, and Snowkit.

First of all, Snowkit always seemed more interested in trying to find a warrior named Bluefur than hanging out with her siblings. She seemed to show more of a sibling-like connection to her rather than Graykit and Clearkit.

Flamingkit had yet to find out the reason behind that.

Should we tell him? the voice he came to know as Flametail was having a conversation with Fallen Leaves.

We have to wait until he is ready. Fallen Leaves always seemed to be the wiser one between the two of them.

Flamingkit hated when they did that.

But back on topic, Clearkit and Graykit never really showed that much brotherly affection either. Graykit always seemed to try to get that sort of relationship, almost like they had lost it once and he was trying to redeem himself. Clearkit on the other hand mostly ignored him.

It was the most dysfunctional litter he had ever seen. Fireheart, Oakheart, and Silverstream had a connection, for example. While they all hung out with different cats, they would sometimes go to each other to talk about more private things.

It was the same for many other litters.

But that was besides the point. It was currently his duty to show Shrewkit around the ThunderClan camp, and he was hoping that he

would do it correctly.

If he couldn't show a new kit around the camp, why would he ever receive an apprentice when he was a warrior. One of the jobs of being a mentor was to show the new apprentice around ThunderClan territory. He would never become a mentor if he couldn't navigate the camp without messing up in some way.

All in all, he was very nervous.

"Where are we going?" Shrewkit asked.

Flamingkit immediately realized that they had been standing in the same place for many heartbeats. "Um...how about the apprentices' den? That is where we will be going next. I am going to be in their in only one moon!" he trotted towards the den.

Shrewkit followed, taking the entire camp in. He had never been to this camp before, only having seen it while watching over the other cats.

"Swiftpaw!" Flamingkit looked up at the older cat.

The said cat looked up from his moss. "Hello."

"This is Shrewkit." the ginger kit introduced.

Swiftpaw nodded in his direction as a greeting. "Welcome to ThunderClan."

"It is the greatest clan in the forest." Flamingkit added.

I take offense to that... It was Flametail again.

"How long until I get to be in here?" Shrewkit asked

"One moon. You'll enter at the same time as me." the ginger kit answered.

LINE BREAK

"Do you think there is going to be a war against ThunderClan?"

Troutkit questioned.

"Hopefully not." Snowkit answered immediately.

The RiverClan-born kit looked puzzled. "I kind of want them to hold it off until I am a warrior. So I can fight."

"It is never a good thing to wish for war." the white kit stated wisely. "Plus, Shrewkit's in ThunderClan. Remember him? He's my brother..."

"Oh, right," now Troutkit looked embarrassed. "But eventually you will have to fight one of your siblings' clans. There is one in all four. It is inevitable; you may even have to one-on-one fight them. But currently, it looks like we are most likely going to have a battle against ThunderClan."

Snowkit nodded. "I know that. But I kind of want Littlestorm to return to RiverClan without any fighting. Maybe there will not be a battle before he returns."

"But what if he is held hostage? All of the warriors are worried about that." he proposed.

"I don't think ThunderClan will hold him hostage. What did he ever do to them?" the white kit asked.

"Well, he is not from their clan, for one. And he was attacked on their territory. Technically, he was trespassing, but no one knows what for. He has yet to wake up. Neither does that other ThunderClan warrior that was attacked with him." Troutkit responded.

"Which ThunderClan warrior?" Snowkit perked up. He hadn't heard that a ThunderClan warrior had been attacked.

"I've never seen him, but Morningwater described him as flame-colored."

Oh no! Snowkit swallowed. "Do you know his name?"

"Fire-something. That's all I heard." Troutkit shrugged. "You

wouldn't know him."

Firestar! Snowkit did know him. The cat who tried to save him.

"Apparently the fire cat was poisoned like Talltail and Ravenheart." the RiverClan-born cat sighed. "I feel a bit bad that I can't remember his name."

LINE BREAK

Smokekit stood still outside the nursery. It was, for some reason, unbearably hot inside the nursery. He thought of Lizardstar, and how unlikely it was that she was going to let him stay in the clan if he so much as stepped out of line once.

But she did seem rather eager to take him in...like he saw him as more of a warrior already than a kit. He wondered what that was about.

It was not uncommon for a leader to look at the kits of the clan as future warriors and healers, but the was she looked at him definitely unnerved him.

Still standing, he looked up to some of the trees outlining the ShadowClan camp. No warrios had come into or out of the camp for a very long time.

Then, Lizardstar jumped up to where everyone could see her. Most of the clan was already in the clearing, since it was rather late at night, so she did not have to say her signature greeting.

"ShadowClan needs more warriors." she began, and Smokekit heard some of the toms growl in agreement. "It has been a long while since any of ShadowClan-born kits made it to be an apprentice," she glanced at Smokekit. "As Brightburr can testify."

The entire clan was alert now. While it was true, they were not entirely sure what she was suggesting.

"I have decided to start training our kits at the age of five moons." she announced.

There was a mixed reaction from the clan. Many of the she-cats were crying out in protest, but the strong and brutish toms were growling in approval.

"What I say is law." Lizardstar reminded, glaring at all of the protesting she-cats. "And because of this, there is a kit who has reached five moons, ShadowClan's new age for becoming an apprentice."

"But it is against the warrior code!" a dark brown she-cat protested, looking quite frantic.

She was silenced with an ice cold glare, courtesy of Lizardstar.

"I am well aware of that," Lizardstar announced. "And that is why I only lowered it by one moon. There is not much of a difference between a five moon old kit and a six moon old kit, in my eyes."

The same she-cat seemed to gain a lot of bravery at that very moment. "But at the age of five moons, they are still kits. They would die quickly in a battle."

"And that is why I have made it so that kits will begin to be trained at the age of five moons, but they will not go to a Gathering or battle any clan until they are six moons old." the ShadowClan leader announced.

Squirrelflight felt rather important now that she was a warrior. "But what if they die in training?"

"If they die in training when they are five moons old, then they would have died the same way one moon later." Lizardstar said coldly. "My plan is perfectly fair. We need more warriors. Smokekit, you have reached the age of five moons. I am now empowered to give you the title of an apprentice. Darkwhisker, you have been trained well, even if you lack obedience. You will be Smokepaw's mentor."

Darkwhisker turned out to be the she-cat who kept on protesting earlier. "I won't! I refuse to teach a five moon old kit to fight!"

"You will. A clan leader's word is law. You have to understand that,

or face the consequences."

The she-cat looked put out as all of the toms in the clan chanted "Smokepaw! Smokepaw! Smokepaw!" and she tapped noses with the five moon old tom.

LINE BREAK

"Two," Gorsekit stated.

"Ah..." Talltail missed, as if he was remembering the answer.

Gorsekit dug his claws into the ground nervously. "I'm going to get Harestripe."

"Why?" the warrior asked.

"If you can't answer a simple question, there is something wrong with your head."

Talltail only sighed, and the kit took that as a sign that he could go get the WindClan medicine cat.

Harestripe was in his den, as Gorsekit expected he would be. "Harestripe!" Gorsekit hissed lowly.

"Yes Gorsekit? I was not expecting to see you so early." the medicine cat looked up from his nest. "What do you need?"

"Well, I was just talking to Talltail-" Gorsekit was cut off.

"Talltail hasn't been awake since the incident!" Harestripe was up immediately collecting different herbs from his stores.

"He didn't seem to know where he was or what season it was." Gorsekit added.

The medicine cat looked down at the kit. "That is to be expected, Gorsekit. Why don't you go back your nest now?"

"But he couldn't figure out that there would only be two rabbits left from a group of seven of five warriors each are one!"

Harestripe slowed, staring at the kit in confusion. "Why would you ask him that?"

"I heard someone say that if an injured cat sounded confused, one should ask them a simple question. If they get it wrong, there is a possibility that they had some sort of head trauma." Gorsekit answered.

"Where could you have heard that?"

"...It was before I came here."

With a sharp jerk of his head, Harestripe went to check in the now awake warrior.

Sorry again for the long update! During winter break all of my teachers saw this as an excuse to pile us with as much homework as possible!

69. Now Apprentices

I'm SO sorry about not updating forever! My bus was shot at on the way home from school a long time ago, and I was put into a mental hospital called Rockford to deal with PTSD and other things. I was able to go on AO3, but since I was on at the time of the incident, they thought it would bring up too many bad memories to go on it for a while afterwards.

Also, I hope my suckish writing skills improved since it has been a while. ;)

Ashstar leaped up to the Highledge and called out to his clanmates. It had been one moon since Flamingkit had shown Shrewkit around the ThunderClan camp, making both of them officially six moons old. That, of course, meant that it was time for them to become apprentices. He had spent a lot of time thinking about which warriors would be good mentors for them. It wasn't all about who deserved it, after all. It took time to figure out which warrior would be best equipped to train each specific apprentice.

Shrewkit, one of the ones who was reborn. Ashstar had spent the majority of the moon figuring him out as it was natural that he had changed from his past life. When he was Ashfur, he did not have the pleasure of getting to know him very well. He was very eager to become a warrior and learn how to do each and every thing the other cats were doing. That was good as long as he didn't get cocky or overconfident. He would need a mentor who could enthusiastically teach him yet also keep a firm paw on him in order to prevent him from dying.

Flamingkit, on the other hand, was a little bit different. He showed eagerness to become a warrior, sure, but sometimes, he seemed to be absent from reality. As if he were in the middle of a conversation with someone who wasn't really there. He would need a mentor who could bring him out of that head of his.

As his clanmates appeared, both the soon-to-be-apprentices walked

proudly out of the nursery with freshly-groomed pelts.

"Kits are perhaps the most important part of a clan. They are the future, the ones who will protect us in our old age. Therefore, it is of top priority to train them well to serve the clan in the best way possible. I have thought about which mentors all of the kits would need, and I have come to a decision right as they hit six moons old. And even though one was not born to the clan, I expect that he will be treated and trained just as hard as anyone else." Ashstar announced in a powerful voice.

The warriors cheered in approval, though some were looking sadly at the medicine cat's den. Unfortunately, even though Fireheart had woken up for small amounts of time, he was still not able to serve the clan.

"Flamingkit, you have reached the age of six moons old and therefore will become an apprentice. Your mentor will me Graystripe, who has been trained well and will help you concentrate more on tasks at hand." the leader of ThunderClan continued. "You will now be known as Flamingpaw."

Graystripe gave the medicine cat's den one more sorrowful glance before marching up touching noses with Flamingpaw.

"Shrewkit, even though you were not originally from our clan, you are now a member. Now that you have reached the age of six moons old, it is time for you to become an apprentice. Ravenheart, you have also been trained most excellently. You have the ability to train Shrewpaw and go beyond the standard, but you also hold the ability to teach him valuable life lessons of restraint and other things that could prove to save his life and the lives of others one day." Ashstar felt confident about his choices.

Ravenheart looked startled as if he didn't expect to be chosen. He had only just been allowed to go back to doing his normal tasks as a warrior, after all. He too glanced to the den where his friend lay before padding towards his new apprentice and touching his nose lightly as if not to hurt him. Shrewpaw had thrust his nose up enthusiastically.

"Shrewpaw! Flamingpaw! Shrewpaw! Flamingpaw!" the clan shouted as the two new apprentices looked pleased at their new titles.

LINE BREAK

The leader of RiverClan looked at her clanmates staring up at her. It was time to create two more apprentices to be trained, and she knew that this meant that there would be more cats training to fight to defend their clan members.

And one of their clan members were currently not in their territory. He was trapped in the ThunderClan camp, and while he was trespassing originally, they had no right to keep him their. Who knew what they were doing to the poor tom?

Shaking her head, she focused on the task at hand. Making Troutkit and Snowkit apprentices. She had thought very hard about these, and she had decided what type of mentors both of them required.

Troutkit needed someone to teach him that not all cats of different clans were always out to get them. He wanted to go to war against ThunderClan, but that would probably bring the other two in. While she too was concerned about the situation, she did not believe they had to immediately resort to violence. He needed someone to teach him this.

Snowkit was very wise for his age, and he understood very well the dangers of creatures such as hawks. The only thing that was holding him back from being a brilliant warrior already was the color of his pelt. Therefore, he needed someone to teach him how to be incredibly stealthy. How to hide from cats yet be right in front of them.

"Two of the kits in our clan have become six moons old, and therefore, they must now be trained to become warriors. They will learn how to defend our clan, hunt for it, and attack others when necessary. And only when there is no other choice." Hopestar glanced at the groomed kits. "Troutkit, you have reached the age of six moons old and will now become an apprentice called Troutpaw. Marshpelt, you are very wise, and you can teach him when it is

appropriate to resort to brute force."

Marshpelt, a marsh-colored tom, looked surprised for a second. He was quite elderly, so he was most likely not expected to have another apprentice before joining the elders den. Nevertheless, he walked forward and tapped noses with his most likely final apprentice.

"Snowkit, you have joined our clan recently and have proved to be very wise and a valuable asset. From now on, you will be called Snowpaw, and your mentor will be Palestorm. Palestorm, you are well known among all the clans for being able to adapt with your unusually bright colored pelt and showing an immense amount of stealth skills. I hope you pass on this knowledge to your brightly colored apprentice." the leader of RiverClan nodded at her.

Palestorm held her head high as she walked towards Snowpaw. She was a very light brown cat, almost white herself, and Snowpaw touched noses with her, confident that she would teach him everything he needed to know.

"Snowpaw! Troutpaw! Snowpaw! Troutpaw!"

LINE BREAK

Antstar too looked at his fellow clanmates, but he did look to the medicine cat's den. Harestripe was emerging looking rather concerned. The leader was also very worried about his warrior. Talltail was very skilled and very wise, and he had thought that if anything happened to his current deputy, Talltail would be his next one. However, under the current circumstances, he was not sure whether or not that would happen. Harestripe had informed him that he had suffered a head injury during his attack.

"A kit of ours has reached six moons old. Even though he was not originally from us and his family is in the other clans, he will receive training in WindClan. Gorsekit, please come forward." Antstar beckoned him.

Gorsekit wasn't sure he really wanted to be a warrior this time. Last time he was an apprentice, he was killed, and he didn't want others

to be killed. He thought that he was much more interested in becoming a medicine cat, to help cats no matter which clan they are from and to make sure they do not suffer a similar fate to his. He was concerned about being put into the warriors den even though he had shown interest in joining Harestripe.

"Harestripe has told me that Gorsekit here successfully diagnosed our fallen clan member with severe head trauma." he announced. "Gorsekit has shown an unusual amount of skill in medicine, and as a result, will be joining Harestripe in the medicine cat's den instead of the warriors' den."

The clan shouted in approval, and many of them were immensely impressed at the news of his successful diagnosis.

Gorsekit, meanwhile, was ecstatic to be joining Harestripe. The medicine cat knew what he was doing, and he cared about the well being of any cat no matter the clan.

"Gorsekit will now be known as Gorsepaw, and I trust Harestripe will teach you to expand your already broad knowledge in the world of medicine.

Harestripe and Gorsepaw touched noses, and the new medicine cat apprentice happily trotted after Harestripe as they both retreated to check on Talltail.

The cheers of the clan followed them. "Gorsepaw! Gorsepaw! Gorsepaw! Gorsepaw!"